LETTERS

TO AND FROM

HENRIETTA, COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK,

AND HER SECOND HUSBAND,

THE HON. GEORGE BERKELEY;

FROM 1712 TO 1767.

WITH

HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND EXPLANATORY

NOTES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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SUFFOLK CORRESPONDENCE

LADY SUFFOLK TO MR. GAY.

[On the 22nd June died without issue, Edward, eighth Earl of Suffolk, when his brother Charles (Mrs. Howard's husband) succeeded to the title, and became ninth Earl of Suffolk.]

Hampton Court, June 29, 1731.

To prevent all future quarrels and disputes, I shall let you know that I have kissed hands for the place of [1]mistress of the robes. Her

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[1] When Mrs. Howard became Countess of Suffolk, she could no longer be woman of the bedchamber; but Queen Caroline, who feared (it is said,) a younger and less discreet rival, did not wish her to leave the court (though the king would perhaps have been pleased at her departure), and so hit upon this expedient to retain her. So ready, yet so inaccurate is malignity, that it was stated in the public prints of the day, that this office was *created* for Lady Suffolk, when in fact the Duchess of Dorset had held it under Queen Caroline ever since the separate establishment of her household. This office, conferred on Lady Suffolk the day after she became a peeress, and at a time when the correspondence and other circumstances show that her favour with the *king* was quite gone, proves the power and policy of the queen.

majesty did me the honour to give me the choice of lady of the bedchamber,[2] or that, which I find so much more agreeable to me, that I did not take one moment to consider of it. The Duchess of Dorset resigned it for me; and every thing as yet promises more happiness for the latter part of my life than I have yet had a prospect of. Seven nights' quiet sleep, and seven easy days have almost worked a miracle upon me; for if I cannot say I am perfectly well, yet it is certain, even my pain is more supportable than it was. I shall now often visit Marble Hill: my time is become very much my own, and I shall see it without the dread of being obliged to sell it to answer the engagements I had put myself under to avoid a [3] greater evil. Mr. [4] H. took possession of body and goods, and was not prevailed upon till yesterday to resign the former for burial. Poor Lord [5] Suffolk took so much care in the will he made, that the best lawyers say it must stand good. I am persuaded it will be tried to the utmost.

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[2] But her salary, as lady of the bedchamber, was raised to equal that of the office she resigned.

[3] She alludes to her refusal to enter into certain pecuniary engagements with Mr. Howard.

[4] Mr. Howard, her husband, whose fraternal affection does not seem to have been more strong than his conjugal regard.

[5] The late lord: he died unmarried, in the sixtieth year of his age.

I have at this time a great deal of business upon my hands, but not from my court employment. You must take this as a particular favour. The Duchess (*of Queensberry*) shall hear from me soon: she has a most extraordinary way of making her peace; but she does tell truth, and I told a lie when I said I hated her; for nothing is more true than that I love her most sincerely. However, I put it into your hands to tell her what you think proper; and if she can but feel half for me that I should for her under the same circumstances, it will be punishment sufficient for what I have suffered from her neglect of me. I shall certainly see Highclere this summer, and shall expect some people[6] to meet me there. I hope the chairs will be done, for I do not know whether I ought to expect to be preferred before them. If you find her inclined to think me wrong in any particular, desire her to suspend her judgment till then; and if not to please me, to satisfy her own curiosity, she may come. I have taken care of what you desired me. I have done my best: I hope, for my sake, it will succeed well; for I shall be more concerned, I dare say, if it should not than you would be.

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[6] She means the family of Amesbury, including Gay.

DR. ARBUTHNOT TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. i. p. 291.]

London, July 6, 1731.

MADAM,

I HAVE the honour to congratulate your ladyship on your late honour and preferment, and the obliging manner that I hear the last was conferred—I believe I may likewise add on a sufficient stock of equanimity to bear both. I came to town to meet my [1]brother, who is just arrived from China. He has a little present for your ladyship, which, as he tells me, consists of some tea, a beautiful Indian pheasant, and some fine lackered thing.

I have been at Tunbridge for some time, and return again. Your ladyship was a great subject of discourse for some days, which gave your friends very little subject of anxiety, and me a good deal of pleasure, to find you had so many

[1] George; see p. 176, vol. i. where, by an error of the press, he is called the doctor's *eldest*, instead of his *youngest* brother. He had just returned from China, as supercargo of four of the Company's ships, and had detected some unfair practices by other servants of the Company, which made some noise at the time.

who had a just notion of your ladyship's character. There are at present very few folks at Tunbridge merely for their diversion. The company consists chiefly of *bon-vivants* with decayed stomachs, green-sickness virgins, unfruitful or miscarrying wives. The way your humble servant was used was comical enough. The medicines I prescribed, when they had done good, were prescribed by the patient to others, and so on, till at last the apothecary made gallons of bitters which they took by drams at the shop, and half-pecks of pills which they carried home in boxes. They filled my belly with good dinners at noon, and emptied my pockets at night at quadrille. This is all I shall trouble your ladyship with at present, being with the utmost respect, &c.

J. Arbuthnot.

MR. GAY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

July 8, 1731.

Your letter was not ill bestowed, for I found in it such an air of satisfaction that I have a pleasure every time I think of it. I fancy (though by her silence she seems to approve of your ladyship's conduct) the duchess will meet

you at Highclere; for those that have a real friendship cannot be satisfied with general relations; they want to inquire into the minute circumstances of life, that they may be sure things are as happy as they appear to be, and that is a curiosity that is excusable.

I do not like lawsuits; I wish you could have your right without them: for I fancy there never was one since the world began, that, besides the cost, was not attended with anxiety and vexation. But as you descended from [1]lawyers, what might be my plague perhaps may be only your amusement. Nobody but yourself hath let us know any thing about you: judge then how welcome your ladyship's letter was to me. I find this change of life of yours is a subject that I cannot so well write upon; it is a thing that one cannot so well judge of in general. But as for your ladyship's conduct in this juncture, my approbation goes for nothing; for all the world knows that I am partial. When you have a mind to make me happy, write to me; for of late I have had but very little chance, and only chance, of seeing you. If ever you thought well of me; if

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[1] Lady Suffolk was great-great-grand-daughter of Sir Henry Hobart, chief-justice of the Common Pleas (the author of the *Reports*,) and the grand-daughter, as I believe, of old Serjeant Maynard.

ever you believed I wished you well, and wished to be of service to you, think the same of me; for I am the same, and shall always be so[2].

Mr. Pope, I fear, is determined never to write to me. I hope he is well. If you see Mrs. Blount or Mr. Pope, I beg them to accept my compliments.

LADY HERVEY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. i. p. 181.]

Ickworth, July 10, 1731.

I AM extremely obliged to dear Lady Suffolk for furnishing me with so good a reason for following my own inclination as that of following yours, or at least obeying your commands, which I am sure your good nature obliged you to lay upon me, knowing how much less agreeably I must have passed my time any other way till I have the pleasure of seeing you again. Your demand on me is a very kind, but a very unnecessary one; and I hope you made it thinking it the first, and knowing it to be the last. Depend on it, dear *Swiss* countess, the esteem I have for you is equal (for superior it

[2] What can be a clearer proof of Mrs. Howard's sincerity than this assurance of Gay.

cannot be) to the claim of your desert, and no less lasting than I am sure that will be.

The book I mentioned to you in my last is the *Cabala*, or *Letters of State*. There are some very curious things in it, and some very good letters, allowing for the difference of style and language in Queen Elizabeth's, King James's, and Charles the First's time: there are mighty pretty letters from the famous Earl of Essex; very artful, clever ones from Sir Francis Bacon, who, though a sad fellow in his practice, was a very great man in theory; there are some very good ones from Lord Bristol and Lord Holland, relating to the treaties of marriage carried on by them for the Infanta of Spain and Henrietta of France. If you have never read it, it is worth your dipping into. I have now begun a book called *Journal du Roy Henri III. de France*[1]. There are some diverting things in it; it is in very old French.

Pray give me leave to question your ladyship in my turn, and to inquire into your studies of all kinds; for I shall not, like you, bound my curiosity to the *dead:* there are living books which I am sure you sometimes peruse, and which I should be very glad to have an account of: and in so large a library as there is at Hampton Court, though the generality of books are dull and insipid, it is impossible but you

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[1] By Pierre de l'Estoille: a very curious and entertaining work.

must find something worth transcribing. There are [2] six volumes which stand together that were published a good while ago, several of them bound in *calf*: if you will look into them, I cannot but think you will meet with things that may entertain, though not instruct. The first volume contains serious thoughts on the state of virginity, interspersed with occasional satires on several subjects. The second volume I have scarcely dipped into; but it seems to be a plain discourse on morality, and the unfitness of those things commonly called pleasures. The next, or at least that which I think follows, is a rhapsody; it is very verbose, and nothing in it: there is a very good print before it of the author's face. The fourth volume is neatly bound; the title of it, 'The Lady's Guide, or the Whole Art of Dress;' a book well worth perusing. The next is a miscellaneous work, in a pocket edition, printed on bad paper, in which are some

[2] An allegory of the six maids of honour; but it is perhaps not now possible to appropriate the several characters; firstly, because it is (strange to say) not certain who the maids of honour were at this period; and secondly, because it is very doubtful whether Lady Hervey mentions them in their proper order. The *first* and *last* were probably Miss Meadows and Miss Vane, whose characters are hardly to be mistaken. The *fourth* is likely to be Miss Fitzwilliam, afterwards Lady Pembroke; and the three others were probably Miss Carteret, Miss Mordaunt, and Miss Dives.

essays on love and gallantry; a discourse on lying; tea-table chit-chat; an attempt on political subjects; the whole very prolix and unentertaining. The sixth volume is a folio; being a collection of the subjects, cause, and occasion of all the late court ballads; also a key to them, and to the jokes and witticisms of the most fashionable conversations now in town. This book is very diverting, and may be read by those of the meanest, as well as by those of the best understanding, being writ in the vulgar tongue.

If, whilst I am in the country, there should come out any addition to these works, I beg you will be so good to give me an account of it, and when I go to town, I will beg the favour of you to lend me a [3] book I have seen in your room: it is not an essay, but a complete treatise on subjects moral, instructive, and entertaining, perfectly well digested and connected; the style is admirable, the reasoning clear and strong; the *dulce et utile* reigns in every part of it: in short, it is the most perfect work of the most perfect author, and will amuse me agreeably, and employ me usefully, as often as you will bestow it on,

My dear Lady Suffolk's most faithful

M. H.

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[3] She means here an allegorical character of Lady Suffolk herself.

Lady Bristol bids me make her compliments to you. I conclude I need not beg of you to burn this letter as soon as you have read it.

DEAN SWIFT TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Dublin, July 27, 1731.

MADAM,

I GIVE you joy of your new title, and of the consequences it may have, or hath on your rising at court, whereof I know nothing but by common fame; for you remember how I prophesied of your behaviour when you should come to be a great lady, at the time I drew your *Character*, and hope you have kept it. I wrote to you some time ago by the advice of Mr. Pope; I wrote to you civilly; but you did not [1] answer my letter, although you were not then a countess; and if you were, your neglect was so much the worse, for your title hath not increased your value with me; and your conduct must be very good if it will not lessen you. Neither should you have heard from me now if it were not on a particular occasion.

[1] She could hardly have answered it; for it was founded on a supposed alteration of her circumstances at court, which she could not decently have either admitted or denied.

I find from several instances that I am under the queen's displeasure; and, as it is usual among princes, without any manner of reason[2]. I am told there were three letters sent to her majesty in relation to one Mrs. Barber, who is now in London, and soliciting to a subscription to her poems. It seems the queen thinks that those letters were written by me; and I scorn to defend myself even to her majesty, grounding my scorn upon the opinion I had of her justice, her taste, and good sense, especially when the last of those letters, whereof I have just received the original from Mr. Pope, was signed with my name[3]; and why I should disguise my hand, which you know very well, and yet write my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable. Last post I wrote my whole sentiments on the matter to Mr. Pope, who tells me that you and he vindicated me on all the three letters, which indeed was but bare justice in you both; for he is my old friend, and you

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[2] This is hardly just: the dean indulged himself in a mode of speaking of the queen, which would have been rude even to a private lady.

[3] The mystery which Swift's editors have found in this affair of Mrs. Barber's letters is easily solved, by supposing that Mrs. Barber forged them for her own purposes; which, as they were violently recommendatory of her and her objects, she, who was by no means a scrupulous person, probably did.

are in my debt on account of the esteem I had for you. I desire you would ask the queen whether, since the time I had the honour to be known to her, I ever did one single action or said one single word to disoblige her. I never asked her for any thing: and you well know, that when I had an intention to go to France about the time that the late king died, I desired your opinion (not as you were a courtier) whether I should go or no, and you absolutely forbid me, as a thing that would look disaffected, and for other reasons, wherein I confess I was your dupe, as well as somebody's else; and for [4] want of that journey I fell sick, and was forced to return hither to my unenvied home. I hear the queen hath blamed me for putting a [5] stone with a Latin inscription over the Duke of

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[4] This is not quite candid; we know that his illness was of a nature not to be cured by a trip to France, and that his real affliction at that time was the fatal illness of poor Stella.

[5] It is hard to conceive why the king and queen should have resented the erection of this monument. The Duke of Schomberg was one of the heroes of the Revolution, and an honour to his memory looked rather like a compliment to the reigning family. The epitaph, no doubt, expresses some indignation that the duke's friends had left this care to strangers; but the indignation was just; for it should be recollected that Swift had *previously* exhausted every means of persuasion to induce Lady Holderness, second daughter of the duke, and others of his relations, to contribute to the monument.

Schomberg's burying-place in my cathedral, and that the king said publicly I had done it in malice, to create a quarrel between him and the King of Prussia. The public prints, as well as the thing itself, will vindicate me; and the hand the duke had in the Revolution made him deserve the best monument: neither could the King of Prussia justly take it ill, who must have heard that the duke was in the service of Prussia, and stadt-holder of it, as I have seen in his titles. The first time I saw the queen I talked to her largely upon the conduct of princes and great ministers (it was on a particular occasion [6]), that when they receive an ill account of any person, although they afterwards have the greatest demonstration of the falshood; yet they will never be reconciled; and although the queen fell in with me upon the hardship of such a proceeding, yet now she treats me directly in the same manner. I have faults enough, but never was guilty of any either to her majesty or to you; and as little to the king, whom I never saw, but when I had the honour to kiss his hand. I am sensible that I owe a great deal of this usage to Sir Robert Walpole, whom yet I never offended, although he was pleased to quarrel with me very unjustly, for which I showed not the least re-

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[6] Walpole's quarrel with Gay.

sentment (whatever I might have in my breast), nor was ever a partaker with those who have been [7] battling him for some years past. I am contented that the queen should see this letter, and would please to consider how severe a censure it is to believe I should write thrice to her, only to find fault with her ministry, and recommend Mrs. Barber, whom I never knew till she was recommended to me by a worthy friend, to help her to subscribe, which by her writings I thought she deserved. Her majesty gave me leave, and even commanded me, above five years ago, if I lived till she was queen, to write to her on behalf of Ireland, for the miseries of which kingdom she appeared then to be much concerned. I desired the friend [8] who introduced me to be witness of her majesty's promise: yet that liberty of writing to her I never took, although I had too many occasions; and is it not wonderful that I should be suspected of writing to her in such a style, in a counterfeit hand, and my name subscribed, upon a perfect trifle, at the same time that I well knew myself to be very much out of her majesty's good graces? I am perhaps not so very much awed

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[7] There is reason to suppose that Swift had been solicited both by Bolingbroke and Pulteney to assist them in the Craftsman, which it appears he declined to do.

[8] Dr. Arbuthnot.

with majesty as others, having known courts more or less from my early[9] youth; and I have more than once told the queen, that I did not regard her station half so much as the good understanding I heard and found to be in her. I am a good Whig by thinking it sufficient to be a good subject, with little personal esteem for princes, further than as their virtues deserve, and upon that score had a most particular respect for the queen, your mistress. One who asks nothing may talk with freedom; and that is my case. I have not said half that was in my heart, but I will have done; and, remembering you are a countess, will borrow so much ceremony as to remain, with great respect,

Your ladyship's, &c.

JONATH. SWIFT.

MISS CHAMBER TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. i. p. 316. This is an answer to a letter which does not appear.]

London, Monday, Aug. 31, 1731.

HAVING received the honour of the Duke's[1] commands, I ought in duty to let his

[9] When young, he was admitted to the familiar company of King William, at Sir W. Temple's, at Sheen.

[1] Of Cumberland.

royal highness know that I delivered his message to the [2] Duchess of Newcastle, who is perfectly well satisfied with knowing that his royal highness has graciously received the wooden ware, and I desire your ladyship to inform the duke of this part of my letter.

I am very much obliged to chance for showing my last letter to one that makes such good remarks upon it. I will not explain further upon Lady Betty's (*Germaine*) amusements, unless you name the author of those observations; but so much I will venture to say for his satisfaction and yours, that I have heard it is a common way of guessing at people's sense by remarking the company they keep; so, in my opinion, it may be one way of knowing Lady Betty's thoughts, by rightly considering and duly observing what the kind of things are she chooses to lay out her money in, and by that observation we may come to know whether she likes to employ one sense in particular, or all in general; for what she thinks of probably she wishes for, and all the world knows that Lady Betty Germaine need but wish and have [3].

Lady Betty has sent you for a Tunbridge

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[2] The daughter of Lord Godolphin, wife of the Duke of Newcastle, so well known as first minister in the latter end of George the Second's reign.

[3] She was very opulent.

fairing two cups and two saucers, and thus she bade me say,—"You love old china; sure I may "venture to say this is really so; I being in-"formed that these are the pictures of our first "parents drawn from the life, and at that time "of the year that the fig-tree ceases to produce "leaves." I am not to answer or to make remarks upon what Lady Betty pleases to say; so you may easily imagine that what I have writ is like what a parrot says, without understanding the meaning[4].

I am innocent of sending Miss Fitzwilliam a present: if you have not yet found out the person, I think I can guess it lies between the Duke of Richmond and Lord Albemarle. I had rather you would not be so dark in your expressions about the dish you mention; for, says Mrs. Floyd[5], with a pretty low voice, sure plain

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[4] Celle qui s'excuse s'accuse.

[5] Of this once celebrated lady little is remembered but Swift's early verses on her:—

BIDDY FLOYD;

OR, A RECEIPT TO FORM A BEAUTY, 1708.

"When Cupid did his grandsire Jove entreat
To form some beauty by a new receipt,
Jove sent, and found, far in a country scene,
Truth, innocence, good-nature, look serene:

speaking is best, and every body knows I like to provide what I think will please the family; therefore desire that the true name may be no longer disguised.

We go on Thursday next to Gosfield Hall, in Essex, a house of Mrs.[6] Knight's; but, as you know every thing, to be sure you know that we stay there one week. Before I go, when I am

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From which ingredients first the dexterous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy;
The Graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride—
These Venus clears from every spurious grain
Of vice, coquette, affected, pert, and vain;
Jove mix'd up all, and the best clay employ'd,
And call'd the happy composition FLOYD."

Miss Floyd was in some way connected with the Berkeley family, and appears to have constantly resided with Lady Betty Germaine. In 1712 her beauty was impaired by the small-pox. The last we read of her is in 1736, when Lady Betty acquaints Swift "that Biddy Floyd has passed thus far of the winter in better health than usual, though her cough will not forsake her."

[6] Mrs. Knight was Anne, the daughter of Mr. Craggs, senior, and sister of Secretary Craggs. She was thrice married; first, to Mr. Newsham; second to Mr. Knight, of Gosfield; and third, to Robert Nugent, created successively Lord Nugent, Viscount Clare, and Earl Nugent. By her he had an only daughter, the late Marchioness of Buckingham, in favour of whose younger son the barony of Nugent was revived.

there, and after I come back, in all places, and at all times, I am, and ever shall be,

Yours,
M. CHAMBER.

Lady Betty thinks it will be proper, if you give Lord Hervey tea in these dishes, to make some excuse for their not wearing a guard.

The ivory gentleman is a present from Mrs. [7] Campbell to you, and likewise the rings from her to the ladies, as directed. The equipage (which I am informed there is no travelling without, and I propose should be of use for expeditions to Marble Hill) did belong to me, but now hopes to have the honour of calling you my lady.

LADY SUFFOLK TO MR. GAY.

[In the summer of 1731, Lady Suffolk seems to have met the Duchess of Queensberry (but not Gay) at Highclere, and there to have promised to engage Mr. Bridgeman (see vol. i. p. 382) to visit her grace's gardens at Amesbury.]

Kensington, Sept. 5th, [1731.]

I WAS never more peevish in my life than I have been about this journey of Bridgeman's;

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[7] See p. 57.

I am sure I took true pains that it should have been just as the duchess wished. I find, upon strict inquiry, that he did not go so soon as I expected. He told me of the first letter which he wrote to you.

I wish he had told me of Mr. Bloodworth's [1] conversation; for that would have prevented all mistakes. It is not in my power to do any thing more; for Bridgeman has been absent a week from hence; but if his servants tell truth, there is no occasion, for they say he is gone to the Duke of Queensberry's. I shall be very uneasy till I hear how this matter has ended. A letter from you was not necessary to make me remember you, but a letter was absolutely necessary to make me think you deserved one. The duchess did not tell me the reason why I did not see you at Highclere, but I do believe it was a good one; because she knows bringing of you there would have pleased us both. As I never knew what liberty was, I cannot tell you how much I was delighted with this summer's expeditions. I never see Mr. Pope nor Mrs. Blount, though I never go to

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[1] Thomas Bloodworth, Esq. equerry, and in 1731 groom of the bedchamber, to Prince Frederick: in 1736 he was made master of the horse to the Princess of Wales; and we find him in Dodington's Diary as still part of the family of the princess dowager.

Marble Hill without sending to them: she has been ill, but was well the last time I sent; but you know she has a peculiar pleasure in refusing her friends.

Let me hear often from you. I am glad you think of coming to Twickenham. I hope we shall meet at Marble Hill; but do not fail of letting me know as soon as possible whether the duchess is convinced I was nowise in fault, and that she does me justice in believing I never can willingly be so to her. If you do not leave off *ladyship*[2], I shall complain to the duchess, who shall make you go supperless to bed. Exercise agrees so well with me, that I cannot advise you not to use it; but if her grace feeds you moderately, I should think your exercise ought to be so. God bless you.

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[2] See Gay's letter of the 8th of July, in which *ladyship* is certainly rather profusely used.

LA COMTESSE DE LA LIPPE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[There are several letters of the Countess de la Lippe in this collection; one or two are given as specimens of extraordinary good English written by a foreigner, and of a style of correspondence which it is to be hoped is quite out of fashion (see vol. i. p. 298).]

Stadthaguen, Oct. 16, 1731.

THERE is something so obliging in your ladyship's reproach, that I take it rather for a great compliment that you think my letters of any value; when your ladyship has so many correspondents, and your time is so taken up, that I should have made an apology for troubling you with my nonsense, if I had dared to interrupt your better employments. This made me neglect the kind permission you gave me, to put you sometimes in mind of a very sincere and humble servant. But since you are pleased to remember it, and to desire I might give you an account from time to time of our way of living in this country, I will readily comply as much as my eyes will give me leave to do.

I have been most part of the summer at my own house here, where I live very comfortably and at my ease. My [1] son and his princess are

[1] Albert Wolfgang, Count de Lippe. His lady is, I presume, called a princess because the count was sovereign of his own little territory.

gone to Cassel, to make their court to the King of Sweden. I expect them home in a few days. They have been travelling in Holland, and at the Spa waters, where he had the good luck to meet with some English ladies. I wish, madam, that you could come so far; I think I should venture to meet your ladyship there, for I long prodigiously to hear of all our friends, but particularly of my royal mistress's good health. Her majesty did me the honour to give me an account of her diet. I am glad to hear she takes a little more care of her health; I wish our most gracious king would do the same. God bless and preserve their majesties for a great number of years. I beseech you, madam, to make my court to both, and to present my most humble duties to his majesty, if you dare name me. They begin already talking of the king's journey to Hanover on the next spring. People are very apt to believe what they wish for.

I give you a thousand thanks that you were pleased to receive those commissions I took the liberty to give you, with so much goodness. I am sorry the necklace cannot be sold at a better price; but I have no other commission than to beg it may be sent over again by the same, or any other occasion, where it may be delivered safe to me, for it is not to be sold under *600l.* As for the medals, *100l.* at least would satisfy the lady that desires to sell them;

she expected a thousand crowns of German money, but if your ladyship cannot get so much, I beg you would keep that a little longer, till I hear the last resolution of the lady. The pearl necklace is what requires most care, therefore I should be glad to have it safe over again, if it cannot be sold.

The youngest Countess of [1] Platen is married lately to Count Molzau, a Silesian family; she is a great fortune to him. [1] Madame Kilmanseck is brought to bed of a daughter. But all these news are of very little moment to you, and so I am afraid will be every one I can give you from this place, where I live without any variety of pleasure; but (thank God) who is so free from care as such a country life? That your ladyship may enjoy every thing you can desire, for your happiness and pleasure, with perfect health and ease, are, and will always be the wishes of,

Madam, yours, &c.

SOPHIA DE SCHAUMBOURG LIPPE.

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[1] These were both, it is presumed, relatives of George the First's favourite, the Baroness Kelmanseck (*née* Countess of Platen), whom he created Countess of Darlington, and by whom he was, says Walpole, indisputably the father of Charlotte, the wife of the second Viscount Howe, and mother of Admiral Lord Howe, Sir William (afterwards Viscount) Howe, and Mrs. Howe, so lately remembered in the fashionable society of London.

I was deadly afraid for our prince when I saw his royal highness's [2] illness in the newspapers. God be thanked for his recovery, and that our king's indisposition has had no ill consequence. I find that Prince [3] William bids fair to be a darling to your nation; I love him dearly too, but would not postpone our good Prince of Wales.

DEAN SWIFT TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[The loss of Lady Suffolk's letter, to which this is an answer, is much to be regretted; it would probably clear up most of the obscurities in the affair of Dean Swift's complaints against her.]

Oct. 26, 1731.

MADAM,

YOUR ladyship's letter made me a little grave; and in going to answer it, I was in great danger of leaning on my elbow (I mean

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[2] The Prince of Wales had a severe fever at this period, for which his head was shaven; an event which is commemorated in the periodical works of the day.

[3] The Duke of Cumberland was deservedly a public favourite during his whole life, with, perhaps, the exception of two short periods, when the clamours of the Jacobites after the rebellion, and the ill success of his German campaigns, diminished his popularity.

my left elbow), to consider what I should write, which posture I never used except when I was under a necessity of writing to fools, or lawyers, or ministers of state, where I am to consider what is to be said. But as I write to a person whom I esteem, I am in no pain at all.

It would be an injury to you or Mr. Pope to give thanks to either of you for justifying me about those letters sent to the queen, because to think me guilty would disgrace your understandings; and as he is my best friend, so your ladyship owes me no malice, except that of raillery, and good raillery is always sincere. And if her majesty were deceived, it would lessen my opinion of her judgment, which would no otherwise affect me than by making me sorry upon her own account. But what your ladyship would have me discover through all your refined civilities, is my great imprudence in ordering that monument to be fixed in my cathedral. I shall not trouble you with a long story. But if ever a numerous, venerable body of dignified clergymen had reason to complain of the highest repeated indignity, in return of the greatest honour offered by them to persons they were wholly strangers to, then my chapter is not to be blamed, nor I who proposed the matter to them; which, however, I could have done by my own authority, but rather chose it should be the work of us all; and I will confess it was

upon their advice that I omitted the only two[1] passages which had much bitterness in them, and which a bishop here, one after your own heart, blamed me very much for leaving out, declaring that the treatment given us by the Schomberg family deserved a great deal worse.

Indeed, madam, I shall not attempt to convince England of any thing that relates to this kingdom. The Drapier whom you mention could not do it in relation to the halfpence; neither can the parliament here convince you that we ought not to be put in so miserable condition in every article of distress. Why should the Schomberg family be so uneasy at a thing they were so long warned of[2], and were told they might prevent for fifty pounds? But here I wish your ladyship would put the queen in mind of what passed between her majesty and me upon the subject of Ireland, when she appeared so much to pity this distressed kingdom, and gave me leave to write to her, if ever I lived to see her queen; that she would answer my letter,

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[1] One of these, Dr. Delaney informs us, was this. Instead of, "*Saltem ut sciat hospes*," &c.; it stood thus: "Saltem ut sciat *viator indignabundus*, quali in cellulâ, tanti ductoris, cineres delitescunt." The other, I find, was, that after *cineres* there were introduced the words, *in opprobrium hæredum*.

[2] Certainly Swift's conduct was wholly blameless in this affair; for he made representations of all sorts, respectful and kind, as well as urgent and indignant, on the subject.

and promised that in such a case she would use all her credit to relieve us; whereupon I desired Dr. Arbuthnot, who was present, to be witness of what she said, and her majesty confirmed it. I will not ask what the event hath been. If any state-scribble written here should happen to reach London, I entreat your ladyship would continue to do me the justice of believing my innocence; because I lately assured the Duke of Dorset [3] that I never would have a hand in any such thing; and I gave him my reason before his secretary, that looking upon this kingdom's condition as absolutely desperate, I would not prescribe a dose to the dead.

Some parts of your letter I do not understand. Mrs. Barber was recommended to me by Dr. Delaney, who is now in London, and whom I once presented to you at Marble-hill. She seems to be a woman of piety, and a poetical genius; and though I never visited her in my life, yet I was disposed to do her good offices on the doctor's account, and her own good character. By Lady M—— I cannot guess [4] whom you mean: [5] Mrs. Heywood I have heard of as a stupid, infamous, scribbling woman, but have not seen any of her productions. And now, madam, I utterly ac-

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[3] Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. See p. 33.

[4] *We* guess that Lady Masham was meant. Swift's regard for this lady long survived her power

[5] Eliza Heywood, damned to everlasting celebrity in the Dunciad.

quit your ladyship of all things that may regard me, except your good opinion, and that very little share I can pretend to in your memory. I never knew a lady who had so many qualities to beget esteem; but how you act as a friend is out of my way to judge.

As to the queen, whom I never offended, since it would be presumption to imagine I ever voluntarily came into her thoughts, so it must be a mortification to think, when I happen to be named in her presence, it is usually to my disadvantage. I remember to have once told her majesty how hard a thing it was, that when a prince or great minister hath received an ill impression of any person, although from the most false information, although the prince were demonstrably convinced of the person's innocence, yet the [6] impression still continued; and her majesty readily condemned the severity of such a proceeding. I had said the same thing before to Sir Robert Walpole, who, upon reporting it to others, was pleased to give it a turn that I did not deserve.

I remember the plaid, but I forget the [7] crown, and the meaning of it. If you had

[6] Swift was fond of repeating this doctrine, which is perfectly true, not of great men only, but of all mankind; though it is most observable in the great, whose resentments are more effective than those of private persons.

[7] The crown of Lilliput: see vol. i. page 220. As the crown was sent in the name of Gulliver, and with a letter in rather too light a style, Swift perhaps did not choose to remember it.

thought fit to have sent me as much of the plaid as would have made me a morning cap, before it fell to the share of the lowest of your women, I should have been proud that my head should have worn your livery; but if you are weary of your *character* it must lie upon my head, for I know no other whom it will fit. And if your ladyship will not allow it to be a character, I am sure it may pass for a prediction. If you should put the same fancy into the queen's head, I must send her a much larger character, and in royal paper, otherwise she will not be able to seize the handle in it.

I fear so long a letter is beyond your mercy to forgive. But your ladyship is sure to be easy till Mr. Pope shall tell me that you are content to receive another. I should be heartily sorry if your increase in honour and employment hath not been accompanied with increase of health. Let Mr. Pope in all his letters give me a particular account on this head, and pray God I may never have the least motive to pity you. For as a courtier I forgive you *comme endurcie* (which I once charged on my Lord Chesterfield, and he did not deny it.) And you have not a favourite or flatterer who makes more outward offers of wishes for your ease and happiness, than I do from prayers from the bottom of my heart, which proceed entirely from that real respect and esteem wherewith I am, &c.

JONATH. SWIFT

CHARACTER OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE,

(AFTERWARDS EARL OF ORFORD),

BY DEAN SWIFT.

[This is not dated: the original is carefully written and corrected in Swift's own hand. It has never been (that we know of) published. In this bitter and exaggerated catalogue of the minister's *failings*, there will still be found some traits of his real manner and character.]

With favour and fortune fastidiously blest,
He 's loud in his laugh, and he 's coarse in his jest;
Of favour and fortune unmerited, vain,
A sharper in trifles, a dupe in the main;
Achieving of nothing, still promising wonders,
By dint of experience, improving in blunders;
Oppressing true merit, exalting the base,
And selling his country to purchase his place;
A jobber of stocks by retailing false news;
A prater at court in the style of the stews;
Of virtue and worth by profession a giber;
Of juries and senates the bully and briber.
Though I name not the wretch, you all know who I mean—
'Tis the cur-dog of Britain, and spaniel of Spain.

THE DUKE OF DORSET TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Lionel, seventh Earl and first Duke of Dorset, born in 1687. He filled several great offices in the state, and was twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland: first in 1731, when he wrote the following letter, and again twenty years after. Swift (though displeased with the duke for some inattention to his recommendations of individuals) does justice to his intentions, his manners, and his talents. "I do not know," he says, "a more agreeable person in conversation, one more easy or of a better taste, with a greater variety of knowledge, than the Duke of Dorset." (Let. Jan. 1737.) His grace died in 1765, having held high offices under Queen Anne, and the three first Georges.]

Dublin Castle, Nov. 9, 1731.

MADAM,

WHAT shall I say for not returning you my hearty thanks sooner for your kind remembrance of a poor Irish friend? I think it is best not to trouble you with excuses, for I can make none that are good. I will not add to my impertinence by making you the messenger of my compliments to Mr. Pope: when I see him I will make them myself, in the best manner I am able, and at the same time I hope he will grant me a *free conference*[1] upon the subject

[1] The technical name for a personal discussion between the Lords and Commons. The subject of the intended conference was, no doubt, Pope's epitaph on the duke's father.

matter of the epitaph. Your newspapers talk of nothing but the great [2]guest you have in England: I cannot but say I wish he had seen a little of *our* finery upon the [3]birthday: it would have given him no ill idea of the grandeur of a king of England, to have seen such an eclat in a corner of his dominions. I believe more rich clothes were never seen together, except at St. James's, and some of them so well chosen, that one would have sworn a certain countess of my acquaintance had given her assistance upon this occasion. I should not do justice to Captain Pearce's genius, if I did not give you some account of the ball-room that he fitted up for this night's entertainment—the usual place was thought too little, and therefore it was resolved to make use of the old [4]hall, which had been long disused and very much out of repair; however, he so contrived it, that I think I never saw a more beautiful scene: I am sure you won't think *that* an improper expression, when

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[2] The Duke of Lorraine, who spent a month or two in England at this period, and for whom several entertainments were made.

[3] 30th October.

[4] A fine room in Dublin Castle, now called St. Patrick's Hall; which, ever since the Duke of Dorset's repair, has been employed on the state occasions of the Irish court, and particularly on those connected with the Order of St. Patrick.

I tell you the walls were all covered with canvas, painted in perspective; the space was a large one, but it was so contrived as to make it look as big again; there were your arches, your pyramids, your obelisks, and pillars of all orders and denominations: in short, there were all those things that your fine folks talk on now-a-days; and the lights were so perfectly well disposed, that, upon my word, it had a most surprising fine effect. Some jokers were of opinion that *our room might be better than our company*, but they were perfectly convinced to the contrary, when they saw how it was filled. Newspapers, you know, are not always to be depended upon; and therefore I dare say you'll believe me, when I tell you it was infinite pleasure to me to find, by your letter, the king was so much better: my concern upon that head I believe you think goes somewhat farther than merely the duty of a loyal subject towards his master. I take it for granted this letter will find their majesties settled at St. James's for the winter, and I hope both of them in perfect health. Her [5] grace desires her best compli-

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[5] Elizabeth Collyer, niece to the first Earl of Portmore. She had been maid of honour to Queen Anne, and was lady of the bedchamber to Princess Caroline, and her groom of the stole when she became queen; an office which we have seen she had lately resigned in Lady Suffolk's favour. She was married to the duke in 1709, and died in 1768.

ments may be made to you; and that you may get rid of your head-aches, face-aches, and all other your troublesome companions, is the hearty wish of

Yours, &c.
DORSET.

THE COMTESSE LA LIPPE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. ii. p. 22.]

Stadthaguen, March 25 (April 1), 1732.

MADAM,

I MUST give your ladyship this new trouble to release you of another. Since you was so kind to take care of the pearl necklace, without finding an opportunity to sell it to advantage, I must beg you would deliver it to Madam Shallorf, the privy counsellor's lady; who, may be, will find some opportunity or other to send it me back again, so your ladyship will be rid of it; and do with the medals what you think fit, or send them by Mr. Peterswald over again. I beg a thousand pardons for the trouble I gave you, madam. Your ladyship will have heard, by this time, what a sad accident has happened to my poor son, who was near to be burned with his lady in their beds at [1]Buckebourg, and lost the finest apartment in

[1] The capital town of his territory.

the house. I am so entirely persuaded of your good nature, and of your friendship to us, that I do not doubt you will pity him. He is still a most humble servant to your ladyship, and one that would be entirely happy if he could hope to wait on you once more, either at Spa or at Hanover, if our most gracious queen should ever come there again. That only could make me leave my retreat, too, since I am grown so wretchedly old and stupid, that I dare not venture any where; but to wait on her majesty I should set aside all other consideration. Pray, dear madam, stand my friend, whensoever you find an opportunity to pay my most humble duties to their majesties, and give me leave to profess myself for ever, madam,

Yours, &c.

SOPHIE DE SCHAUMBOURG AND LIPPE.

I am quite alone with my [2] grand-children, but expect my son home again after Easter.

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[2] One of these was the Count de la Lippe, painted by Sir Joshua, (vol. i. p. 298) of whom, if it were only as a commentary on that admirable picture, some account will be acceptable.

He was one of the bravest and ablest officers of his day; and having distinguished himself when a youth at Dettingen, and in his maturity all over Europe, and especially at Minden, he was, in 1761, selected to command the British army sent to assist Portugal against Spain. On this occasion, and at a subsequent visit, he reorganized the Portuguese army, repaired their fortresses, built the celebrated fort called La Lippe, and regenerated the military institutions of that people. He

LADY HERVEY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. i. p. 181.]

Ickworth, Aug. 21, 1732.

If I am right in my computation, dear Lady Suffolk is by this time returned to Kensington, where she will receive this proof of my obedi-

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was not only a brave and active practical soldier, but was skilful in the scientific branches of his profession, and employed much of his time and revenue in military inventions and experiments. He died in 1774, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. "Sublime thoughts and heroic sentiments," say his biographers, "were as familiar and natural to his mind as to the noblest characters of Greece or Rome. The animation of his features announced the elevation and sagacity, kindness and serenity of his soul." His taste in the fine arts was equal to his other qualities: he was a general linguist, a fine draftsman, and an admirable musician, and seems to have united as many amiable with as many heroic qualities as any man of these latter days. But it must not be concealed, that, like other elevated minds, he showed some occasional symptoms of oddity or wildness; and the two following anecdotes, amongst many which might be quoted, will perhaps induce the reader to think his courage rather insane than intrepid.

During one of his visits to England, a friend (Mr. Hamilton) was driving him in a phaeton and four down Henley Hill: the count happening to move, Mr. Hamilton, supposing him to be alarmed, desired him not to be afraid; upon which La Lippe quietly drew from his pocket a large knife, and *cut the reins.* Whether this was to show perfect carelessness of danger, or satirically to express that he thought himself as safe after the reins were cut as before, has not been told. In his own ter-

ence; in return for which I do not doubt your writing to me very soon; it will be both justice and policy in you, as it will reward my present and excite my future diligence, which hereafter you may require in more material things; if, having *found me faithful in a little, you shall give me authority over much.*

Perhaps you imagine you can receive no news out of the country, but I shall convince you to the contrary, by informing you that Lady Bristol has lived with me a whole fortnight, with all civility and kindness; I am become first favourite; it would puzzle a poet to find any thing soft, kind, and sweet enough to liken her to it—down, turtle-doves, and honey, are faint images of her [1]disposition; and, if it is as good and joyful a thing for mother and daughter to

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ritory in Germany, he amused himself with military manœuvres and experiments; and one day he invited his little court and visitors to dine with him after a review. The dinner was served in a tent on the ground; and towards the latter end of the repast the count was observed to look several times at his watch, and to put it up again, and call for another bottle: at last some one asked the reason of this? "Why," said he, "I have ordered this tent to be mined by a new method—it is to be blown up at a certain minute, and I am anxious to go out to see the explosion." The tent, it will readily be believed, was soon cleared, without waiting for the other bottle.

[1] The reader is by this time so well acquainted with Lady Bristol, that any commentary on the character in the text is unnecessary.

live together in unity, as it is for brethren to do so, she and I have been very like that precious grease that made Aaron so clean and so decent a figure heretofore.

I have read the two pamphlets you recommended to me, and like them extremely. I think the author's intentions very good, his notions very just, and his principles very honest, but his style is not, to my thinking, so well as it might be; his frequent repetitions, instead of making him clear, render him the contrary, and he only confounds what he designs to illustrate: let me know if you are of the same opinion, or if your partiality to his subject makes you approve his manner of treating it. Altogether I like him so well, that I shall be glad to read more of his works. I beg, in my turn, I may recommend a [2]book to you, which I dare believe will please you: it is writ by Tindal: the title of it is, *Christianity as old as the Creation*, &c. I beg, as you read it, you will give me your sentiments upon it.

In the mean time, I expect some account of your travels, which I hope you have gone through with health, and have partaken of some of the pleasure, which I dare say you have

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[2] It is much to be regretted that this amiable (and otherwise sensible) woman was inclined to what was tenderly called *free thinking*: she had been bred in a bad school. Queen Caroline

imparted to all those you have been with. Let me know what is doing at Kensington, and if the Countess (of Bristol), like most sweet things, has turned sour, or been in a ferment, since her abode amongst ye. May I trouble you to give my service to my cribbage acquaintance? Pray warn them against cooling themselves these hot nights in the garden. I am ashamed to see how tedious a letter I have writ; but it is always with so much regret I bid dear Lady Suffolk adieu, that I think I ought rather to claim some reward for doing it now than make any apology for deferring it so long.

LADY HERVEY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Sept. 30, 1732.

I REJOICE with you, dear Lady Suffolk, on the king's safe return, which I am as heartily glad of as any subject he has. If you will present my duty and congratulation on this occasion, and his majesty will accept them, you will oblige, and he will make me happy.

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was not herself perfectly orthodox, and Lord Hervey was one of the first Englishmen of rank who professed that infidelity which was so fashionable in the last century. It is to be feared that his tutor, Dr. Middleton, had some influence in perverting both his lordship's and Lady Hervey's mind on this most important point.

Lord Bristol has had a very severe fit of the colic, for which both he and we have been confined to his room, so that we have been but once at [1] Bury; a pleasure I by no means regret. The only things that pleased me there were the [2] Duke of Grafton's daughters. The two [3] youngest are the best behaved *children* I ever saw: but Lady[4] Caroline is the best bred *woman*, the most agreeable dancer, the genteelest and the prettiest creature that ever lived. I envy the duke that girl. You may guess what I think of any one's *daughter* whom I wish my own.

I designed to have been very tedious and very troublesome to you to-day; but a message I have just received to desire I will dress to go to Bury, will make me reasonable in spite of my unreasonable intention. I shall therefore defer

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[1] The fair of Bury St. Edmunds, a celebrated festival in those days amongst the gentry of Suffolk.

[2] Charles, second Duke of Grafton, who married Henrietta, grand-daughter of the first Duke of Beaufort.

[3] The two youngest daughters were, Lady Harriot, born in 1723, who died in 1735; and Lady Isabella, born in 1729, married, in 1741, to the first Marquis of Hertford.

[4] Lady Caroline Fitzroy, afterwards too well known as Lady Caroline Petersham and Lady Harrington. Contemporary letters are full of anecdotes of this lady's conduct and manners, which if but half of them were true, would have made Lady Hervey repent the accomplishment of her wish. She was born in 1722, married in 1746 to the second Earl of Harrington.

all I designed to say to you on a certain [5]subject until another time, and will only assure you for the present that my doubts never extended so far as to your merits, with regard to which I am perfectly orthodox and catholic. And you need not exercise that envied faith of yours in believing any thing so evident as that I am, &c.

M. H.

LADY BETTY GERMAINE TO DEAN SWIFT.

[This letter, with Swift's answer, and Lady Betty's reply, are so important to Lady Suffolk's history, that, although not strictly belonging to the present collection, the editor thinks he ought not to omit them.]

Nov. 7, 1732.

I SHOULD have answered yours sooner, but that I every day expected another from you, with your orders to speak to the [1]duke; which I should with great pleasure have obeyed, as it was to serve a friend of yours. Mrs. [2]Floyd is now, thank God, in as good health as I have

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[5] No doubt the infidelity which breaks out in the last letter, and for which Lady Suffolk seems to have chidden her friend.

[1] Her nephew, the Duke of Dorset, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. See vol. ii. p. 33.

[2] See vol. ii. p. 18.

seen her these many years, though she has still her winter cough hanging upon her; but that, I fear, I must never expect she should be quite free from at this time of day. All my trouble with her now is, to make her drink wine enough according to the doctor's order, which is not above three or four glasses, such as are commonly filled at sober houses; and that she makes so great a rout with, and makes so many faces, that there is nobody that did not know her perfectly well, but would extremely suspect she drank drams in private.

I am sorry to find our tastes so different in the same person; and as every body has a natural partiality to their own opinion, so it is surprising to me to find Lady Suffolk dwindled in yours, who rises infinitely in mine the more and the longer I know her. But you say you "will say no more of courts, for fear of growing angry;" and indeed I think you are so already, since you level *all* without knowing them, and seem to think that no one who belongs to a court can act right. I am sure this cannot be really and truly your sense, because it is unjust; and if it is, I shall suspect there is something of your old maxim in it (which I ever admired and found true) that you must have offended them, because you do not forgive.

I have been about a fortnight from Knowle, and shall next Thursday go there again for about

three weeks, where I shall be ready and willing to receive your commands, who am most faithfully and sincerely yours,

E. G.

DEAN SWIFT TO LADY BETTY GERMAINE.

[The following letter is undoubtedly a strong proof of peevishness and injustice. The Dean's own letters to Lady Suffolk, of little more than a year before, contradict much of this statement of grievances. But it must be recollected, that Swift was just at this time suffering the nearer approaches of that dreadful malady of the spirits which soon after reduced him to imbecility; and if the date of the letter be correct, his feelings were at this moment particularly excited by the death of Gay, on whose account (justly or not we will not here argue) he founded his quarrel with Lady Suffolk. I incline, however, to believe the date erroneous: it was probably written *before* he received the account of Gay's death, though it was *dated and sent* afterwards.]

January 8, 1733.

MADAM,

ALTHOUGH I have but just received the honour of your ladyship's letter, yet, as things stand, I am determined, against my usual practice, to give you no respite, but to answer it immediately, because you have provoked me with your Lady Suffolk.

It is six years last spring since I first went to visit my friends in England, after the queen's death. Her present majesty heard of my arrival, and sent at least nine times to command my attendance before I would obey her, for several reasons not hard to guess; and among others, because I had heard her character from those who knew her well. At last I went, and she received me very graciously. I told her the first time, "that I was informed she loved to see odd persons; and that having sent for a [1] wild boy from Germany, she had a curiosity to see a wild [2] dean from Ireland." I was not much struck with the honour of being sent for, because I knew the same distinction had been offered to others, with whom it would not give me much pride to be compared. I never went once but upon command; and Mrs. Howard (now Lady Suffolk) was usually the person who sent for me, both at Leicester-house and Richmond. Mr. Pope (with whom I lived) and Mr. Gay were then great favourites of Mrs. Howard; especially the latter, who was then

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[1] Peter.

[2] One of Swift's complaints against the queen was, that she had said he was an *odd man*. Surely this address, and the designation of himself as a *wild dean*, would have justified even a stronger expression.

one of her [3] led-captains. He had written a very ingenious book of Fables, for the use of her (*the queen's*) younger [4] son, and she often promised to provide for him. But some time before, there came out a [5] libel against Mr. Walpole, who was informed it was written by Gay; and although Mr. Walpole owned he was convinced that it was not written by Gay, yet he never would pardon him, but did him a hundred ill offices to the princess. Walpole was at that time very civil to me, and so were all the people in power. He invited me and some of my friends

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[3] This phrase is as unjust and contemptuous towards his poor friend as against the lady. But, however the dean might characterise the intercourse between them, he deviates from the fact when he insinuates that Lady Suffolk's friendship for Gay had suffered any alteration: it continued unabated up to his death; and we have seen, that during the period when Gay was so obnoxious at court, and that the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry were forbidden to appear there on his account, Lady Suffolk maintained her affectionate and constant intercourse with him and them.

[4] William, Duke of Cumberland: but I do not find any where a *promise* of Mrs. Howard's to *provide* for Gay. She, on the contrary, often, as we have seen, lamented to him her inability to serve him beyond what she had done.

[5] It is not even surmised what this *libel* was; but the Beggars' Opera, of which the chief zest was its severity on courtiers and ministers, and on Walpole individually, sufficiently explains Gay's feelings; which it seems probable that Mrs. Howard may have in some degree shared.

to dine with him at Chelsea. After dinner, I took an occasion to say, what I had observed of princes and great ministers, "that if they heard an ill thing of a private person, who expected some favour, although they were afterward convinced that the person was innocent, yet they would never be reconciled." Mr. Walpole knew well enough that I meant Mr. Gay. I afterward said the same thing to the princess, with the same intention, and she confessed it a great injustice. But Mr. Walpole gave it [6]another turn; for he said to some of his friends, and particularly to a lord, a near relation of yours, "that I had dined with him, and had been making apologies for myself,"—it seems for my conduct in her late majesty's reign, in which no man was more innocent, and particularly more officious to do good offices to many of that party which was then out of power, as it is well known Mrs. Howard was then in great favour, and openly protected Mr. Gay; at

[6] If Swift, as he owns, only made a general statement, without any mention of Gay, it is probable that Walpole really thought that he meant the apophthegm to apply to his own case; and as to the dean's protestation of *innocence*, in the last year of the queen (the question being, *not* general innocence or guilt, *but* innocence of writing lampoons), no one who has read his Journal to Stella, and indeed his lighter poems, can, without some surprise, read this assertion of *innocence*.

least she saw him often, and professed herself his friend. But Mr. Walpole could scarcely be persuaded to let him hold a poor little office for a second[7] year, of commissioner to a lottery. When I took my leave of her highness, on coming hither, she was very gracious; told me "the medals she had promised me were not ready, but she would send them to me." However, by her commands, I sent her some plaids for herself and the princesses, and was too gallant to hear of any offers of payment. Next spring I came again to England; was received the same way; and as I had many hints given me that the court at Leicester-fields would endeavour to settle me in England (which I did not much regard) the late king died. I went, by Mrs. Howard's orders, to kiss their new majesties' hands, and was particularly distinguished by the queen. In a few weeks, the queen said to Mrs. Howard (alluding to one of Mr. Gay's fables), "that she would take up the Hare;" and bade her to put her in mind, in settling the family, to find some employment for Mr. Gay; but in the event, it proved only an offer to be a

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[7] "Could scarcely be:" perhaps so; *but he was*: for Gay held the office from the year 1726 to the year before his death, though he had in 1727 satirised on the public stage Sir Robert Walpole, and his brother and colleague Lord Townshend.

gentleman [8] usher to a girl of two years old, which all his friends (and I among the rest) advised him not to accept; and accordingly he excused himself with the utmost respect. This I and every body else were sure must have been a management of Mr. Walpole.

As to myself, in a few weeks after the king's death, I found myself not well, and was resolved to take a step to Paris for my health, having an opportunity of doing it with some advantages and recommendations. But my friends advised me first to consult Mrs. Howard; because, as they knew less of courts than I, they were strongly possessed that the [9] promise made me might succeed, since a change was all I desired. I wrote to her for her opinion, and particularly conjured her, "since I had long done with courts, not to use me like a courtier, but give me her sincere advice;" which she did, both in a letter and to some friends. It was, "by all means not to go; it would look singular, and perhaps disaffected;" [1] and to my friends enlarged

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[8] See what has been already said on this point in vol. i. page 31.

[9] Not a word of a *promise* before, but "*hints* that the new court would *endeavour* to settle me;" but even of these hints no other traces are found than the suggestions of Bolingbroke's friendship: and all the world knows how little Bolingbroke's suggestions could bind the ministers of the house of Hanover.

[1] See Mrs. Howard's letter, vol. i. page 261.

upon the good intentions of the court toward me. I staid: my health grew worse. I left Mr. Pope's house, went to a private lodging near Hammersmith, and continuing ill, I wrote to Mrs. Howard, with my duty to the queen, took coach for Chester, recovered in my journey, and came over hither; where, although I have ever since lived in obscurity, yet I have the misfortune, without any grounds, except misinformation, to lie under her majesty's displeasure, as I have been assured by more than two honourable persons of both sexes; and Mr. Gay[2] is in the same condition. For these reasons, as I did always, so I do still, think Mrs. Howard (now my Lady Suffolk) to be an absolute courtier. [3] Let her show you the character I wrote of her (and whereof no one else has a copy), and I take Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay, who judge more favourably, to be a couple of simpletons.

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[2] Sir Walter Scott observes, "that the use of the present tense shows that this letter had been written before its actual date of the 8th of January; for the dean had intelligence of Gay's death on the 20th of December." The first line of the letter says that he has just had Lady Betty's letter of the 7th of November; so that the letter must have been post-dated.

[3] In all this detail, unjust and peevish as it is, as regards Mrs. Howard, we have positive proof of the falsehood of the story about Lord Bathurst's failure having driven Swift into exile to curse Queen Caroline.

In my answer to the last letter which my Lady Suffolk honoured me with, I did, with great civility, discharge her from ever giving herself another trouble of that kind. I have a great esteem for her good sense and taste. She would be an ornament to any court; and I do not in the least pity her for not being a female minister, which I never looked on as an advantageous character to a great and wise lady; of which I could easily produce instances. Mr. Pope, besides his natural and acquired talents, is a gentleman of very extraordinary [4]candour, and is consequently apt to be too great a believer of assurances, promises, professions, encouragements, and the like words of course. He asks nothing; and thinks, like a philosopher, that he wants nothing. Mr. Gay is in all regards as honest and sincere a man as ever I knew; whereof neither princes nor ministers are either able to judge or inclined to encourage: which, however, I do not take for so high a breach of politics as they usually suppose. For, however insignificant wit, learning, and virtue may be thought in the world, it perhaps would

[4] Pope and Gay knew and acknowledged the injustice of the dean's prejudice against Lady Suffolk. He therefore endeavours to depreciate their evidence as to the matter in question, although they, and they only, except Lady Suffolk, knew the true state of the case.

do government no hurt to have a little of them on its side.

If you have gone thus far in reading, you are not so wise as I thought you to be. But I will never offend again with so much length. I write only to justify myself. I know you have been always a zealous Whig, and so am I to this day; but nature has not given you leave to be virulent. As to myself, I am of the old Whig principles, without the modern articles and refinements.

Your ladyship says not one syllable to inform me whether you approve of what I sent you to be written on the [5]monument, nor whether you would have it in Latin or English.

I am ever, with true respect, &c.

JONATH. SWIFT.

The friend I named, who I was afraid would die, is recovered, and his preferment is by turns in the crown and the primate; but the next vacancy will not be in the crown's disposal.

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[5] In St. Andrew's Church, Dublin, to the memory of her sister, Lady Penelope Berkeley.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAINE TO DEAN SWIFT.

[P. 71.]

[This is an excellent letter; it is written with as much force, more logic, and a greater knowledge of the world, than Swift's. Lady Betty was one of his earliest and most constant friends; but she does not abandon her later friends to his injustice, and she answers with the most victorious success the dean's complaints of Mrs. Howard's sincerity, both with regard to poor Gay and to himself.]

February 8, 1732-3.

I RECEIVED yours of January 8th but last week, so find it has lain long on the road after the date. It was brought me while at dinner; that very lady sitting close to me whom you seem to think such an absolute courtier. She knew your hand, and inquired much after you, as she always does; but I, finding her name frequently mentioned, not with that kindness I am sure she deserves, put it into my pocket with silence and surprise. Indeed, were it in people's power that live in a court with the appearance of favour, to do all they desire for their friends, they might deserve their anger, and be blamed when every thing does not happen right to their minds; but that, I believe, never was the case of any one: and in this particular

of Mr. Gay, thus far I know, and so far I will answer for, that she was under very great concern that nothing better could be got for him; and the friendship upon all other occasions in her own power[1] that she showed him, did not look like a double-dealer.

As to that part concerning yourself and her, I suppose it is my want of comprehension that I cannot find out why she was to blame to give you advice when you asked it, which had all the appearance of sincerity, good-nature, and right judgment. And if after that the court did not do what you wanted, and she both believed and wished they would, was it her fault? At least, I cannot find out that you have hitherto proved it upon her. And though you say you lamented the hour you had seen her, yet I cannot tell how to suppose that your good sense and justice can impute any thing to her, because it did not fall out just as she endeavoured and hoped it would.

As to your creed in politics, I will heartily and sincerely subscribe to it; that I detest avarice in courts—corruption in ministers—schisms in religion—illiterate fawning betrayers of the church in mitres; but at the same time, I prodigiously want an infallible judge to determine when it is really so: for, as I have lived long in the world, and seen many changes, I know

[1] Of which these volumes afford numerous and new proofs.

those *out* of power and place always see the faults of those who are *in*, with dreadful large spectacles; and I dare say, you knew many instances of it in Lord Oxford's time[1]. But the strongest in my memory is Sir Robert Walpole being first pulled to pieces in the year 1720, because the South Sea did not rise high enough; and since that he has been to the full as well banged about because it did rise too high. So experience has taught me how wrong, unjust, and senseless party factions are; therefore I am determined never wholly to believe any side or party against the other: and, to show that I will not, as my friends are in and out of all sides, so my house receives them all together, and people meet here that would fight in any other place. Those of them that have great and good qualities and virtues I love and admire, in which number is Lady Suffolk; and I do like and love her, because I believe, and, as far as I am capable of judging, know her to be a wise, discreet, honest, and sincere courtier, who will promise no farther than she can perform, and will always perform what she does promise; so now you have my creed as to her.

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[1] How justly does Lady Betty ridicule the application to individuals of these general and sweeping condemnations; and how delicately does she hint that Swift's own *hero*, Lord Oxford, and his enemy, Sir Robert, have been *alike* liable to this kind of misrepresentation!

I thought I had told you in my last—at least I am sure I designed it—that I desire you would do just as you like about the monument, and then it will be most undoubtedly approved by

Your most sincere and faithful servant,

E. GERMAINE.

LADY HERVEY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[This letter is placed a little out of the order of date, that the correspondence of Lady Betty Germaine and Dean Swift might not be interrupted.]

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[1] Godwood, Dec. 29, 1732.

THOUGH I shall very soon have the pleasure of seeing dear Lady Suffolk, I think in justice and gratitude I cannot help sending you this acquittance, having received not only payment of the debt I demanded, but such good interest for it. Your *paper* has such credit with me, that I do assure you I had rather have it than most people's *coin;* therefore I beg, whenever you have received any little sum from me, you will pay it by bills of exchange.

We expect a great deal of company to-day, which has not happened before since I have

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[1] The seat of the Duke of Richmond, near Chichester.

been here. I believe we shall not be much the better for it; for cyphers in company do not, like cyphers in arithmetic, add to the figures and increase their value—unless indeed it be by comparison.

The [2] duchess still keeps her room and her couch. Part of the morning I spend there in hearing Mr. [3] Hill read, which is not the least agreeable part of a whole agreeable day. I am just summoned to that meeting, but cannot attend that, nor conclude my letter, till I have assured my dear Lady Suffolk that I am not less than formerly, and more I cannot be, her faithful humble servant.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Vol. i. p. 1.]

[Scarborough, Aug. 1733.]

MADAM,

I HAVE heard that ladies often command, what they would be sorry to be obeyed

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[2] Of Richmond. See vol. i. pp. 308. 329.

[3] Aaron Hill, one of the minor poets, the translator of Voltaire's *Zaire*; but best remembered for a quarrel with Pope, in which Pope 'was, as Johnson says, wanton in his attack, and mean in his retreat.

in. I do not know whether your command to me to write to you from hence was not of that sort; however, I determined at all events to obey; for if you have really desired to hear from a very faithful servant of yours, I should have been very sorry to have omitted it; and if not, I have at once the excuse of obedience, and the pleasure of revenge, by taking you at your word.

This preamble being finished, which (by the way) is generally the most difficult part of a letter, my difficulty begins, which is, what to say. Compliments you shall have none: they are sacred to falsehood, and would be profaned by sincerity; so that here is a great and luxuriant branch of epistolary commerce entirely cut off.

The next thing required in a letter is news; but as to that, I may with great truth make use of that short but comprehensive form of words of most letter-writers in the country to their friends in town,—which is, this place is so barren of news, and affords so few materials for a letter, that it would be but trespassing upon your patience, to trouble you with a long scroll from hence. However, you shall have the present state of Scarborough such as it is.

The ladies here are innumerable, and I really believe they all come for their healths, for they look very ill. The men of pleasure are

[1] Lord Carmichael, [2] Colonel Ligonier, and the celebrated [3] Tom Paget, who attend upon the [4] Duke of Argyll all day, and dance with the pretty ladies at night. Here are besides hundreds of Yorkshire beaux, who play the inferior parts, and, as it were, only tumble, while those three dance upon the high ropes of gallantry.

The grave people are mostly malignants, or, in ministerial language, notorious Jacobites, such as [5] Lord Stair, [6] Marchmont, [7] Anglesea, and

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[1] John, eldest son of the Earl of Hyndford.

[2] Afterwards Lord Ligonier.

[3] See p. 6.

[4] See pp. 8. 11.

[5] John, second Earl of Stair, lately dismissed by Sir Robert Walpole, not only from the office of vice-admiral of Scotland, but from his regiment of dragoons. After Walpole's fall he was restored, and served with credit at Dettingen; but after that battle he resigned his military rank, indignant, as he said, at the king's unjust partiality to the Hanoverians. On the rebellion of 1745, he however nobly buried these differences in oblivion, and was made commander in chief. He died in 1747.

[6] Alex. Hume, second Earl of Marchmont, the father of Pope's friend, and of Mr. Hume Campbell. He also had been lately dismissed from the office of lord register of Scotland. He died in 1740.

[7] Arthur Annesley, fifth Earl of Anglesea. He died without issue in 1737, and was succeeded by his cousin Richard, the father of him whom the Irish House of Lords admitted to the Irish Peerage, while the British House rejected him as illegitimate.

myself, not to mention many of the House of Commons of equal disaffection. Moreover [8]Pulteney and Lord [9]Carteret are expected here soon; so that if the ministry do not make a plot of this meeting, it is plain they do not want one for this year.

The people of this town are at present in great consternation, upon a report they have heard from London, which, if true, they think will ruin them. I confess I do not believe it; not but that there is something probable enough in it. They are informed, that, considering the vast consumption of these waters, there is a design laid of [1]*excising* them next session; and moreover, that as bathing in the sea is become the general practice of both sexes, and as the kings of England have always been allowed to be masters of the seas, every person so bathing shall be gauged, and pay so much per foot square as their cubical bulk amounts to. I own

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[8] See vol. i. page 200.

[9] John, second Lord Carteret and first Earl of Granville. He had lately been recalled from the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland, and on Walpole's fall, in 1742, became one of the secretaries of state. After many changes of office, and an attempt to be prime minister, he subsided into the easy dignity of president of the council, in which he died in 1760. He was a man of great wit, eloquence, and talents; an elegant scholar, a fine gentleman, and a daring statesman.

[1] This was the moment of the greatest popular feeling upon Sir R. Walpole's excise scheme.

there are many objections to this scheme, which, no doubt, occur to you; but to be sure too there is one less than to the last, for this tax being singly upon water, it is evident it would be an ease to the landed interest, which it is as plain the other would not have been.

We have it here that the [2] Prince of Orange does not come over. I can hardly believe it, but wish I knew whether it be so or no, for I should take my measures accordingly of coming to town.

I wish you may not think from all this stuff that these waters are apt to fly into one's head, which may discourage you from ever coming here, though I am persuaded they would do you a great deal of good; but, to convince you that at least they have done my head no hurt, I assure you no man living is with greater truth or esteem,

Madam, yours, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

I must not forget my compliments to Miss [3] Hobart. I make my compliments likewise to [4] those who will open and peruse this letter before you do.

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[2] Who was betrothed to the king's eldest daughter, and was expected in England to celebrate the nuptials.

[3] Lady Suffolk's niece, Dorothy Hobart, whom she adopted and educated, and who was afterwards married to Sir C. Hotham.

[4] At the post-office.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Scarborough, Aug. the 17th, 1733.

MADAM,

THOUGH I doubted last time whether I had a justifiable excuse for troubling you, I am now sure that the honour of your letter has not only given me a fair pretence, but has even laid me under a very agreeable necessity of doing it.

There is hardly any thing (though ever so valuable in itself) that may not receive some additional value from a certain concurrence of circumstances: this is the case of your letter, which, though I should at all times have valued as I ought, yet in this particular juncture I must look upon it as a most uncommon and uncourt-like piece of friendship and [1] intre-

[1] Lord Chesterfield was recalled from the embassy to the Hague in 1732, on the pretence of ill health; but his opposition to the measures of Walpole, and particularly the part he took against the excise bill, lead us to suspect that there was some political cause for his recall. He was now dismissed from his office of lord steward, and was so ill received at court, that he desisted from going there. This disfavour has been absurdly attributed to Lord Chesterfield's being so mistaken as to build on Mrs. Howard's influence rather than that of the queen. We shall see, in his lordship's next letter, that no one knew more exactly the truth on this point than he did.

pidity. It may, for ought I know, have brought you within the [2]statute of Edward III. as aiding, abetting, and comforting the king's enemies; for I can depose that it *comforted* me, and there are enough ready to depose that I am an enemy of the king's; so that, by an induction not very much strained for the law, your generosity has drawn you into high treason. Besides, as to the contents of your letter, did you reflect upon the strict examinations it was to undergo before it reached me; did you consider that it was to be submitted to the penetration of [3] Lord Lovell, and to the more slow, but not less sure sagacity of Mr. Carteret; that from them a faithful copy of it was to be transmitted to others of not inferior abilities, and known dabs at finding out mysteries; and could you then hope that your allegory of commerce and cribbage could escape undiscovered, especially since the influence of the *pair royal*, and the advantage of the *knave*, at those games, give so obvious a key to it?

By what you intimate, the party will come over at a very convenient time for me, that is, as I suppose, about Michaelmas; by which time

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[2] The statute of high treason.

[3] Thos. Coke, Lord Lovell, afterwards Earl of Leicester, and Mr. Edward Carteret (uncle of Lord Carteret), at this time postmaster-general. He obviously means that his letter is likely to be intercepted and read.

all my country excursions will, I hope, be over, and I quietly in my easy chair, by a good fire, in St. James's Square. I leave this place (thank God!) to-morrow, and go to [4]Cobham's for five or six days, where I shall diligently look for a certain busto[5] that I heard much talked of there last year: if I meet with it, woe betide it; for we certainly shall not part without a distich or two. From thence I shall take London in my way to Norfolk, in which county I (though unworthy[6]) shall presume to stay about a fortnight. Should I be seized there as contraband, I give you fair warning, I shall produce your letter as a passport.

Your Hampton Court recreations, I find, give the lie to those who complain of the uncertainty and instability of courts, or must at least claim an exception for yours, since the same joyous measures have, for these sixteen revolving years, been steadily pursued without interruption. Commerce must surely have played its cards excellently well, to have kept its ground so long, or ——— the first courteous opener of this letter may insert the rest.

I do not think the Duke of Argyll very much

[4] Stowe.

[5] Lord Cobham designed to place Lady Suffolk's bust in the Temple of Friendship at Stowe.

[6] He alludes to the residence and influence of Sir Robert Walpole in Norfolk, and to his own opposition to that minister.

the better for these waters; his head shakes extremely, and he is much dispirited. He goes away to-morrow too, and passes the rest of this year at [7] Petersham.

I have not been so long in writing this letter as I have been trying, but in vain, to finish it with some ingenious paragraph, that should neatly introduce my being, with the utmost regard and attachment,

Madam, yours, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S.—I am obliged in gratitude to repeat my compliments to Miss Hobart [8], as the only person that has blushed on my score these many years.

DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. i. p. 352. An answer to a letter which does not appear.]

Edinburgh, the 1st of June, I may say the first of summer, 1734.

MY DEAR, DEAR LADY SUFFOLK,

THE pleasantest thing I have met with a great while was your letter yesterday noon. I

[7] Sudbrook, near Petersham. His grace however lived ten years longer.

[8] See vol. ii. page 62.

devoured that instead of my dinner, and found it better support than all the Scotch beef in the country. *A-propos*, you have half your wish: the cook-maid is very dirty about herself; but she says it is her way; she was never otherwise. I ought to be satisfied, for I have known many so in a worse case, and convinced by arguments no better founded, a common excuse for folly, pride, impertinence, and a long *et cetera* of those pretty vices you mentioned—*it is their way*. God help them out of yours! for though disagreeable events give a fillip to nature, the continuance is mighty wearing to the spirits, and by no means to be wished for.

O had I wings like a dove, for then would I fly away to Marble Hill, and be at rest! I mean at rest in my mind. I am tired to death with politics and elections; they ought in conscience to be but once in an age: and I have not met with any one in this country who doth not eat with a knife, and drink a *dish* of tea. This, added to many other cutting things, you must own, makes a dreadful account. My girl[1] and I have been

[1] The Hon. Jane Leveson Gower, third daughter of the duchess's first cousin, Lord Gower. Lady Mary Wortley's satiric pen sweetens into approbation, when she speaks of this young lady—"The sprouts of this age are such green withered things, it is a great comfort to us grown up people. At the same time, I must do justice to a little twig belonging to my

at an assembly; mighty happy she, and I much amused, by the many very extraordinary fashions. Notwithstanding, I can assure you my tail makes a notable appearance. Pray tell me your friend's name, for I know none here, except myself, who I am sure is so. I have not seen the Duke of Argyll; he has been out of town with his aunt, Lady Mary; but his brother and I are great as two [2] inkle-weavers. He has made me a visit.

I assure you my child is very sleepy, or she would answer Miss Hobart's letter to-night. She desires her service. She is improved, and danced mighty well. I was pleased much altogether: she was a very genteel pretty figure. I hope Master [3] Hobart is quite recovered. Pray, with my best respects to Mrs. Carteret, tell her it is a terrible thing that my words have no weight. You say nothing of Mrs. Meadows; has she run away with her brother and Lady Fanny [4]? She puts me in mind of

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sister Gower; Miss Jenny is like the Duchess of Queensberry both in face and spirit."—And again—"My niece, Jenny Leveson, is very handsome; she is really like the Duchess of Queensberry." Miss Leveson died unmarried, in 1737.

[2] A proverbial expression to signify great nearness and intimacy.

[3] John, afterwards second Earl of Buckinghamshire.

[4] This, no doubt, relates to the marriage of Mr. Meadows,

some play, where the lady cannot bear the thoughts of being married, unless the man steals her out of window. The girl was in her own disposal to all intents and purposes. The duchess of Leeds[5] is an unhandsome beauty, and rather disagreeable than otherwise. My Lord Portmore[6] is like Lord Essex and Lord Hervey, which is saying all that man can deserve; yet one word more. He is about building a house: they proposed to him a very fine situation, where he might have a very fine view of the sea; but the fine gentleman cried out, "O Christ! the sea looks so fierce it frights one."

I write just in the style that Lady[7] Dysart talks,—very incoherent stuff; but remember I have your licence, that I believe you love me, and that I had no patience to stay till the next post, though I have not time to write so as to be read. If you can, to be sure you will rejoice with me, that the sun has shone to-day,—that I

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son of Sir Philip Meadows, and brother of the maid of honour, with Lady Fanny Pierrepont, sister, and ultimately heiress, of the last Duke of Kingston, and mother, by Sir Philip, of the first Earl Manvers.

[5] Julian, daughter of Robert Neale, of Harwell, in Devon, widow of the third Duke of Leeds, and wife of Lord Portmore.

[6] Charles Collyer, second Earl of Portmore.

[7] Grace, daughter of Sir Thomas Wilbraham, of Woodhay, Cheshire, widow of Lionel Tollemache, first Earl of Dysart.

am in hopes it will on Monday, that I may ride out; for on Sundays no such things are allowed in this country, though we lie, and swear, and steal, and do all sort of villany every other day the week round. I shall be delighted to see you, though I believe not till next month. If you let me hear from you again, my time will pass the pleasanter; for I am, if I know my own heart,

Most sincerely and affectionately yours.

MR. BERKELEY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[This is the first of Mr. Berkeley's letters to Lady Suffolk. They were married in the course of the next year.]

Shotover, Wednesday morning, June 19, 1734.

MADAM,

It is impossible to be at [1] Shotover, and not think of writing to Lady Suffolk; and

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[1] Now the seat of Mr. Schutz, near Oxford; but we have lost the meaning of Mr. Berkeley's allusions. They probably related to some of the events of Lady Suffolk's early married life.

though letters from hence were not always directed to a palace, I am not afraid of calling to your remembrance the distress you suffered when you corresponded most with this place, since that very suffering was the very strongest proof imaginable how little you deserved it.

We performed our journey hither with great ease, only little Pope was very ill the whole day, and compassion for him may pass for a reason why I was so little entertained with a very lively conversation which at some times would have been very agreeable to me, as would the misfortunes which were very happily contrived for the major-general (*Dormer*) during the whole journey. Pope grew better at supper, and of course very irregular, and laughed at me for the care I pretended to take of him.

We shall set out this morning for [2] Rowsham, where I hope to find something that will please me, though I do not like the prospect I have of staying there much longer than I intended. I am heartily tired of the country already, and long for an account of what is doing at and near London. Is Mrs. Herbert to come soon into waiting? Is Lord Pem(*broke*) in better humour? Have (*Miss*) Carteret and you [3] *keyed* it to both your hearts' content? But, above all, let

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[2] Mr. Dormer's seat, about two miles from Woodstock.

[3] A phrase *de société*, of which the precise meaning is now lost.

me know if you have a good head and face; for that would be a great satisfaction to

Yours, &c.

G. B.

LADY SUFFOLK TO MR. BERKELEY.

[Written before she had received the preceding.]

June 20, 1734.

There was no company at the tea-table on Tuesday but what most people hate to [1] keep, but for whom I have so particular a respect and regard, that upon her approbation for every action of my life, my ease and happiness has and must always depend. Your bad memory was not forgot in our long conversation; and it was agreed, that whoever could forget the presbyterian parson was neither to be trusted nor relied upon; that most certainly you forgot me before you reached Brentford; and that you have never thought at all of poor Mrs. [2] Smith.

If I valued myself much upon the command of my temper, I have been most terribly mortified. On Tuesday last, in the Commerce Room, when Mr. Paget told me that there was

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[1] She means herself.

[2] No doubt Miss Jane Smith, governess to Prince William. See vol. i. page 38.

a report that Lord [3] Stair had killed the Duke of Argyll in a duel, I behaved so very ill, that it ought to humble me for the rest of my life; but even this has not prevented my being truly sensible of the greatest pleasure in hearing since that the report was without any foundation. If I have nothing to amuse you from Kensington, it is because you are dull and want a taste, and not that the place does not abundantly supply both the instructive and entertaining; and I am positive that I have given you sufficient proof that I neither want a pen nor penetration to do both justice. I give you my word that I have not written this over above [4] three times.

LADY SUFFOLK TO MR. BERKELEY.

Kensington, June 22, [1734].

If it *was* Shotover that put you in mind of writing to me, I am very glad you stopped there: I do not remember that I ever liked any of the letters from that place better than that I

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[3] See page 60.

[4] Lady Suffolk's hand-writing was both bad and careless, and she was often obliged to write her letters over a second and even a third time. To this circumstance we owe almost all the letters of hers which are in this collection.

received last; nor do I think the satisfaction was entirely owing to the difference of the direction. I do believe you had more compassion for Pope than for the major-general (*Dormer*): I desire his ingratitude may not prevent your future care of him; but I do not by any means insist that you should carry it so far as to lose the pleasure of the company or the country. By what I know, and by what I have heard, it is hardly possible to be tired of either. Mrs. Hobart comes to-day: Mrs. Herbert has never written to me since I came to Kensington. The [1] *hero* plays every day at tennis, and looks dreadfully. Mrs. Carteret and I have not had so much as a tea-box [2] *key* together since I saw you.

I have now satisfied your curiosity in every particular but about the head and face: I think the less that is said of either is the better; they are neither pleasant nor profitable to others nor the owner. I am going to dine in the [3] square: they go soon into Northamptonshire: they and Lady [4] Catherlough dined on Thursday with the

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[1] Probably Henry, ninth Earl of Pembroke, who is more than once in this correspondence called the *hero*.

[2] See page 71.

[3] Probably Kensington-square.

[4] Margaret Cavendish, wife of Colonel John Fane, created, in 1733, Baron Catherlough (or Carlow), who, in 1736, became Earl of Westmoreland. See vol. i. page 174.

Duchess of Dorset; but nothing seems changed in respect of the men. The actions of women are too inconsiderable to draw any consequences from them: thus I know your pride and arrogancy in power makes all you men reason; but I do not despair to see some of my sex vindicate us, and make a figure that may make some of you tremble. Mrs. Herbert is just come: I design her for one of these, and have now ten thousand precepts to give her, which happily releases you.

MR. BERKELEY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Stowe, Sunday morning, [1734].

In vain I scratch my head and bite my nails; I cannot for my soul make any thing of the presbyterian parson; but am sure he is very malicious, to affirm that for his sake I am not to be trusted or relied on, when I profess I am at this moment, and verily think I ever have been, an utter stranger to him. As for poor Mrs. Smith, pray assure her, the first time you breakfast with her alone, which I suppose will be soon (for I take you two to be inseparable), that I am so far from forgetting her, that she is never out of my thoughts; that there is nothing

I so ardently wish as a more intimate acquaintance; and that, as desirous as you seem of her approbation, I have as much regard and respect for her as you have, am much fonder of her, and infinitely more sensible of her merits.

We set out yesterday, two coachfuls of us, from Rowsham, with an intention only to dine at Stowe; but here we still are, and are likely to continue till Tuesday at least: it is enchanted ground, and not in people's power to leave when they please. Stowe is in great beauty, the master of it in good health and excellent spirits, by which the major-general (*Dormer*) gets a new tormentor; not that his old one (*Pope*) was not sufficient, who has really laughed himself fat at poor Jemmy's expense, who in proportion hath fretted himself lean. Charming as Stowe certainly is, I own a partiality for Rowsham. One advantage must be allowed it; there is at the bottom of a sloping hill in the garden, a most delightful stream, which runs from thence directly to Marble Hill, and is no small addition even to the beauties of that place. I have no more paper, not so much as for a cover.

Oxford bag did its duty extremely to my satisfaction, but the surer direction is by Woodstock bag.

LADY SUFFOLK TO MR. BERKELEY.

Kensington, June 25, 1734.

Biting the nails and scratching the head are two very ugly tricks: for fear you should get such ill habits, I will not say another word of the presbyterian parson. I have made your compliments to my friend (*Mrs. Smith*); but I am not sure that she approves this regular correspondence; as she was always a much better, so she was always a much stricter woman than I am. By a letter I had yesterday from Mrs. Herbert, I find her most extremely indulgent to me; but she limits it to a very short time, that of her coming into waiting. I perceive she has very selfish views, and doubts not of success; for she plainly tells me that she has one charm that is irresistible.

If you wish to be disenchanted and leave Stowe, you are very unworthy of being there. I hope you have visited the round temple, and paid a due regard to the memory of Mr. Hampden. I forgive your partiality for Rowsham, for the sake of the river, and upon condition you give me a very particular description of it. I have had twenty people with me since I sat down to write; but I have gained nothing for

your benefit, only that the Princess Royal[1] is expected every day, that she was adored in Holland, and that she comes to make us all happy.

I wish you would take some pity upon your fat and lean friends[2]: a change of their present humours is absolutely necessary for them both. I cannot prescribe at this distance; but I should think you, that know their constitution, and are upon the place, might find proper physic for their distemper. If I had the same advantage I should not despair of success.

I was surprised at your ill-breeding, to send a letter without an envelope.

MR. BERKELEY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Rowsham, June 27.

We left Stowe on Tuesday, and I hope we shall leave Rowsham on Sunday. One is a most magnificent place, and the other a very pretty one; but at present I have no relish for either grandeur or beauty so far from London, and think I really like nothing in the

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[1] Mary, the Princess of Orange, eldest daughter of Geo. II. arrived in London on Tuesday, July 2, 1734.

[2] Dormer and Pope.

country but a post-day. I could not fail paying a due regard to Mr. Hampden's memory, for I am sure nobody can be more sensible of what England owes to him than I am; but I hear there is another busto of [1] one of that family expected, which, if I can judge right, ought to be preferred infinitely before his: if those who promised it do not keep their word, it is proposed to make the [2] Venus of Medicis serve instead of it, and what will your prude friend (*Mrs. Smith*) say then,—she who can be so very easily scandalized at what happens at fifty miles' distance? I am glad to hear Mrs. Herbert intends to be soon at London; I can truly pity people who live in the country; I, who can scarcely bear it a fortnight, though in company with those who know how to employ their time there so well, that they have not yet been once reduced to play at cards. Pope diverted us with translating Horace: I am sorry for your sake I can remember but one couplet, which you shall have to make you some amends for the stuff you have already perused.

Our ancient kings (and sure those kings were wise)
Judged for themselves, and saw with their own eyes.

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[1] Lady Suffolk was the great-grand-daughter of John Hampden; and Lord Cobham designed to put up her bust in the Temple of Friendship at Stowe.

[2] Rather an exaggerated compliment to a widow of near fifty.

LORD BATHURST TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Vol. i. p. 178.]

[Cirencester, July, 1734.]

SINCE you were so good as to mention me in your letter to Mr. Pope, I venture to send this by way of postscript to his. I was in town for two days about a month ago, but did not dare to wait on you, lest you might think I came to insult you upon your defeat in Norfolk. I met Lord Hobart in St. James's Park, who accosted me with his usual good-nature and complaisance; but as ladies' resentments are generally more violent than men's, and as I know you to be a zealous party-woman, I was afraid of coming in your way till you had time to cool. After Mr. Wodehouse is turned out, and Mr. Morden brought in, by your righteous determination of a House of Commons, I may venture to come into your sight.

As to the question you put to Mr. Pope relating to me, I can give you the best answer. My castle is not molested by your fair son, and there is but one lady in the world that I desire to see there, and I fear I never shall have that satisfaction, though it is only to satisfy my curiosity whether she has any true taste or not, having given some marks of it by her approbation of my works at Richkings, but no proofs of it by her own at Twickenham.

[1] Pope endeavours to find faults here, but cannot; and instead of admiring (as he ought to do) what is already executed, he is every day drawing me a plan for some new building or other, and then is violently angry that it is not set up the next morning.

You do well to reprove him about his intemperance; for he makes himself sick every meal at your most moderate and plain table in England. Yesterday I had a little piece of salmon just caught out of the Severn, and a fresh pike that was brought me from the other side of your house out of the Thames. He ate as much as he could of both, and insisted upon his moderation, because he made his dinner upon one dish.

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Vol. i. p. 1.]

Isleworth, July 15, [1734.]

MADAM,

You will be surprised at this letter; but as I took it into my head that it might possibly be of use to one that both you and I interest ourselves for, I would not omit it.

[1] Pope tells Swift (Dec. 19, 1734) that he paid a visit this year to Lord Bathurst at Cirencester.

My [1] hero is now entirely out of the question for the place of master of the horse, and to my certain knowledge the Duke of Richmond will soon be declared. This will be the second time that he will have been put by, what every body has looked upon to be his right, for the sake of two people of such infinite consequence as Lord Godolphin and the Duke of Richmond. And I will prophesy that this will not be the last time of his being served so, if he takes this patiently; I should therefore think it would be very right for him to renew his applications with vigour where he had made them before, and also to apply directly to the queen, to whom I am told he has not yet mentioned it, and there to insist upon it as his right. I know very well this application will signify nothing as to the place of master of the horse, which is as good as given to the Duke of Richmond; but the effect I propose from it is, that his insisting strongly will convince those who cannot love but can fear, that he will resent it as strongly when it is disposed of to another, and make them think it necessary to satisfy him by something else; which they may easily do if they please, by taking away the gold key from that

[1] Lord Pembroke. See p. 74.

[2] Charles, second Duke; but his grace was not declared master of the horse till January, 1735.

cypher, Lord Godolphin[1], and continuing him his pension, with which he will be as well satisfied, and sleep on the court side. But this is what my hero can never expect to obtain from any motive but their fears, which will rise in proportion to his insisting upon it before it is given away, and to the resentment that he will show afterwards.

You will make what use you please of these thoughts of mine: you may either show them him as mine, or hint them as your own, according as you approve of them, or think best as to him. All I desire is, that you will not mention me in this matter to any body but him.

I am persuaded you will not think that I mean by this to exasperate him, in hope of getting him over to the opposition; for in my mind it would not be the way; since I am convinced that this is the only way, and even a likely way of getting him to be groom of the stole: whereas without this method they would go on to use him so ill that we should be sure of him at last. I can assure you it is only my value and friend-

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[1] Francis, second Earl of Godolphin, was made groom of the stole on the accession of Geo. II., and held it till Jan. 1735, when he was succeeded by Lord Pembroke, probably in consequence of Lord Chesterfield's advice, as it would seem that the Duke of Richmond's appointment was delayed till Lord Pembroke was satisfied.

ship for him that makes me suggest these means as the most likely to procure him what he would like, and what, with regard to the world, considering his rank and long services, he ought in decency to have.

I am, with the utmost truth and respect,

Yours, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

Pray prevail with him to speak to the[4] queen

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[4] A direct contradiction of Walpole's statement, that Lord Chesterfield was so mistaken as to believe that Mrs. Howard's influence was greater than the queen's; upon which he has built several ingenious fallacies. Archdeacon Coxe, who is in general very accurate and candid, has, upon Walpole's authority, attributed Lord Chesterfield's *opposition* to disappointment, and this disappointment to the influence of Queen Caroline acting against that of Lady Suffolk, to whom Chesterfield was supposed to have attached himself. The archdeacon, after some instances of the queen's jealousy of Lord Chesterfield's connexion with the favourite, gives the following, which he evidently considers as final and conclusive. "At another time Lord Chesterfield had requested the queen "to speak to the king for some small favour; the queen promised, but forgot it: a few days afterwards, recollecting "her promise, she expressed regret at her forgetfulness, and "added, that she would certainly mention it that day. Chesterfield replied, that her majesty need not give herself that "trouble, for *Lady Suffolk* had spoken to the king. The "queen made no reply; but on seeing the king, told him that "she had long promised to mention a trifling request to his "majesty, but it was needless, because Lord Chesterfield had "just informed her that she had been anticipated by Lady

herself, without which there is nothing to be done; and to mention in that audience the

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"Suffolk. The king, who always preserved great decorum "with the queen, and was very unwilling to have it supposed "that the favourite interfered, was extremely displeased with "both Lord Chesterfield and his mistress; the consequence "was, that *in a short time Lady Suffolk went to Bath for her "health, to return no more to court: Chesterfield was dis-"missed from his office, and never heard the reason till two "years before his death*; when he was informed by the late "Earl of Orford (Hor. Walpole) that his disgrace was owing "to his having offended the queen by paying court to *Lady "Suffolk*."—Now mark how easily all this is proved to be false: Lord Chesterfield's intimacy with Mrs. Howard began *early* in their lives, and when *at its height* did not prevent his obtaining successively all the distinguished offices of the prince's family. At the dawn of the new reign in June 1727, Lord Chesterfield's intimacy with Mrs. Howard, and his favour with the king, continued: he was made one of the lords of the bedchamber, and appointed ambassador extraordinary to the court of France. In May 1728 he had the garter; and next day was made lord steward of the household: to this office was soon after added that of ambassador to the Hague, which he was allowed to hold together. He resided at the Hague without having any other intercourse than the letters we have just read, with Mrs. Howard, till 1732, when he came home and opposed the minister's favourite scheme of the Excise, with great violence; for which, and *not for any mysterious affair*, he was turned out, and never afterwards appeared at court during that reign. Mrs. Howard (who did not become Countess of Suffolk till 1731,) did not leave court till 1735. No one acquainted with the characters of Lord Chesterfield and Mrs. Howard could believe the story of his rude and indecent reply to the queen; but the dates positively disprove it. Lord

manner in which he was put by for Lord Godolphin, and his own acquiescence at that time.

DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. i. p. 352—An answer to a letter which does not appear.]

July 24, 1734.

I RECEIVED your letter, my dear, dear Lady Suffolk, the day after we left Edinburgh; not having had an opportunity since till this moment is the reason, and the only reason, that I have not thanked you sooner. I love to hear from you, I assure you; but must needs hate that part of your letter that tells me you are the least unwell; you, who cannot but know this to be true, ought in conscience to have bragged to me when it was in your power; instead of which you and that same Providence who delights in mixture more than I do, has taken care to mingle my sweet cup with bitter:—though through my whole life I have been used to such draughts, they never went down well.

Chesterfield probably never saw the queen after Mrs. Howard became a countess; and her retiring from court, instead of preceding or accompanying Lord Chesterfield's disgrace, did not take place for several years after; but thus history is and must be written.

On the road things are often mislaid, or not easy to be got at. Now what I miss at present is my senses; for I had like to have forgot to tell you that your letter was sent after me to the [1] Marquis of Tweedale's, where we were some days. By this you may conceive it was possible to receive yours, and, as I said before, not have time to answer it; if this is not plain, pray be pleased to give grains of allowance: my senses must be jumbled in some degree as well as my person, and I assure you *that* is not a little, for worse roads I never met with in all my travels: to-morrow we have reason to expect worse; for we strike out of the high road, and cross the country to Lord Gower's [2], there to stay, I believe, a week or ten days. I have not the least thoughts of Spa or Scarborough:—by the way, we met that lord within a day's journey of Lumly Castle; [3] he looks sadly; when he does so, I am often grieved for him.

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[1] John, third Marquis of Tweedale. The seat alluded to was probably Yester, about eighteen miles from Edinburgh.

[2] Trentham, the seat of John, second Baron and first Earl Gower. The duchess mother, who died in 1725, was aunt to Lord Gower.

[3] Lord Scarborough, though a most amiable, and in all that regarded worldly concerns, *fortunate* man, seems to have been liable to fits of mental depression, in one of which he put a period to his existence in 1739. In his portrait, in the *Kitcat* collection, something of the *sadness* alluded to by the duchess is visible. The melancholy termination of his honourable life

I am very well really, though I do not look at all pretty I confess, and so will you. Solomon says that there is a time for all things; so with that I content myself: I only think looking-glass an inconvenient part of furniture, and design to run it down out of fashion; but how self-conceit will bear the change, I am not prophet enough to discern. I know you love a letter, and I think you love me; and as I have your sign manual to write whatever comes uppermost, I am determined to sleep sound all night, though I should write downright nonsense: it is my duty to bestow some of it on Mrs. Herbert; but as I have not time, I am in some hopes that here is enough for both of you: pray tell her the important news of my being well, and in very good humour; and pray, long to see me, for it is but gratitude. Lord Pem(*broke*) is a fool if he does not indulge his joy—it is very seldom good to curb one's prevailing passion,—never that of joy, for it does not often molest any one. I shall take it very ill if Mrs. Herbert has the least return of her fever. If the Princess of Orange is with child, I suppose she will be brought to bed in England. My child is asleep, but much pleased; you remember her. I am sorry for yours[4]; but

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was as unaccountable as it was afflicting to a large circle of affectionate friends, and to the public at large, whose respect and regard he deservedly enjoyed in a high degree.

[4] Miss Hobart.

hope her eyes will be soon well again; and that her brother is quite so. I never forget Mrs. Carteret; you who know her, must then guess how I think of her.

I have put myself in a great hurry to write, and just now I am informed that the post does not go hence again till Saturday; so I leave this, however, for fear I should not have time again, with my [5] landlord; who is an extreme good one: pray make use of his house when you come this road in your way to make me a visit when I am settled in Scotland. I wish I could hear from you whilst at Trentham, for I am impatient to know you are well, and not a little so to see you so; from thence we go straight for London. I always designed to notify my return, the uncertainty of which hindered my writing, otherwise you would have had nothing to have reproached me with, except troubling you too often. Adieu, my dear Lady Suffolk, and good night; I must to bed, in order to get up again: most creatures are made for nothing else, only they do not know it, and I do: one thing more I was born for most certainly, because I am that so perfectly and sincerely—I mean—to be yours.

The duchess does not afford any clue to discover who her *landlord* was.

THE HON. G. BERKELEY TO A GENTLEMAN.

[This letter is preserved as giving the reasons which Lady Suffolk's friends chose to allege for her journey to Bath, which was a preliminary to her retiring from court.]

[Aug. 1734.]

SIR,

THOUGH I have nothing material to send you, yet if you are of my mind, any letter will be welcome in the country. You have, I suppose, seen in the papers that Lady Suffolk sets out for Bath on Tuesday next; this is true, and has occasioned as much speculation in the family of Kensington as the removal of two or three minor ministers would have done. I believe the secret of this journey is, that she has a mind to get out of her lodgings at Kensington, which being at least three feet under ground, are at this time of the year very damp and unwholesome, especially to her ill health, not in a very strong constitution; besides showing she will not be such a slave to the court as she has been, having never been six weeks in the whole absent from it in twenty years' service.

The inclosed epigram was sent me by the penny-post; though I have no guess at the person who wrote it, it seems to be a lady's performance, by the [1] spelling of one of the names,

[1] I am afraid he means *mis-spelling*.

as well as the whole turn of it. [2]Edgcombe sets out very soon for Paris; a visit to his son is the pretence; he is supposed to carry a good deal of money with him.

Yours, &c.

THE HON. GEORGE BERKELEY TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

[Bath, 1734.]

MY DEAR LORD,

Yours of the twelfth I did not receive till the seventeenth. I presume it was detained one post for the perusal of the ministers; nor can I blame them; their fondness for reading all your compositions, is doubtless the best proof that can be given of their good taste in polite reading. I hope, by this time at least, you have received a letter I sent you by the same direction that I do this, to my house in Stratton-street, with orders to be sent with Lady B.'s newspapers, &c.: it came to the Bath the post after you went away, franked with the name of Windham.

I have little news to send you from hence;

[2] Richard, created in 1742 Lord Mount Edgcombe.

our storms at the court here seem to be in a fair way of pacification since Churchill's departure; if our ministers would take the hint and recall Horace (Walpole), perhaps the storms in Europe might subside. Our company begins, thank God, to decrease. Bathurst is impatiently expected every day. If he comes I will recommend the [1]lady mentioned in yours to him, as he seems to be a much younger man than myself, and, consequently, much fitter for her purpose. I hope to have the honour of seeing you at Cranford in about ten days time. I am glad to hear Lord Berkeley is not worse, and much obliged to Mr. Chetwynd for his wine, and more for his letter.

No man can possibly have a greater honour for your lordship than, my lord,

Yours, &c.

G. BERKELEY.

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[1] Probably Lady Suffolk. Mr. Berkeley did not choose, as yet, to make Lord Bolingbroke his confidant on this point.

DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO THE HON. MRS. HERBERT.

[Vol. i. p. 352.]

[As this letter was intended for Lady Suffolk as well as Mrs. Herbert, it is thought proper to insert it.]

Spa, Aug. 4, N. S. 1734.

As soon as you see my hand-writing, my dear Mrs. Herbert will conclude that this is to give you an account how the waters agree with your humble servant: it is very true that we have left England long enough to have drank them a week, but we have loitered on the road; and as there hath been so much rain it is no great loss, for the waters are not good in wet weather. When we came to Calais, though we had the finest passage that could have been wished for, I was too sick to write, but I believed I should have tried, if Lady Sophia (*Keppel*) had not written to some of her friends, who were to notify our welfare to you.

At Lisle we staid one whole day to show our ladies a very fine town, and the fortifications, which to be sure they understood perfectly: at night we saw a play, ill enough acted. From thence we went the next day through to Brussels. We had done better to have lain at Ghent, which is an extraordinary

fine town: as we did not, we had the pleasure to be nineteen hours on the road without ever stopping, except to change horses, during which time we had just leisure enough to eat two cold black chickens, which from extreme hunger we found delicious. From Lisle to Brussels it is not much farther than from London to Ambresbury; but the posts are ill served, and the postilions stupid obstinate posts, by which means we got not into Brussels till between two and three in the morning. I thought of nothing but bed, but no bed was ready. The people of the house were all in their first sleep, but were quite awake and alive by the time we could crawl out of our voitures, and in less time than I have been writing these lines, they set before us a most excellent good repast: this enlivened us to that degree that we were mighty good company, and could not part till five in the morning, when to be sure we went drunk to bed. You will allow it was highly proper to rest the next day; when that appeared, we perceived the remains of a great deal of finery, and were told it was occasioned by a jubilee or festival, which is only held there once in fifty years, on account of some miracle, which is not necessary to explain to you, though I had it at my fingers' end, which, by the by, is not the case. This show was to be again the day se'nnight we came to Brussels; so we

were mighty prudent and shilly shally whether to stay or go, and I believe had not remained, but for the sake of seeing the French minister, who was vastly civil to us two years ago; in short, stay we did.

We went to the play; to see the archduchess at dinner; were ill-used at court, and so, as usual[1], retired into the country, to Antwerp, which is but half a day's journey: there we saw pictures, something better than I can draw; the Jesuits' College, where there are many magnificent things; an old man of near ninety, who appears much younger than ever I was, and a great deal younger than my brother is. I need not now tell you that on the road there is the finest things my eyes ever yet beheld; for I am so delighted with that and every acre of land about Brussels, and from thence quite to Liege, that when we meet, you must give me leave to talk eternally on that subject. The sight we staid for was well worth seeing; nobody can well describe it, who cannot write a romance: I could never read one; so I doubt you will not edify by my description, unless your imagination can help me out. Let me show you whole streets that appeared like a most magnificent garden; some of the houses all co-

[1] The duchess probably alludes to her own retreat to Amesbury, on her quarrel with George II.

vered with moss from top to bottom, adorned with flowers, festoons, mosaic ornaments of gold and silver: on others moss, on which were hung fine pictures, in other places fine tapestry; the tops of all the houses every where covered with green, where the other ornaments were not; triumphal arches, arcades, fountains, all these adorned by paintings; all sorts of greens and flowers, and in some places cascades: I have neither time or wit to draw this fine picture as it deserves. The duke hurries me to supper; yet I must proceed to try to make you conceive the Fish-market, which was the most extraordinary thing I ever saw; that was entirely decked with moss and gilding. Imagine a great place, as it were, wainscotted in pannels, in which were drawings of figures, trees, landscapes, as big as the life; these done in two colours, which, too, were different coloured moss; the great church, the most magnificent thing you ever saw, the altar particularly, on which was a great quantity of wrought plate and cloth of gold. Here I ought to be a good architect. Mr. Herbert can teach you to imagine pillars and arches, architraves, friezes and cornices, in just proportion; extreme fine figures as big as the life in silver, dressed in gold (I mean metal); very fine pictures; exceeding fine tapestry and carpets in their proper places; the pillars of the church twisted round with green

and gold, on which were flowers; between the pillars hung rich festoons of green and gold to represent fruit, leaves, and flowers; at the bottom large orange-trees; on them birds of all sorts well imitated, the tubs gilt and painted green; the finest and the prettiest lamps I ever saw, between the pillars (to light the church), hung with chains:—it is shocking you could not see it! A vast deal of fine carving and gilding:—I hate myself that I cannot help you to imagine it a little. The procession is easier to conceive, though that was vastly magnificent. Half the town, I believe, have ruined themselves by dressing out themselves and children to have the honour to represent kings, princes, and princesses, who had a thousand years ago some hand in this miracle. They walked or rode on horseback, two and two, all magnificently adorned; Cupids and the Muses kept them company—for what reason, I know not, unless to make the sight prettier, which it certainly did. We had fine triumphal cars, intermixed, and drawn by eight horses each; I expect you to range them where they ought to be, but I must tell you that one set were exactly spotted like leopards, you cannot conceive how beautiful: each of these cars held fifteen children; one was filled by the Virtues, and another perhaps by Vices; another by the United Provinces, and others by the Muses; the other by I know not what. After

these came monks of different orders, some black, some brown, singing all the way; and then the host, under a fine canopy; and after all a vast mob, composed of all the nations on earth, and in divers dresses, which made mine not in the least remarkable, though it was, is, and shall be, just the same my Lord Pem(*broke*) laughed at so immoderately[2].

The day I had the good manners to leave you in my house, I hope you did not think me impolite; I assure you it was only a mark of tenderness: I hated to take leave, and was therefore glad of any pretence to run away from you. I must tell you one thing more, though you and I ought to wish I had finished this volume. At Brussels Lady Sophia and [3]Miss Jenny were both dressed out as ladies think they ought to be, viz. French heads and mantuas; I, as I think I ought to be: the French minister's wife, who is a mighty pretty woman, and really a mighty pretty sort of woman, inquired of Lady Sophia what dress people in England appeared with at court; were they dressed as Lady Sophia?—No. As Miss Leveson?—No. As I was dressed? and they

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[2] We have seen (vol. i. p. 353) that the duchess adhered to this resolution, and was laughed at for it by Lord Pembroke's grand-children.

[3] The Honourable Jane Leveson Gower: see page 68.

had the barbarity still to answer truly, No. After this I hope no stupid English people will ever pretend to find fault with my dress: upon my honour this is fact; it is true she was bred up in a convent, and hath seen little of the world, but that rather makes for me; every body's eye would strike them that my dress was exactly according to form, if their ears had not been (by some ill accident or other) used to hear it unjustly condemned.

I have lost my supper to write a great deal unintelligibly: forgive me, it is the last long letter I shall trouble you with while I drink the waters. I have a vast deal more to say to you, if I were not to begin to-morrow; in order to which I must instantly to bed, or I shall not be able to rise to-morrow at five, which I fully purpose. If you are within reach of my Lady Suffolk, pray communicate this to her; for I am in a manner bound to give her some account of the fine things at Brussels, having very impertinently said enough to raise her curiosity, without the least endeavouring to satisfy it: send it her if you are not in waiting; she will do the same for you if I go on with my travels, in which there has happened incidents which ought not to be omitted. She will have the next, if my memory holds out. I am quite tired; have been interrupted ten times; have written nonsense, I doubt; I know I have written

ill, and have spelled ill: if I had been with you I should have looked ill, and perhaps not have talked plainer than I have written; so it is all one; as you have often endured me then, I may hope you will now. Pray write to me, and believe me that I am in one thing perfect, viz. perfectly and sincerely your friend and humble servant.

Lady Sophia would have written if I had not; she sends her compliments, and Lady Bateman orders me to say a vast deal from her. Lord Cornbury and the duke are both your humble servants. I have drank three glasses of the waters this morning.

C. Q.

She has been called [4] *sir* upon the road above twenty times.

Yours, &c.
[5] CORNBURY.

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[4] He means that the duchess's dress occasioned her being mistaken for a gentleman.

[5] Henry, Lord Cornbury, the duchess's brother, great grandson of Lord Chancellor Clarendon. This was the Lord Cornbury whom Pope celebrates:—

"Would you be blest? despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
Be virtuoüs, and be happy for your pains!"

Lord Cornbury was born in 1710, and died, before his father,

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ. TO THE HON. GEORGE BERKELEY.

[Vol. i. p. 200.]

Newmarket, Sept. 21, 1734.

DEAR GEORGE,

I HAVE received your letter, for which I ought to have thanked you sooner; but as Tully said that he was never less alone than when alone; so I, supported by so great an authority, may venture on an Irishism too, and assure you that I never have more business than when I have nothing to do; that is, I always find many things to amuse me; and you know that I can be ten times more eager and intent upon trifles, than ever I am about matters of greater importance. Should the post-office open my letter, and read this frank confession from a man that has the appearance of so bustling a patriot, what would they say? They would wish me at the devil, for having got the better of my indolence so long, and given them and some of their friends so much trouble for nothing.

in 1753. He left a comedy, called "The Mistakes," which Horace Walpole printed, with an encomiastic preface.

I think I shall certainly meet you at the Bath, for, to tell you the truth, I am very much out of order at this present writing. I have made, what I never did in my life before, a great deal of bloody water, which would have frightened me more than it has, if a violent vomiting and sickness at stomach had not convinced me that it could be nothing but a fit of the gravel; however, it has caused a cessation of arms between me and the partridges for two days, but on Monday I hope to renew the war again.

To be sure you will stay some time at Mr. Herbert's[1] in your way to Bath. I wish I could be there with you. Pray let the lady of the house know I would certainly write to Highclere, if I could find so safe a conveyance for my letters as a comic cart; by this vehicle I elude Lord[2] Lovel's sagacity, and escape his intuition, when I write to Mrs. Pulteney, for he can never suppose any man such a John Trot, as to correspond that way with his wife. If you see Lady S., pray make my compliments to her.[3] Probably you will all meet at Mrs. Herbert's, and carry both of them to the Bath with you.

I wish you a great deal of health, a great deal of diversion, good luck at whist, and that

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[1] At Highclere. See page 61.

[3] Mr. Humphreys may pay you your money; and am,

Dear George, &c.
W. P.

LADY HERVEY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. i. p. 181.]

St. James's, Sept. the 23d, 1734.

But that I fear it might sound equally absurd to make an excuse for denying myself a pleasure, or the giving you an unnecessary trouble, I could give you sundry and excellent reasons for not having sooner made use of the liberty dear Lady Suffolk's good nature could not refuse to my request. I will not plead stupidity, because I should condemn myself by that; not for my not writing before, but for my writing now; and as the conversing with you any way is a pleasure I cannot give up, I will not give you hopes of getting rid of this correspondence, by flattering you that I forbear writing whenever I find myself extremely dull; on the contrary,

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[3] A person who, it seems, lost money both to Mr. Pulteney and Mr. Berkeley, and was not so prompt to pay as he ought to have been.

it is then I generally have recourse to you as to the best *anti-stupiditas* I know. When I find myself far gone, I presently apply to you, and if that has not the effect immediately, I conclude my case is desperate. To say the truth, I stand at present in great need of your assistance, and beg therefore you will be expeditious in sending me my remedy. Pray do not let there be any bitters nor acids in it, for neither of them agree with me; sweetness and emollients are what sit best on my stomach.

I believe the Bath is a mere hospital at present. As I am very curious in the nature and process of all diseases, and like the theory, though not the practice of physic, I should be very much obliged to you, if you would give me some account of those invalids who are most distempered, with the observations you have made on the nature and symptoms of their several maladies, and what medicines you think would prove efficacious to those who are absolutely incurable. There is a poor lady[1] that went there a little while ago, who, I fear, is of the last class. She abounds with peccant humours, and has a complication of distempers, for she has frequently had *ruptures*, is subject to *inflammations*, *false conceptions*, to diseases of the

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[1] Lady Bristol.

tongue, and is hardly ever free from a fistula lachrymalis; indeed I believe there is no hopes of her ever being better, and in my opinion the best things that can be given her are repeated quieting draughts.

Pray let me know if the waters have had any effect on a certain *great* man[2], who has a constant weight and heaviness in his head, attended with a difficulty of utterance, and an inability of speaking to be understood, that has very much the appearance of a paralytic disorder. He has [3]two physicians, but I believe they do not consult together; the one allows him only light food, well sweetened, the other, I am told, indulges him with *flesh*. Pray which of these regimens does he most incline to?

I am sorry our poor little friend[4] was forced

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[2] This ironical description is probably meant for Mr. Pulteney, who, though not at this moment at Bath, was on his way thither.

[3] Lady Hervey, who all through this letter enlivens her satire by the use of medical terms, means probably *female* physicians: the first is perhaps Mrs. Pulteney; but we have no means of guessing the name of the fair doctor who indulged the *carnal* appetite of her patient.

[4] Lady Hervey alludes here to Mr. Pope and Martha Blount, who were now at Bath, where Miss Blount (who was suspected of being secretly married to him) subjected, by her pride and ill-humour, him and herself to some *mortifications*. Lady Hervey's medical allegory is witty and just.

to go to the Bath for so unpleasant a distemper; for I am informed it was to get rid of some *proud flesh* that is grown to his *side*, and makes him extremely uneasy. It is thought it will prove a *mortification;* but I am satisfied if all the practitioners of the place he is in can administer any ease to him, he will be sure of it, for he always loved applying himself to all the quacks he could meet with; and when he was in perfect health, was always fancying or feigning himself ill, often changed his physician, and frequently would have three or four at a time; but they all found him out, and the moment they felt his pulse, declared him only the *malade imaginaire.* I believe, though, his present disease has more reality in it; but I dare say he now does very like a lady of our acquaintance, and complains of every distemper but that which he really has.

If you complain of the length of my letter I shall not be surprised; there is so much of it, that I think you cannot but chide or thank me for it soon; so that one way or other it must answer the end I propose it, which is, to procure me a letter from you, and to convince you that, absent or present, I think my time best employed when I am giving you any proof of my being, &c.

M. Hervey.

DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. i. p. 352. An answer to a letter which does not appear.]

Ambresbury, Sept. 28, 1734.

I THANK you mightily for your letter; but why am I never to have an entire satisfaction? The bad news of your health would not allow it me this time; when you write next, I hope to find your letter more valuable. My dear Lady Suffolk, I had not forgot you, or ever can whilst I remember myself, for thereby hangs a tale— nay, many, which are seldom if ever out of my mind.

It was purely by accident that I heard you were at Bath. When I saw you I thought you mighty well, and never heard you were otherwise; if I had, I should certainly have inquired, and I do not remember you gave me any encouragement to write to you. I wish I could come to Bath, for more reasons than one; but I cannot. Pray tell Mrs. Blount that one of my pleasures would be to make her break her abominable resolution, for every body visits there. Pray tell Mr. Pope we were mightily disappointed to find his [1] name when we came

[1] He had called at Amesbury in his way to Bath.

here. It is in his power to undo that mortification, if he call here when he leaves Bath. To this, I suppose, he will return no answer; for the last letter I sent to that place was on the same errand, and the person said nothing to my request, though they certainly have a kindness for me, and must be well assured how very welcome they would be.

I think it my duty to tell you that I am very well, considering all things. The weather, I suppose you know, for this last week, has been as bad as any lazy person could wish; this has reduced me to pass my time in a very unhealthy manner, viz. breakfast; drawing from that till dinner; and the moment that is over, to drawing again as long as light lasts; the rest of the evening either writing or reading, which distracts Mrs. —— extremely, who dotes on cards. My brother[2] almost quarrelled with me for not sending you his best respects; I do it now, and mine pay every where to whom I am indebted.

I cannot leave off till I have told you some very strange things. Know then that for this four or five years last past we had set our hearts on a certain hill that I am sure you have heard me mention; and now not only of that, but of the whole estate, we are in possession, and as yet I have not felt delighted,

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[2] Lord Cornbury.

only mighty well satisfied: is not this astonishing? I often want poor Mr. Gay, and on this occasion extremely. Nothing evaporates sooner than joy untold, or even told, unless to one so entirely in your interest as he was, who bore at least an equal share in every satisfaction or dissatisfaction which attended us. I am not in the spleen, though I write thus; on the contrary, it is a sort of pleasure to think over his good qualities: his loss was really great, but it is a satisfaction to have once known so good a man. As you were as much his friend as I, it is needless to ask your pardon for dwelling so long on this subject[3].

Adieu, my d(*ear*) d(*ear*) L. S.; if any words could express it, I would tell you how very sincerely and affectionately I am

Yours.

When the weather is fair I ride a great deal; when bad, I sit still, and endeavour to paint sunshine. This, that you may not think me incorrigibly lazy.

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[3] Poor Gay was now dead near two years, and it is gratifying to find the tenderness of the duchess showing itself so amiably.

DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY AND LORD CORNBURY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Oct. 1734.

MY DEAR LADY SUFFOLK,

I THINK you are prodigiously good to me, and I really believe you would be still better, were it in your power. It is teasing to insist on impossibilities, yet I cannot help it, my pen will form these words—I wish you would come. As you cannot doubt it, I ought not to assure you I am glad the waters agree with you, and that you are better; but it is the overflowings of my heart, and I appeal to your philosophy, whether any thing can contain more than it can. I am sorry it should ever be tried, except in cases where the sweets of it are to be found; such I believe there are, though not till having suffered a good deal.

I did not doubt you would be shocked to hear of poor [1] Lady Winchelsea's death. I never heard her but well spoken of, and liked her mightily. I knew her not enough, or lived with her so, as to miss her in the world. If I had I might have thought otherwise; but as it is, I differ from your opinion, that the reflections on her are melancholy—to die so young and so very happy; con-

[1] Lady Fanny Fielding, whose husband, Lord Finch, had now become Earl of Winchelsea: see vol. i. page 298. She left an only daughter.

sider what that is:—why, only, not to outlive youth and happiness; and who would wish to do so? As for Lord Winchelsea, one should naturally feel much for him, if one had not often seen how little such losses dwell on the heart of that fine creature, *man:* there is not one of them whom Providence could not easily repay by gratifying their ambition, or by throwing an orange wench in their way at fourscore. Had her case been his, I had pitied her much more. But I will not write a word more on what is, or ought to be, a melancholy subject, and give me leave to charge you not to think of such.

I hear Mr. Herbert is now at Bath; it would be better for your health to follow my method when we first went there, viz. to whip his legs, if he does not sing recitative very readily, for he can in great perfection. But what a reflection is here for me; *he* there, and [2] *she* not here, who promised me to come if possible; her clog away, and she neither here nor heard of. Nobody will come near me, consequently nobody cares for me, and yet you are unreasonable enough to expect me to enjoy new possessions where we cannot plant a tree this twelvemonth. The house is not haunted; I should say, the castle not enchanted; though if it be, the dread Cornbury is the giant; and surely your little poet [3] could behave himself as magnanimously as

[3] Pope. [2] Mrs. Herbert

David. My brother liked mightily to be remembered by you; he says he has a better opinion of himself for your having any regard for him; his sister says the same; and it is but natural for both of us to have a much better opinion of you. Adieu, my dear, dear Lady Suffolk; though I have written a longer letter than is proper for a water-drinker to read at one time, yet I am

Most sincerely yours,

K. Q.

Oct. the —, Saturday. I do not know the day of the month.

I wish your ladyship would come and keep her in order, for you are the only person who can; and she would really be very well, and very happy, if you would put her in mind to be so.

CORNBURY.

P. S. The house (which, besides the parties here concerned, * are the duke and Mr. Leveson) desire our compliments to Mr. Bartley, and Mr. Pope, and Mrs. Blount.

Memorandum—Nobody here is acquainted with Mrs. Blount, except myself, whom she will not be acquainted with.

K. Q.

* Erratum—Read for *are*—*consists of.*

LADY HERVEY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. i. p. 181.]

St. James's, Oct. the 19th, 1734.

My eyes are so weak, that if my inclination was not very strong, I should not attempt thanking you this way for the pleasure your letter gave me. How great it was I leave you to judge, when I tell you there was in it so agreeable a mixture of prudence, wit, good nature, observation, good sense, and civility, that I saw 'H. Suffolk' at the end of every sentence in as plain characters as at the end of the letter.

I conclude you know I have been ill, or at least do me the justice to believe that either my letter or myself must have miscarried, since you have not heard from me; which of the two is the most likely to have happened, I leave you to guess, who, I believe, are seldom mistaken in your conjectures. I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you, and that I shall be more able to tell, than I am at present to write, how very truly I am, &c.

M. Hervey.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. i. p. 1: vol ii. p. 84.]

Bath, Nov. 2, 1734.

MADAM,

A GENERAL history of the Bath since you left it, together with the particular memoirs of [1] Amoretto's life and conversation, are matters of too great importance to want any introduction. Therefore, without further preamble, I send you the very minutes, just as I have them down to help my own memory; the variety of events, and the time necessary to observe them, not having yet allowed me the leisure to put them in that style and order in which I propose they shall hereafter appear in public.

Oct. 27.—Little company appeared at the pump; those that were there drank the waters of affliction for the departure of Lady Suffolk and Mrs. Blount. What was said of them both I need not tell you; for it was so obvious to those that said it, that it cannot be less so to those that deserve it. Amoretto went upon Lansdowne to evaporate his grief for the loss of his [2] Parthenissa, in memory of whom (and the

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[1] The Hon. Robert Sawyer Herbert. [2] Patty Blount.

wind being very cold into the bargain) he tied his handkerchief over his hat, and looked very sadly.

In the evening the usual tea-table met at Lyndsey's, the [3] two principal persons excepted; who, it was hoped, were then got safe to Newberry. Amoretto's main action was at our table; but, episodically, he took pieces of bread and butter, and cups of tea, at about ten others. He laughed his way through the girls out of the long room into the little one, where he [4] *tallied* till he swore, and swore till he went home, and probably some time afterwards.

The Countess of [5] Burlington, in the absence of her royal highness, held a circle at Hayes's, where she lost a favourite snuff-box, but unfortunately kept her temper.

Oct. 28.—Breakfast was at Lady Anne's, where Amoretto was with difficulty prevailed upon to eat and drink as much as he had a mind to. At night he was observed to be pleasant with the girls, and with less restraint than usual, which made some people surmise that he com-

[3] Lady Suffolk and Patty Blount.

[4] Played at cards.

[5] Lady Dorothy Savile, daughter and co-heir of the last Marquis of Halifax, and wife of the last Lord Burlington. Lord Chesterfield hints at the ostentation of her ladyship.

forted himself for the loss of Lady Suffolk and Parthenissa, by the liberty and impunity their absence gave him.

Oct. 29.—Amoretto breakfasted incognito, but appeared at the ball in the evening, where he distinguished himself by his *bon mots*. He was particularly pleased to compare the two Miss Towardins, who are very short and were a dancing, to a couple of totums set a spinning. The justness and liveliness of this image struck Mr. Marriott to such a degree, that he begged leave of the author to put it off for his own, which was granted him. He declared afterwards, to several people, that Mr. Herbert beat the whole world at similes.

Oct. 30.—Being his majesty's birthday, little company appeared in the morning, all being resolved to look well at night. Mr. Herbert dined at Mrs. Walters's with young Mr. [6] Barnard, whom he rallied to death. [7] Nash gave a ball at Lyndsey's, where Mrs. Tate appeared for the first time, and was noticed by Mr. Herbert; he wore his gold laced clothes on the occasion, and looked so fine, that, standing by chance in the middle of the dancers, he was

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[6] This gentleman was, at this period, remarkable for some love affair, the particulars of which have not reached us.

[7] Beau Nash, master of the ceremonies at Bath.

taken by many at a distance for a gilt [8] garland. He concluded his evening, as usual, with basset and blasphemy.

Oct. 31.—Amoretto breakfasted at Lady Anne's, where, being now more easy and familiar, he called for a half-peck loaf and a pound of butter—let off a great many ideas, and, had he had the same inclination to have let any thing else, would doubtless have done it.

The Countess of Burlington bespoke the play, as you may see by the inclosed original bill; the audience consisted of seventeen souls, of whom I made one.

Nov. 1.—Amoretto took a vomit in the morning, and then with a clear and excellent stomach dined with me, and went to the ball at night, where Mrs. Hamilton chiefly engrossed him.

Mrs. Jones gave Sir Humphrey [9] Monoux pain with Mr. Browne, which gave Sir Humphrey the tooth-ache, but Mr. Jones has since made up matters between them.

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[8] The dancing around a gilt garland would be utterly forgotten, if some remains of the custom were not preserved by the chimney-sweepers on May-day.

[9] The fourth baronet, member in the former parliament for Tavistock, and lately elected for Stockbridge. His attachment to Mrs. Jones seems to have been very constant; for we find that Sir Humphrey was, in 1742, married to Mrs. Jones, the widow of Mr. Jones, of Waltham Abbey.

Nov. 2.—Circular letters were received here from *Miss* Secretary Russel, notifying the safe arrival at London with many interesting particulars, and with gracious assurances of the continuance of a firm and sincere friendship. It would be as hard to say who received the strongest assurances, as it would be to determine who credited them the worst.

Mrs. Hamilton bespoke the play at night, which we all interested ourselves so much to fill, that there were as many people turned back as let in: it was so hot that the Countess of [1] Burlington could not stay it out.

You now see, by this week's journal, how much you have lost by leaving the Bath so soon; at least I can assure you we feel what we lost by your leaving it before us. We are all disjointed, and so weary, that I have prevailed with my brother and Charles Stanhope to start from hence with me on Tuesday se'nnight, which will just complete the two months I was ordered to stay. We set Mr. Herbert down at Highclere in our way. This day fortnight I hope to have the pleasure of finding you at St. James's, much the better for the Bath; where, over a hot roll with Mrs. Blount, I propose giving you the next week's journal by word of mouth.

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[1] Offended that her patronage had failed, while Mrs. Hamilton's had succeeded.'

After having troubled you so long already, it is only in compliance to the form of letters that I add so unnecessary and so known a truth, as the assurance of the respect and attachment with which I am,

Madam, yours, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AND GREENWICH TO LADY SUFFOLK, UPON HER RETIRING FROM COURT.

[This note is worth preserving, for its mere insignificance. John, called the *great* Duke of Argyll, was the most intimate friend and powerful supporter of Mrs. Howard at court, and had even distinguished himself by a zeal in her cause which exceeded decency. (Vol. i. p. 42.) We may judge, however, by the following cold, dry, and heartless answer to his disgraced friend, of the sincerity and gallantry of his former knight-errantry. In truth when we impartially, and without prejudice, consider the history of the times, we find reason to suspect that this great duke was but a petty intriguer, a greedy courtier, and a factious patriot.]

Adderbury, Nov. 17, 1734.

MADAM,

I HAVE received the honour of your letter, and I believe you do me the justice to think I am heartily concerned for what you tell me, though what I have seen made it not

greatly surprise me. The duchess sends you her best compliments, and I am,

Yours, &c.
ARGYLL AND GREENWICH.

LORD BATHURST TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Of the occasion of Lady Suffolk's retreat, Lady Betty Germain gives Dean Swift the following account. (Letter of the 13th Feb. 1735.) "The countess has quitted the court; because, after a long illness at Bath, she did not meet with a "reception that she liked; though her *mistress* (Queen Caroline) appeared excessively concerned, and expressed great "uneasiness at parting with her; and my opinion is, that not "only her master and mistress, but her very enemies, will "have reason to repent the part they have acted by her." Walpole, in his Reminiscences, also represents the queen as unwilling to part with Lady Suffolk, for the reason already mentioned; namely, that however jealous of Lady Suffolk, she latterly dreaded the king's forming a new attachment to a younger rival, and had prevented Lady Suffolk's leaving court as early as she had wished to do. Walpole adds, that the king complained very warmly of this. "I don't know," said his majesty, "why you will not let me part with an old deaf woman, of whom I am weary." Walpole quotes this anecdote to prove that the king's affection for Lady S. was *not platonic*. Now, if this were the whole proof, it certainly would be very scanty; and it may well be doubted whether Walpole reports the king's words accurately; for the person whom he is represented as calling an *old* woman, was ten years younger than his majesty, or the *queen herself;* and,

as to the deafness, it was a defect which she had had from early life.

Lord Bathurst's letter is amiable, and in a very different style from the great duke's—he treats the event itself lightly and in perfect taste, while he expresses his regard to the exiled favourite with a good humoured sincerity.]

From the Peak of Derbyshire, 26th Nov. [1734.]

MADAM,

I DID not give credit to what I saw in the newspapers till I had it confirmed under the hand of a friend of ours; he writes me word, at the same time, that you expected a letter from me. I take for granted it ought to be a letter of condolence, for it is a sad thing, without doubt, to be removed from the sunshine of the court to the melancholy shades of privacy and retirement, especially to those who have made an ill use of favour, and have employed it only to gratify their own private resentments: I do not know that has been altogether your case. But what good have you done to any body? Believe me there are but very few who will take the will for the deed. Some few odd-headed simpletons may have that way of thinking, but all the beau-monde, that used to crowd about your toilets, will avoid you as if you had got the plague; and to be reduced to live within the circle of one's friends, would be to most people a most dismal retreat. I am much of opinion

that a certain [1] great man, who has now by far the greatest levees of any subject in England, would find it difficult, after laying down his post, to make up a party at quadrille, if he resolved to play only with three personal friends. Now, to comfort you, madam, I dare answer for it you will be able to do something more; and, in my opinion, there must be some satisfaction in discovering who were friends to one's person, and who to one's fortune, which you could never have found out without this change. Perhaps you will not believe it, but it is literally true, that the sun shines, even here where I am, above one hundred miles from London; and that there are men and women walking upon two legs, just as they do about St. James's, only they seem to stand steadier upon them: they can talk, too, only it is in a different dialect, and for my part I like it better. A great king, who happened to be a philosopher, could find out nothing more to be desired in human life, than these four things—old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to converse with, and old books to read; you may be sure of enjoying all these, and the third of them (which I suppose he thought the most valuable) in a more perfect degree than *his majesty or his queen.*

I am now besieged by snow, but I hope soon

[1] Sir R. Walpole.

to make a sortie, and force my way up to London, and my first business will be to pay my respects to you, and to assure you that I am, with the utmost esteem and regard,

Yours, &c.

BATHURST.

THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. i. p. 352.]

Ambresbury, Nov. 1734.

MY DEAR LADY SUFFOLK,

I WRIT you word by the post, in answer to yours, that I was not in the least surprised at the newspapers, and gave you my reasons; but I was indeed surprised at your retiring so on a sudden, and am afraid you took your resolution on some very shocking provocation: this I am confident of, that you gave none; and, from that, I hope I may depend on it that you do not suffer yourself to have the least uneasiness; there are few things worth it, and to those who are thoroughly in the wrong (be they little or great) nothing but contempt is due. I take the opportunity of sending this by Lady Anne

[1] Finch, for my heart is full, and I think I have a vast deal to say to you; but it is now so late that you must comprehend all I think by these few words, which I swear is true—that I love you. I must add one other truth, though it can tend to nothing but to tell my mind, viz. that I am heartily sorry that our house is at present engaged, or it would have been entirely at your service; but I hope you will soon meet with one to your mind, for I imagine you will not like to continue at your present abode much longer. Wherever you are, may God bless and preserve you "from envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness;" I wish you could, and could like to come and pass some time here. I am sure I should like it, and do all in my power to make you not dislike it; but I will wish nothing, for fear it should not agree with yours: this I have the vanity to imagine cannot disagree, that I wish extremely ever to have in my power to convince you, my dear Lady Suffolk, how very sincerely, faithfully, and affectionately, I am,

Yours, &c.

C. Q.

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[1] Probably Lady Anne Finch, sister of Lord Winchelsea and of Mr. William Finch, who married the Duke of Queensberry's sister.

I am not sure that I have not wrote nonsense, for I write in a hurry, and a great noise.

LORD LOVELL (AFTERWARDS EARL OF LEICESTER) TO THE HON. G. BERKELEY.

[Sir Thomas Coke, of Holkham, (member for the county of Norfolk,) K. B. in 1725; Baron Lovell, in 1728; joint postmaster-general, in 1733; and Earl of Leicester and Viscount Coke, in 1744. His only son (the husband of Lady Mary Coke) died before him, and all his titles became extinct on his own death, in 1759.]

Holkham, July 23, 1735.

Jacta est alea, my dearest cousin and brother-married man, I heartily wish you joy; and I think my letter better timed than those that come at first: *then* wishing joy is superfluous—after the honey-moon is over, it comes *à propos*. But in the choice you have made, where the most agreeable beauties of the mind are joined to those of the body, wishing joy (where it already is and must last) is at any time a mere ceremony. I should, however, have done it sooner had I known you were become one of *us*, which I did not until I heard it by the gentlemen at Houghton.

I had a letter from (*Lord*) Scarborough, ac-

quainting me that he and Chesterfield were set out for [1] C. Stanhope's. It gave me great joy to hear Chesterfield was removed, though for never so short a time, from [2] Twickenham. Chartley (a seat of the late Earl of Ferrers) is near C. Stanhope's, and now belongs to the Lady Ferrers and Mr. Shirley. I hope none of that [3] family are gone so far from London in this bad weather.

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[1] Probably Lord Chesterfield's youngest brother, who died in February, 1736.

[2] This probably refers to Lord Chesterfield's constant attentions to Lady Fanny Shirley, who lived at Twickenham with her aunt, Lady Huntingdon. This seems to have been a favourite allusion of Lord Lovel's; for Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, in his very characteristic poem on the Duchess of Manchester's *Morning*, makes it part of his lordship's conversation:

Says Lovel—"There were Chesterfield and Fanny,
"In that eternal whisper which begun
"Ten years ago, and never will be done;
"For, though you know he sees her every day,
"Still he has ever something new to say;
"He never lets the conversation fall,
"And I'm sure Fanny can't keep up the ball.
"I saw that her replies were never long,
"And with her eyes she answer'd for her tongue."

Lady Fanny Shirley was the heroine of Lord Chesterfield's song, "When Fanny, blooming fair."

[3] Lord Lovel insinuates, that Lord C. probably expected to meet Lady Fanny at Chartley.

Adieu: I will not take up more of your time, only to remind you, it is usual for married men, after a short interval, to visit their uncle: if you thought visiting a cousin might do as well, I should be most glad to see you here; and now you have taken the cares of the world and a family upon you, it is likely the country may be better relished than it would have been when you was a beau. I beg my sincere respects to Lady Suffolk, and am most truly, &c.

LOVELL.

LORD PETERBOROUGH TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Bevis Mount, July, 1735.]

MADAM,

I RETURN you a thousand thanks for your obliging inquiry after my health. I struggle on with doubtful success: one of my strongest motives to do so is, the hopes of seeing you at my cottage before I die, when you either go to the Bath or to Mrs. Herbert's.

In my most uneasy moments, I find amusement in a [1]book, which I therefore send you; it

[1] No doubt the Life of Julian the Apostate, by the Abbé de la Bléterie, published in 1735.

is one of the most interesting I ever read. I had gathered to myself some notions of the character from pieces of history written in both extremes, but I never expected so agreeable and so [2]fair an account from a priest. In one quarter of an hour we love and hate the same person without inconstancy. One moment the emperor is in possession of our whole heart, and the philosopher fully possessed of our soul; within four or five pages we blush for our hero, and are ashamed of our philosopher.

What courage, what presence of mind in danger! the first and bravest man in a Roman army; sharing with every soldier the [3]fatigue and danger! The same animal hunting after fortune-tellers, gazing upon the flight of birds, looking into the entrails of beasts with vain curiosity; seeking for cunning women (as we

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[2] Lady Hervey says of this work to her correspondent, Mr. Morris: "We agree, I find, as to our opinion of Julian. I think him a great man in every respect; but I cannot agree that the French author of his Life is quite impartial." Letters, p. 62.

[3] The retreat of Julian from his Persian expedition bore a most extraordinary resemblance to the retreat of Buonaparte from Moscow. The majority of the incidents, and even some of the *names* of the officers employed, are wonderfully similar. In two points the parallel fails Buonaparte did not share the fatigues and dangers of his army, and did not die (as Julian did) by the hand of a Cossack.

call them) and silly men to give him an account of his destiny, and, if it can be believed, consenting to the highest inhumanities in pursuit of magical experiments.

Yet, when we come to the last scene, the most prejudiced heart must be softened. With what majesty does the emperor meet his fate! showing how a soldier, how a philosopher, how a [4]friend of Lady Suffolk's ought (only with juster notions of the Deity) to die.

The lady, the book, or both together, have brought me almost into a raving way; I want to make an appointment with you, Mr. Pope, and a few friends more, to meet upon the summit of my Bevis hill, and thence, after a speech and a tender farewell, I shall take my leap towards the clouds (as Julian expresses it), to mix amongst the stars; but I make my bargain for a

[4] Lord Peterborough himself was at this time dying, and this allusion to his own case is obvious. Nor did his practice betray his professions. Pope, in a letter to Dean Swift, and in another to Miss Blount, of the 25th of August, 1735, gives an account (very interesting, but too long to be here quoted,) of not merely the patience, but the heroic vivacity with which this extraordinary person bore the approaches of a lingering and painful death.—"This man," says Pope, "was not born to live nor to die like other men." The letter to Lady Suffolk must have been written immediately before Pope's visit, and a very short time before Lord P. sailed from Southampton to die at Lisbon.

very fine day, that you may see my last amusements to advantage.

Wherever be the place, or whenever the time, this I can assure you with great sincerity, I shall remain to the utmost possibility, &c.

PETERBOROUGH.

THE EARL OF STRAFFORD TO THE HON. GEO. BERKELEY.

[Thomas Wentworth, grand-nephew of the great Lord Strafford, succeeded, in 1695, to the barony of Raby. He served with distinction under King William, and in 1710 was named one of the plenipotentiaries for the negotiations at Utrecht, and on that occasion created Earl of Strafford. He soon after had the Garter, and was, at the queen's death, first lord of the admiralty. He never held office after the accession of the house of Brunswick, and died in 1739.]

Wentworth Castle, Aug. 1, 1735.

SIR,

THAT I always wished you happy I hope you believe, and I now conclude you are entirely so, in your marriage with the most agreeable lady in Europe; on which give me leave sincerely to wish you joy, which I had done sooner, but I always doubt printed news, especially in this lying age.

A formal letter to a friend on any occasion, I dislike; but when one is really pleased with what happens to them, to stifle that satisfaction is both unjust to one's self and friend. Therefore I hope you will receive this, not as a matter of form; but as the real dictates of a sincere heart, —of one who has long known you, and has been long, sir, &c.

STRAFFORD.

I must beg my most humble compliments to the Countess of Suffolk, your lady.

DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. i. p. 352.]

Brussels, Aug. 1, N. S. 1735.

TO-MORROW we shall have been here just a week, where we meant to stay but just a day. The last time we were here, I thought I liked this place better than any I ever saw; but now I am sure I like it, for it mends on farther acquaintance. With an abundance of veracity I could say the same of some of my friends; but wherever truth can possibly be taken for that very base thing called flattery, it had better never show its head.

I hope Lady Sophia Keppel's friends have acquainted my dear Lady Suffolk of the welfare of her humble servant. She promised me, or I should have done it myself; though, between sea-sickness and a continual hurry, I have really had no time to write, except once to [1] *Drum.* and once to [2] Miss Fanny. I have not been so hurried as not to think of you; believe me, I have often, and that I wish you well as sincerely as it is possible; as well as if I wrote a volume, which I am much inclined to do; for I have seen such sights as were never seen—such as I know you have imagination enough to comprehend, and such as I should with great pleasure describe were we not to set out to-morrow at five in the morning, and that it is now high time to go to bed.

Adieu, my dear Lady Suffolk. Did you ever see Brussels? The whole country round about it is like the best-natured ground that ever was seen, laid out by a [3] Bridgeman some years ago. I like it so well, that I grudge myself the pleasure I have without that of pointing out all its

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[1] Lord Drumlanrig, her son.

[2] Probably Miss Frances Leveson Gower, afterwards married to Lord John Sackville, second son of the first Duke of Dorset. Their son succeeded his uncle, and was the third duke.

[3] See vol. i. p 382.

beauties to every body I love. I must set up my tent here one of these days; for every blade of grass grows exactly to my mind. I hope to hear very soon from you; for that will encourage me to repeat very often what comes from my heart; viz.

That I am ever sincerely yours,

C. Q.

LADY HERVEY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. i. p. 181.]

[1] Aubigny, Aug. 5, N. S. 1735.

You will not wonder, my dear Lady Suffolk, that I lay hold of any pretence to write to you; the consequence of it being so agreeable from so good a Christian as you are, who always follow the rules and examples of your great Teacher, and never fail to return good for evil. I wish Mr. Berkeley and you both all the joy imaginable. Pray be happy; for if you should not, it would be very difficult to decide on which to

[1] A château and estate in Berry, raised into a duchy by Louis XIV. in favour of Louise de Queronaille, the mother of the first Duke of Richmond, and grandmother of him whom Lady Hervey was now visiting

lay the blame, though one of you would be most excessively in the wrong.

I will not tell you what I think of France: for you would either distrust me, or despise me if I did; but pray tell Mr. Berkeley, that if I did not think of the French as [2] I do, I should think of them as he does; one must love or hate them,—there is no mean. I shall send you no account of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond's entrance into this town, nor of their reception; it would fill a newspaper. But if you have a great mind to be informed of it, look into the English History for the account of King Charles the Second's entrance into London on his restoration, and that will pretty well answer it; adding a few more harangues, larger bonfires, greater illuminations, more rockets, finer presents, louder drums, shriller trumpets, finer colours, and stronger *huzzas:* which last (as a French servant told me) is in English, "*Live the Duke and Duchess of Aubigné!*" I questioned it a little at first; but a second servant confirmed it, and I am convinced.

If you have any curiosity to know where my correspondents direct to me, I will gratify it by telling you it is *chez le Duc de Richemonde,*

[2] Lady Hervey was notorious for her predilection for the French.

dans la Rue des Petits Augustins, Faubourg St. Germain, à Paris. Adieu, my dear Lady Suffolk. I am both yours and Mr. Berkeley's

Faithful humble servant,

M. HERVEY.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO THE HON. GEORGE BERKELEY.

[Henry St. John, first Viscount Bolingbroke, too well known in the literature and history of our country to require any notice here.]

[1] Chanteloup, Aug. 13, 1735.

DEAR SIR,

AT my return from a ramble I have made to Paris, Chantilly, and Sens, I hear that your marriage with my Lady Suffolk is

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[1] A seat near Amboise, in Touraine. In the reign of Louis XV. the Duke de Choiseul built a fine house here, which was his retreat in his disgrace. During the Revolution this property was confiscated, and Buonaparte granted it as a *senatorerie* to Roger Ducos, one of the regicides; but he was killed by the overturning of his carriage; and after this *judgment* (as the royalists called it) Chanteloup was granted to M. Chaptal, who flattered Buonaparte's anti-colonial prejudices by a great manufactory of beet-root sugar established here.

[2] declared. Do me the justice to believe that I rejoice in your joy, and that I wish you both a long and uninterrupted scene of felicity.

You hear from other hands, I suppose, that your [3] brother feels less pain, and fewer disorders than he did in England, though the season has been as unfavourable as it can be in a much worse climate till within these eight or ten days. He makes however but little use of the fine weather; so little, that I am surprised at it; because he used to be fond of going abroad in much worse when he was at Cranford. No care of him, nor attention to amuse him, which he will allow, shall be wanting on the part of his humble servants that are here. We have found a very pretty [4] person in the neighbourhood, who dedicates herself to the same employment. She has a good deal of art, a reasonable spice of coquetry, and both are rendered more amiable by a certain air of simplicity (*naïveté*, we French

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[2] This seems to imply, what I believe was the fact, that the marriage was for some time concealed. As we have seen Mr. Berkeley (*ante*, p. 90) explaining the reasons of Lady Suffolk's journey to Bath, it is probable that he had, even then, some personal interest in the affair.

[3] Lord Berkeley was on a visit to Lord Bolingbroke. The Berkeleys were staunch Whigs; but by this time the Toryism of Bolingbroke was forgotten in his alliance with Pulteney against Walpole

[4] Probably Mademoiselle Du Pin See *post*, p 155

folks call it,) which the education of Paris and the female habits of France have not worn off.

Your nephew, my Lord [5] Dursley, is gone with the Duke of Richmond to Aubigné. I wish his father would throw him into the world with some precautions not hard to be taken, instead of confining him here: for, (to speak to you with a plainness that I flatter myself you will admit on account of the motive,) otherwise he would have done almost as well to have left him at home with [6] Tom Hervey. I am, &c.

[7] H. St. J. Bolingbroke.

Will you be so good as to assure my Lady Suffolk of my respects?

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[5] Born in 1717, and afterwards fourth earl. His mother was the Duke of Richmond's sister.

[6] Third son of Lord Bristol, remarkable for his eccentricities.

[7] Several initials precede the title in this signature. The two or three first of which certainly mean—*Henry St. John*. Perhaps this unusual mode of signing has some reference to the situation in which he politically stood: for although his attainder, as far as regarded the corruption of blood, was reversed, he was not personally restored to the rights of the peerage. I think I have sometimes seen his signature with the name of his lady, *Marcilly*, prefixed to it; and it is not clear that the initial *M.* is not one of the letters in the signature to this letter.

MR. BERKELEY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Stratton-street, Aug. 30, [1735,]
8 o'clock at night.

THE moment your ladyship was [1] gone, I went to bed—lay half an hour—disliked it extremely—got up again; never found Marble Hill so disagreeable; waited with impatience till ten o'clock, when the boat came and carried me to London. London mightily altered for the worse, though Lady Betty [*Germaine*] is in town, and very angry with you for not being there too. She stays till Wednesday se'nnight. The post was come in before I left Twickenham, but no letters for our family. Lord and Lady Pembroke set out for Wilton to-morrow; they go by the way of High Clere. I am told there are some small hopes of [2] Lord Lempster's doing well. I have sent your letter to Lady Bristol's house. Over leaf shall be all about business, which I am afraid I have performed very ill.

Mr. Page and Mr. Greg's partner were with me at Lady Betty's this afternoon; they told me

[1] Lady Suffolk was on a visit at Stowe.

[2] George, who recovered, and in 1753 succeeded his father as second Earl of Pomfret: he died in 1785.

they had been at Marble Hill; that [3] Lord Burlington would sign the new lease on Monday morning before he set out for Yorkshire, but the man who has the mortgage upon it will not surrender the old one without his money in hand: they did not know how to raise it; and at Mr. Page's earnest request, I have left a thousand pounds in his hands, not to be paid till he hath the new lease, clear of all incumbrances, signed and in his hands. If you should not approve of this, it would vex me more than the loss of a thousand pounds could. Mr. Middleton, after the bill you drew for me is paid, will have about six hundred pounds of yours in his hands.

I hope this will find you in better health than when you left me, and then I beg of you, for my sake, take more than usual care of yourself.

My best compliments to [4] Lord and Lady Cobham, [5] Mrs. Blount, [6] Mr. Pitt, &c. &c.

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[3] See vol. i. p. 384.

[4] See *post*, p. 157.

[5] See vol. i. p. 233.

[6] Afterwards Lord Chatham.

LADY SUFFOLK TO MR. BERKELEY.

Sept. 2.

I AM not sorry you disliked Marble Hill, and I am very glad that you found London so *changed*—I hope you will find me as much so, but strangely to my advantage: for [1] Baron Sparre affirms I look better than I did seventeen years ago, and Lord Cobham says I am the best-looking woman of [2] *thirty* that he ever saw. These compliments have entirely cured my head-ache. I will follow your advice strictly; and expect, as I have now told you the method that is proper to keep me in health, that you will repeat the doses as often as is necessary. I came in last night, though very warm and very fine, because the dew fell; and I shall in time give you many such proofs of my prudence, in obedience to your commands. Baron Sparre consults Mrs. Blount as a physician; he tells her * * * and concludes himself dying, though I believe he was never in better health. We expect Pope to-morrow; he seems not pleased (by a letter he wrote to Lord Cobham) that I did not wait his return, that I

[1] The Swedish minister.

[2] A high compliment to a lady of about forty-seven.

might have brought him hither. I know I shall be pleased with every thing you have done, let the consequence be never so different from what ought to be expected. But you must give me leave to observe, my back is no sooner turned than you run among lawyers, or, what is just the same thing, make them come to you.

God bless you, and forgive you! I do with all my heart and soul, nor do I yet repent that I am,

[3] H. BERKELEY.

All here desire their compliments to you.

Order the horses to be at [4] Winslow for Saturday. I shall set out very early from Lord Cobham's. The saddle-horses must be at the same place, and all there, I hope, on Friday night.

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[3] The reader will observe the new signature here adopted by Lady Suffolk, but not persevered in.

[4] Near Buckingham, about fifty miles from town.

MR. BERKELEY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Sept. 1735.]

I HAVE ordered a coach and a set of horses and saddle-horses to be at Winslow on Friday night, and hope to be blessed with your company on Saturday, though it is a long journey without another relay.

I send with this a letter from Miss Hobart, which I have opened and read, and another from the Spa, which I long to open and read. I will not be so barbarous as to keep you from an entertainment I am sure must please you; enjoy Miss Hobart's, enjoy the Duchess of Queensberry's letter; but know you cannot have half the pleasure in them that I have in yours, whenever there is a necessity for our being at a distance. May it seldom happen! seldom do I desire that great pleasure. Adieu.

LADY SUFFOLK TO MR. BERKELEY.

Stowe, Thursday, Sept. 1735.

I SHALL be satisfied with any horses you send; for I propose setting out so very early, that I hope to be with you before it is dark on Satur-

day next, though the horses should be no better than those that brought me.

I continue very well. I am never in bed at seven in the morning, nor out of it half an hour past ten at night. Mr. Pope came here yesterday, and just now six people are come to see Mrs. Blount; they are neighbours to Lord Cobham, but do not visit; so that it puts his lordship into a little [1] distress, and me into a good deal of confusion. So I retired under the pretence of writing. This by way of excuse to you for my sending this letter, when you are to have the author the day after you receive it.

I have not heard one word how often Madam Pitt[2] and you meet in my absence; I do not like this silence; but at your peril; she has a brother; I say no more. I am sorry paper was so scarce, but I give you warning that you will not want an old Frenchwoman this month. I have learnt all the theory of cricket, and have

[1] Miss Blount was very imperious, and did not much consider the inconvenience to which she put her hosts, who were obliged to bear with her for the sake of Pope, to whom it is supposed she was secretly married, and over whom she had a mysterious but powerful influence. Miss Blount's conduct at Mr. Allen's (which was much like her behaviour at Stowe) was the cause of Pope's rupture with that respectable man. See *ante*, p. 105.

[2] Anne Pitt, one of the maids of honour, sister of the first Lord Chatham, of whom some letters will be found hereafter.

some thoughts of practising this afternoon. Your conclusion is very proper for me, if you will multiply it by ten. To-morrow is Friday, and then comes Saturday, and till then adieu.

MR. BERKELEY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Sept. 1735.]

Writing pro and con. to my taste is nothing comparable to *talking* pro and con. I have a great deal to say to you, though nothing from Norfolk. If any letter from thence directed to Marble Hill should come to my hands this night before twelve o'clock, I will certainly forward it to Stowe; a place I shall hate, if it keeps you from me, and doth not cure your head-ache. I am sorry the horses performed so ill. If you would have me hire the horses to bring you back at any other place, I shall be very willing; for when you are coming to me, I think you cannot make too much haste.

I have heard nothing of Mr. Page since I gave him the thousand pounds on Saturday, though he promised me I should have it back again, or the lease executed in due form on Monday. I shall send after him to-morrow. What I threatened you with in the beginning

of the letter I will keep cold for you till you come to town; for as I do not know where to begin, and my paper will not hold half I have to say, I think it better to say nothing, the whole being of very little importance. The two [1] co-Chamberses went this morning to Hanworth, to settle for three or four days.

I miss you even more than I thought I should,—I cannot express it stronger. Heaven preserve you!

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ. TO THE HON. GEO. BERKELEY.

[Vol. i. p. 200.]

Bath, Nov. 10, 1735.

DEAR GEORGE,

I THANK you for your letter, which I ought to have answered sooner; but at the Bath one has always an excuse. In a morning with the waters you must not write; and I do nothing but game all the afternoon. Our friend [1] Mr. Humphreys is here; but after seeing me the first day, he has absconded ever

[1] An allusion to their being *co-heiresses*.

[1] See *ante*, p. 103.

since, though before he played for fifty pounds a day.

I grow vastly tired of this place, and yet I think it has done me good. I must recruit to hold out the fatigues of the winter; and yet I am determined to give myself less trouble in parliament than hitherto I have done. You may have perceived this resolution arising in me for some years. It is in vain to struggle against universal corruption, and I am quite weary of the opposition. You observed that my son in the play began early to act the part of a slave; but you did not take notice his business was to deliver a letter: who knows but it may forbode his being in time as great a genius as [2] Lovel, and becoming postmaster-general! The verses you sent me I had seen before, and thought them very pretty. We have no wit stirring to send you in return, though Brocas, Marriot, and all the water poets are now here.

I have no less than seventeen shooting spaniels with me; all of which may possibly make the Vice a visit. If I go I am determined to shoot the whole day before he shall know any thing of me; and when I am near his house, I will fire twenty shot, though I should happen to find no game, and fetch him out in pursuit of me.

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[2] See *ante*, p. 125.

My service to Lady Suffolk; I hope her peregrinations have agreed with her. When I came to town I inquired for you, and heard you were at Lady Betty's. Had you been in London, perhaps I had not come to Bath; but I hated dining every day at taverns, and I had no family to live with. I suppose you would have taken me as a boarder.

[3] Miss is the glory of the Bath; she really dances better than any body here, but one or two; and to show my loyalty and her dancing, I made her most extremely fine on the birth-day. Our ministers seem to have made a damned * * * figure in this affair of the peace. I dare say Horace knew no more of the terms (hardly of the negotiation) than Sir Archer [4] Crofts, and therefore I can never believe the articles we see in the papers are all that are agreed on. There are secret articles as well as ostensible ones, and since Spain seems to have the worst bargain, considering her successes, I dare say they are to be satisfied at our expense, and Gibraltar and Minorca will make them some amends.

If you have any news, send it me without reserve; never mind their opening letters at the post-office, but bid them * * * * Whatever

[3] His only daughter, who died in March, 1741, at the age of fourteen.

[4] The second baronet, a lord of trade, but evidently (as Mr Pulteney thought) not much considered, even in his own party.

discovery they make, it will only confirm them in what they must have known, that you and I agree in having the most contemptible opinion of our present ministers (I write it at full length) that is possible; and that we do not care a groat what they know or think of us.

I am, &c.

W. P.

Mrs. Pulteney gives her service to Lady Suffolk, and to you, and so does Miss.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ. TO THE HON. GEO. BERKELEY.

Bath, Dec. 6, 1735.

DEAR GEORGE,

I SHALL see you so soon, and have so little to say to you from hence, that if it was not to write to a fair lady under your cover, I should not have answered your letter. On Friday next we leave this place, a damned unlucky one for me, for I have lost between five and six hundred pounds at it. Would it was to be paid, like the Jew's of Venice, in flesh instead of money! I think I could spare some pounds of that without any great detriment, for the waters have made me rather richer that way than I was before.

The company of this place begins to disperse apace. [1] Lady Pembroke and Mr. Mordaunt

[1] Mary Howe and her second husband.

have been here a month; but not one of his old acquaintances (of whom there are many here) can get sight of him; she keeps the poor man to hard duty, and never suffers him to go abroad on any account * * * *.

My distress forced me to speak a little roughly to Mr.[2] Humphreys, and threaten putting my note into an attorney's hand; but the poor-man answered so meekly, and promised so fairly, that he quite melted me into compassion, though I did not believe one word of his promises.

When you see Lord Scarborough give my service to him, and tell him [3] Sir Thomas Sanderson is much the better for the waters already. The simple thing I did in losing my own money made me wise enough to tie up Sir Thomas from doing the same thing; in which, I dare say, I have done him almost the same service as in persuading him to come here; but he is as worthy a little man as ever was born.

On Sunday night, if you will be as kind to me as we all are to Mr. Herbert, probably I may see you; till then, dear George, adieu.

Yours most faithfully,

W. P.

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[2] See *ante*, p. 103.

[3] Thomas Lumley, Lord Scarborough's third brother, who took the name of Sanderson. He was a Knight of the Bath, and treasurer to Frederick, Prince of Wales. He succeeded in 1739 to the earldom of Scarborough.

WILLIAM PITT, ESQ. (afterwards Earl of Chatham) TO THE HON. GEO. BERKELEY.

[William Pitt, second son of Mr. Robert Pitt, of Boconnoc, and Lady Harriet Villiers, (vol. i. p. 101.) His abilities, his eloquence, his integrity, and his success, have, not only immortalized him, but illustrated the councils and elevated the character of the country. That he was often factious and interested is saying little more than that he was human; for pride and passion are interwoven with our natures; but his faults were not frailties, and his errors were, as Burke said of Charles Townsend's, "owing to a noble "cause—to an ardent, generous, perhaps an immoderate "passion for fame; a passion which is the instinct of all great "souls." He was born in 1708, educated at Eton and Trinity College, Oxford. He came into parliament in 1735, and was at this time a cornet of horse in Lord Cobham's regiment. It is strange that neither the Peerage nor the Biographical Dictionary notice the well-known fact which this letter (if necessary) would have proved, that Sir Robert Walpole dismissed him from the army for his parliamentary conduct. Nay, the latter work gravely informs us, that Mr. Pitt's "talents leading him to another field of action, he *quitted* the life of a soldier for that of a statesman." It appears by the records of the War Office that Cornet Pitt was superseded in 1736.]

London, June 7, [1736.]

SIR,

I HAD been often told, I was obliged to Sir Robert for honouring me with so distinguished a mark of his resentment; but I never thoroughly felt the obligation till I received the favour of

your letter. I should not be a little vain to be the object of the hatred of a minister, hated even by those who call themselves his friends. I am infinitely so, to think myself in any degree the object of the esteem of a man so dear to every one who has the happiness to be his friend, and so highly esteemed by every one who is not so. I feel very warmly how valuable is the acquisition of your friendship; the share you allow me in it is the surest means for me to acquire, and the only one by which I can ever come to deserve, the esteem of the world, and attain in any degree the worth or talents you are now willing to suppose in me.' What I here say to you I say from the abundance of a heart full of gratitude for the kind concern you take in my situation. I find it hard to tell you half what I feel; I only beg, as you think a great deal too highly of my talents, that you will not refuse me the single one to which I have any title, that of knowing how to set a just value upon the honour and happiness of my Lady Suffolk's and your friendship. I am mighty glad French [1] air agrees with you both, and hope you will bring back more health than even English climate can affect. I say nothing of my sister, who, I believe, speaks for herself by this same post.

I am, &c.

W. Pitt.

[1] Mr. Berkeley and Lady Suffolk paid Lord Bolingbroke a visit in France in the spring of 1736.

THE SECOND LADY BOLINGBROKE TO MR. BERKELEY.

[Mary Clara de Marcilly, niece of Madame de Maintenon, widow of the Marquis de Villette, and second wife of Lord Bolingbroke. She was a person of a most amiable temper and disposition, and of great good sense. It seems that Lady Suffolk, Mr. Berkeley, and Miss Hobart made a tour in France in the spring of 1736, in which they visited the Duke of Richmond at Aubigné, where they probably met the Bolingbrokes.]

De Fontainebleau, ce Juin 30, 1736.

Mr. de Bolingbroke et moi, monsieur, prenons une part très sincère à la perte que vous avez faite de [1]Mr. Henry; mais Mr. de Chetwynd[2] m'avoit donné peu d'espérance pour sa

[1] Probably the Honourable Henry Berkeley, the third brother, who died at Bath, in May, 1736.

[2] William Chetwynd, brother of the two first viscounts, and himself in 1767 third Viscount Chetwynd. He was familiarly called *Black Will*, and sometimes *Oroonoko Chetwynd*, from his dark complexion. He was also known in his intimate society by the name of *Brother Will*—under which he will often appear in these letters. He was a devoted friend of Lord Bolingbroke, and is said to have usefully assisted him, on the queen's death, in subtracting and concealing, or destroying some important papers. His attachment to Bolingbroke, however, did not prevent his enjoying considerable offices to the end of his long life, which happened in 1770, within a few years after he succeeded to the title. It will be seen in the subsequent pages that he maintained an extraordinary degree of health, activity, and gaiety to the age of eighty.

santé. Je suis veritablement affligée que nous ayons été privés de l'honneur de vous voir à votre retour, et my Lady Suffolk. Je souhait que Mlle. sa niece soit parfaitement retablie. Dans l'instant que je reçus votre lettre, j'envoyois à la poste pour être avertie quand vous changeriez de chevaux. Nous contions prendre au moins ce moment pour vous aller embrasser, et vous souhaiter un bon voyage; mais vous etiez dejà passé. Je vous serois très obligée de me faire sçavoir de vos nouvelles, si vous prenez la route de Spa, ou celle d'Angleterre: je m'intéresserai toute ma vie sincèrement à ce qui vous régarde.

Le lendemain que j'ai perdu l'espérance de vous voir ici, j'allai dans la maison que nous avons louée, ou j'aurois un grand plaisir de vous recevoir: j'en revins hier, et nous contons de nous y etablir tout-à-fait demain: c'est un assez joli hermitage, environnés de promenades charmantes. Mr. de Bolingbroke me prie de vous assurer et my Lady Suffolk de son respect.

M. de Montmorin me demande la même chose; sa femme est à Paris, et surtout de faire notre cour à Mlle. Hobart. Je suis, monsieur, très parfaitement, votre très humble et très obéissante servante,

M. Bolingbroke.

Ne faites pas d'excuse de votre stile François, car il est fort bon, mais c'est m'offenser de ne pas m'écrire en Anglois ;—que je sache donc de vos nouvelles en quelque langue que ce soit. Ayez la bonté d'adresser votre lettre à *Argeville, par Montreau-faut-Yonne.* Ce qui a fait que j'ai réçu si tard celle que vous m'avez fait la grace de m'écrire d'Aubigny, c'est qu'elles vont dela à Paris, et sont renvoyés ici; j'en ai réçu une en même tems de my Lord [3] Berkeley, qui dit que les gouttes ne lui font ni bien ni mal: c'est beaucoup, vù l'opiom dont il les accompagne. Je conte l'aller voir des que j'aurai etabli mon domicile, et rendue une visite à un de mes amis en ce pays ci.

LADY BOLINGBROKE TO MR. BERKELEY.

à Argeville, ce 31 Juillet.

Je souhaite, monsieur, que vous ayez fait un heureux voyage, et que Mde. la Comtesse de Suffolk et Mlle. sa niece aient recouvert une parfaite santé aux eaux, car je ne croi pas

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[3] James, the elder brother, was now in France for the benefit of his health, but in vain—he died at Aubigné, in August, 1736.

que vous preniez celles de Spa; du moins il me semble qu'il n'est pas ordinaire de les prendre pour la goutte. J'ai des nouvelles de my Lord Berkeley, et [1] Me. du Pin, qui a passé par ici en allant chez lui, qu'elle l'a trouvé assez bien, qu'il sort toutes les après-diner pour aller à la chasse dans la chaise, mais qu'il allie toujours l'opiom et les gouttes du Général la Motte: nous contons M. de Bolingbroke et moi de l'aller voir dans ce mois ci.

Je ne manquerai pas, monsieur, si on envoyoit un ambassadeur en Angleterre, comme on en a parle, de faire passer par lui votre vaisselle; ou même de voir avec M. de Chavigny, en cas qu'il retourne chez vous, s'il peut s'en charger en toute sureté. M. de Moutier est en chemin pour aller à Hanovre et ensuite à Londres. Comme mon ami Du Noquet à Calais est chargé de toutes ces affaires, il pourroit, je croi, faire passer cette vaisselle, en cas que cela se puisse, et qu'elle soit faite à tems. Mandez moi, monsieur, si vous voulez que me je me serve de cette voie, et s'y c'est à Mons. Alexandre que je dois m'adresser. L'adresse pour m'écrire sera plus sure en lui adressant votre lettre, ou en mettant, à Argeville, *par*

[1] See *ante*, p. 136.

Moret, route de Bourgogne, et au haut, *par Paris.*

M. de Bolingbroke me prie, monsieur, de vous faire ses très humbles complimens : lui et moi assurons de nos respects Mde. de Suffolk : je m'intéresse infiniment à Mlle. sa niece, on ne peut l'avoir vu et penser autrement. Oserois-je vous supplier de faire mes complimens à toute la famille des Queensberry, et à M. Pulteney. J'ai été bien aise d'apprendre que sa santé est beaucoup meilleure. C'est [2] *brother Will* qui me l'a mandé. M. de Bolingbroke me parait très constant de notre petit hermitage, qui en effet en est un. Quoiqu'assis près du monde, on peut ici l'ignorer, et en être aussi ignorés que l'on veut, et l'un et l'autre est assez commode. Je suis, monsieur, pour ma vie, et très sincerement, votre très humble et très obeissante servante,

M. Bolingbroke.

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[2] See *ante*, p. 152.

LORD COBHAM TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Sir Richard Temple, created Lord Cobham on the Hanoverian accession, colonel of the first regiment of dragoons, constable of Windsor Castle, lord lieutenant of Bucks, and governor of Jersey. In 1733 he was removed from all his offices, and was one of the leaders of the opposition till Walpole's overthrow; when he was reappointed to his military commands, and in 1745 was one of the regents during the king's absence abroad. His political influence was very considerable; but he is now best remembered by the poetry of Pope and the gardens of Stowe. He died in 1749 without issue by his lady (Anne Halsey), and his titles and estates devolved to his sister, the wife of Mr. Richard Grenville, and their children.

Stowe, Nov. 11th, 1736.

MADAM,

I SEND this morning to Wootton, where [1] Mr. Grenville now is, and I hope time enough for his writing by this post to Bath. I cannot imagine how the accident which has befallen his letter happened; for I know the gentleman has certain levities, yet I do not take them to be of this kind. If there be another Mrs. Chambers at the Bath, she must be a very odd one to send a letter opened, though by

[1] Richard Grenville, nephew of Lord Cobham, first Lord Temple, who was now, it seems, wooing, under Lady Suffolk's auspices, Miss Anne Chamber, to whom he was soon afterwards married. It is evident that a letter intended for this fair one was opened by some other lady of the same name.

mistake, in the manner she did; but whatever has been the occasion of this misfortune, it has given another instance of your favour to us, with which I am as much pleased as I am in the prospect of the great fortune which may be the consequence of it. I have ever had the greatest esteem and respect for you, and if my poor family may be united by your means to one for which I have the highest veneration, it will be the greatest good fortune that can ever befall me. You will please to make my compliments to Mr. Berkeley and Miss Pitt, and believe me to be, &c.

COBHAM.

DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Ambresbury, Oct. 19, 1737.

I GAVE[1] Mr. Spa a letter for you the day before yesterday; but considering you may not have it this month, I need not be ashamed to trouble you again so soon; though I must own that he almost promised to be in London by Monday or Tuesday next, and from thence to Marble Hill, if you were not expected in town, which he would inquire at your house. I heartily congratulate Lady Betty Germaine on her re-

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[1] Quere, Baron Sparre.

turn. I dare say she will like England upon the whole as well as most places she hath seen. [2] Mrs. Floyd, to be sure, hath left off combing her head above once in a fortnight or three weeks. I beg she will not leave off her *tête de mouton* and her *pannier* till I can be *charmée* and *ravie* to see her.

Before Lady Betty left England she was extremely humane to a relation of mine, who was much touched with her great good nature. I wish *you* would let me know that she was really heartily obliged to her, for I am sure *she* never will. I mightily thank Lady Betty for my cloak. I am sure her fears are quite unnecessary; if they will hide me and keep me warm, it is all I either wish or want; and as every thing must be genteel that comes from Paris, I am in hopes Mrs. Herbert will approve of my visiting in that dress.

I hope your head-ache hath left you, and that it only proceeded from the noise and vivacity of your new-come-from-Paris friends. LadyBetty's picture is very safe; it hath afforded me great entertainment and content. I doubt I shall not bring it safe to town till Mrs. Herbert returns to High-clere. I am glad to find by yours that

[2] See p. 18. Biddy Floyd had lately accompanied Lady Betty Germaine to France.

she hath no complaint left. I am not in the least obliged to Mrs. Pitt for giving the beef-eaters to his grace. I cannot speak to the Duke of [3] Manchester, and if I could, I am sure he could not answer me. If you should happen to see my Lord [4] Scarborough, would you have the goodness to tell him that I am vastly obliged to him? It was prodigiously honest to remember even during his illness that he had promised us beech-mast. If the year had proved half so good as it promised, we should have had plenty; hitherto we have got none. Without doubt this is very impertinent; but pray excuse it if you possibly can, for I am planting mad.

The latter part of your letter refers to something I had written to you, which I have entirely forgot; but this I am sure of, that whether you thank me or not, I can never be guilty of laying stupidity or ingratitude to your charge. The first very properly belongs to me at this present writing; the other, I trust to Providence, will never; but if it should, it can never hurt you. You are insured by your over great goodness, which may defy me and all my works, should I ever prove a devil.

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[3] William, second Duke of Manchester, husband of the celebrated Isabella. He was a lord of the bedchamber, and died without issue in 1739.

[4] See *ante*, p. 87.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. i. p. 1.]

Bath, Nov. 14, 1737.

MADAM,

YOUR commands were too obliging not to be immediately and thankfully complied with, by one who would pay the most willing obedience to any you could lay upon him. If all ladies and kings (the great rulers of this world) would command in your way, how popular would their governments be with their subjects, and how easy to themselves! At least I would advise kings to practise it, as the only method they have left to revive passive obedience. You commanded me to do what I had most a mind to do myself; and what would otherwise have wanted an excuse has now the merit of obedience.

I must tell you, then, that the health you were so good to interest yourself in, is as much mended in this one week as I expected I could be in the six weeks I am to stay here. I have recovered the stomach I had lost, am quite free from the complaints in my head, and have in a good degree regained my spirits, which, I am sure, must be entirely owing to the waters, and

not to the company here; for though this place is very full, here are very few with whom I either am or desire to be acquainted. As for quality, we have the very flower of it in the august persons of the Duchesses of [1] Norfolk and [2] Buckingham, who, thank God, are well enough together to avoid the fatal disputes about rank, which might otherwise arise between the first duchess of the kingdom and a princess of the blood. Your kinswoman, the Duchess of Norfolk, had like the other day to have been the innocent cause of Mrs. Buckley's death. Mrs. Buckley was bathing in the Cross Bath, as she thought, in perfect security, when of a sudden her grace, who is considerably increased in bulk even since you saw her, came, and, like the great leviathan, raised the waters so high, that Mrs. Buckley's guide was obliged to hold her up in her arms to save her from drowning, and carry her about like a child.

You will, I am sure, expect from me *l'histoire amoureuse et galante* of Mr. Herbert[3]; but I am

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[1] There were two Duchesses of Norfolk at this time; Mary Blount, wife of Edward, ninth Duke of Norfolk, and a dowager-duchess, Mary Shireburne, widow of the eighth duke, re-married to Mr. Widdington. The latter is probably the person whose size Lord Chesterfield celebrates.

[2] See vol. i. p. 112.

[3] See vol. i. p. 77, and *ante*, p. 114.

very sorry, both for our sake and his, that it makes but a very small volume this year. He lies in bed till between ten and eleven, where he eats two breakfasts of strong broth; then rides till one or two; after which he dines commonly pretty plentifully with me, and concludes the evening at billiards and whist. He sometimes laughs with the girls, but with moderate success. He had distinguished at first [4] Mrs. Earle, daughter-in-law to Giles Earle [5], a very handsome woman, till a little man about half his height, one Mr. Harte, like a second David, had the impudence to attack, and the glory to defeat him. Since which he has contented himself with a little general waggery, as occasion offers, such as snatching the bread and butter out of a girl's hands, and greasing her fingers and his own; taking away a cup of tea ready prepared for somebody else, and such other like indications of innocent mirth; but he is by no means established to his satisfaction, as when you were here.

For my own part, were it not for the comfort of returning health, I believe I should hang myself, I am so weary of sauntering about without knowing what to do, or of playing at low pay, which I hate, for the sake of avoiding deep

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The lady of W. Rawlinson Earle, Esq.

See vol. i. p. 10.

play, which I [6]love; that I look upon the remaining five weeks which I am to pass here as a sort of an eternity, and consider London as a remote land of promise, which God knows whether I shall ever get to or no; if I do, my first attention, as well as my greatest satisfaction, will be to assure you of the perfect truth and respect with which I am,

Madam, yours, &c.
CHESTERFIELD.

May I beg my compliments to Mr. Berkeley and Miss Hobart, who, I hope, are both well.

THE EARL OF PEMBROKE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Wednesday, June 21, 1738.

WEATHER, bridges, attendance, reviews, and some business really of consequence, are the reasons that [1]*rib*, [2]Sir Andrew Fountain, myself,

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[6] See vol. i. p. 5.

[1] His lady, Mary Fitzwilliam.

[2] Swift's old friend, who makes so constant a figure in the journal to Stella.

and [3]Chuff, have not yet done what they ought to have done, but hope to do so soon. I must give *rib* her due; she has often put me in mind of it, so that the fault lies upon me, but not, as Lady Suffolk thinks, from an aversion to Marble Hill, and we hope next Tuesday to convince her of it. If that day is inconvenient, we desire an answer.

I was not in the coach, nor in company, when it was overturned near Marble Hill. The coachman is dead; but I this moment sent up for the postilion, and asked him several questions relating to that overturn, without telling him for what reason [4] I questioned him; and I fear upon his examination it would turn out that they had mistook their way, and were got out of the road for Isleworth into a by lane; for his expression was, that it was in a lane, where they were told afterwards no coach had been for many years; but, be that as it may, if he can be of service, he shall attend if in town; and if he can do no good as an English witness, we must make an Irish one of him. If he is not ordered to attend till after Tuesday, we shall

[3] His dog; his well-known fondness for which Lord Pembroke himself rallies.

[4] It seems that Lady Suffolk wished to turn a road near Marble Hill, and was looking for evidence of the danger of the old one.

be able to inform ourselves better upon the spot; and if then we get nothing that will answer our purpose, I believe the roads are not yet so good, but that, with a little help, I can contrive an overturn on Tuesday, which will make the thing sure. As for *rib*, she may stay in the coach if she pleases, but I must take Chuff out of it. Lady Suffolk, I know, will believe me in this, and she may as safely,

That I am, &c.

PEMBROKE.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ. TO THE HON. GEORGE BERKELEY.

Arlington Street, Oct. 2, 1739.

DEAR SIR,

MRS. Pulteney and I beg our compliments and thanks to Lady Suffolk and you for your kind invitation of us, and your care of [1] Master. His fever (God be praised!) has quite left him, and he is in a fair way of recovering as speedily as the bad weather and

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[1] His only son, afterwards Viscount Pulteney, who died at the age of seventeen. He was a youth of much promise. Dr. Douglas, the detector of Lauder, and afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, was his tutor.

bad time of the year will suffer him. If I would take the liberty of carrying a sick child to any body's house, it should be to you and Lady Suffolk, but I hope and dare say there will be no need of it. He will neither want to go into the country nor out of it; but if I perceive the least cough remaining, or any hectical disposition, I will immediately send Mrs. Pulteney and the boy to France, and follow them myself in the spring.

I find it is determined we are to go to parliament again this winter. The city has given instructions to their members to pass no money bill until a place bill be obtained. This example I hope will be followed, and then we must go to parliament on this errand, if for nothing else; but I hope and believe we shall have something more to do, and probably succeed better than formerly.

I am, &c.

WM. PULTENEY.

Our services to Lady Suffolk and Miss Hobart.

THE HON. GEORGE BERKELEY TO LADY BOLINGBROKE.

1740.

MADAM,

You must think me the most ungrateful as well as the most ungallant man alive, not to have answered so very obliging a letter from a lady sooner. I once attempted an answer in French, but was not surprised that I wanted words to express the grateful sentiments of my heart in a language I so little understand, when I considered what is beyond imagination must be above expression in any language, though one had the eloquence of my Lord or even my Lady Bolingbroke; but sincerely I never was better pleased in my life than to find you still retained so kind a remembrance of me, and that I had some share in the esteem of the person in the world the most to be honoured and valued. The true reason of my not writing sooner was, that I had heard you were gone to the waters of Bourbon, and thought to have congratulated you on your return, and on the establishment of your health; but I have the mortification to hear that now you are returned it is with a lame hand. May every part of you be answerable to your head and your heart, and then you will be perfect.

I am now at the Bath for Lady Suffolk's health, who desires you would accept her compliments, and grudges me nothing in the world so much as being better acquainted with Lady Bolingbroke than she is, or probably can ever be. Our little girl, Miss Hobart, would never forgive me, if I did not mention her respects to Lady Bolingbroke, though I think it is a little for the sake of Mr. Montmorin, who, as being the first that ever made love to her, will certainly be well with her as long as she lives. If it will not too much disturb the profound thoughts of the great metaphysician, you may assure him no plain mortal can be more his humble servant than I am.

I shall say nothing to you about public affairs, but whether you will give us war or give us peace; and I must own I heartily hate your nation, because I see it is in their power to give us what they please:—yet there is one French woman I always must prefer to all the world.

Poor Brinsden, who undertakes to send this letter for me, is at the Bath, in a very bad way with a lame foot. The learned were afraid of a mortification, but he is thought out of danger, at least for this time.

I think one should always be glad when there is one lawyer less; so I rejoice with you that the world has doubtless missed of an excellent

one by your *finger and thumb*[1] being obliged to change his name to O'Brien; and you will be better pleased to hear, that, if I am rightly informed, Sir Charles[2] hath behaved in the handsomest manner to [3]Lady Blandford and all his father's family, and now gives evident proofs that he will act in every thing as becomes [4]Sir William Wyndham's son.

For fear I should tire you so much that it should frighten you from ever provoking me to write again, I will now dismiss you with the warmest wishes for your happiness, and the strongest assurances of my attachment that I can possibly make.

P. S. If you care to know any thing about myself, my gout is not very troublesome to me, and I have as much health as any one needs to

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[1] Percy Windham, second son of Sir William Windham, changed his name to O'Brien, for the estates of his uncle, Lord Thomond. It seems by this observation that he had been studying the law. It is likely that Lady Bolingbroke had used Mr. Windham on some occasion as her amanuensis; whence the allusion to *finger and thumb*.

[2] Eldest son of Sir W. Windham and Lady Catharine Seymour, daughter of the Duke of Somerset. On the death of the latter, Sir Charles became Earl of Egremont.

[3] Second wife of Sir W. Windham, relict of William, Marquis of Blandford.

[4] Sir William died July 17, 1740.

have that leads so insipid a life. I dare not drink, making love would be ridiculous at my age, and I have too much and too little money to game.

LADY BETTY GERMAINE TO MR. BERKELEY.

[On the prospect of the dissolution of the parliament in 1741, Mr. George Berkeley went down with Lord Montrath, to canvas Heydon, on Mr. Pulteney's interest; but they were unsuccessful, Mr. Shute and Mr. Robinson being ultimately chosen. Mr. Chetwynd accompanied Mr. Berkeley.]

March 28, 1741.

I HOPE my dear George wont be extremely alarmed at seeing my hand instead of Lady Suffolk's, for at present it is laudanum only hinders her writing. Since you went she has been rather worse, and as she told you she would, did send for Dr. Burton, who says positively it is a rheumatism, and whilst this cursed wind lasts she cannot be long easy, and nothing but great quantities of laudanum can be of any use to her, which is the way he cured my Lady Frederick and Mrs. Howard, who lives in the same

street. You know my [1] *non credos*, and how I love hunting dead lies, though not living creatures; so my Lord Hobart and I agreed upon his lordship's waiting upon Mrs. Howard to find how far we might depend on the doctor's veracity; and in fact Mrs. Howard's description of herself agreed exactly with Lady Suffolk's. Mrs. Howard says she has had all the doctors in town, been physicked with mercury, blistered, and blooded, but nothing gave her a moment's ease but laudanum, and that made her perspire violently, and she has now been free from it these three weeks. However, Dr. Burton has put a blister behind Lady Suffolk's ear, and I see it has drawn a great deal, and as there is no *pain*, he designs to keep it on; and I must own I cannot help fancying it is that has done her good, for she had been very uneasy all night and this morning, though she had taken rather more laudanum than usual, slept very little, but since dinner is easier, and has been fast asleep from five till now, which is near nine; so lest she should not wake time enough to write, I venture to give you the alarm of seeing my fair hand, imagining it will be a less uneasiness than not hearing any thing of her.

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[1] Lady Betty, in her letters to Swift, says more than once that all the Latin she knows is *non credo*, "I do not believe."

Dowager Duchess of St. Alban's[2] has been dying, as her children thought; the duke and Lord [3] Vere hurried away to Windsor last Thursday, and Lady Vere is gone there to-day, and she is now better. Our journey to the Bath holds for next Tuesday, and I hope you are the better for yours. Pray give my love to *brother Will (Chetwynd)*, and tell him it is rather stronger than ordinary towards him, for his goodness in going with you; for though, to be sure, Parson Head is the best of company, yet if you should not be well, I should not have chosen him in the capacity of a nurse too these godly times. I have seen nobody: so, whether the whole French fleet is destroyed, and the Duke of Lorraine chosen emperor, this deponent knoweth it not.

God bless my dear George for ever.

Ten o'clock, Saville Row.

Lady Suffolk has been awake, and is much easier; she wanted Mrs. Herbert to sit by her, and talk to her, but she stole away, and Lady Suffolk is now fast asleep again.

[2] Diana Vere, eldest daughter, and eventually heiress, of the last Vere, Earl of Oxford. She died in the following January.

[3] Lord Vere Beauclerk, third son of the first Duke of St. Alban's; an officer in the navy, and from 1737 to 1749 a lord of the admiralty. He married the elder of the Misses Chamber, and was created, in 1750, Lord Vere of Hanworth. His son became, in 1787, fifth Duke of St. Alban's.

LADY SUFFOLK TO MR. BERKELEY.

April 3d, 1741, Friday morning.

I HAVE had a very good night, and have quite left off laudanum, and find myself so well, that nothing but prudence keeps me at home: the wind is changed, and if it continues favourable till Sunday I shall go abroad.

Here is a vast deal of good news in town from our fleets [1], but the ways it is brought keeps the wise in suspense; one part has gained credit on all sides, that is, that three of the [2] *Cara*— (I cannot spell this word) ships have been taken; but it is the complete victory said to be gained by Admiral Vernon, in conjunction with Sir Chandler Ogle, over the Spanish and French fleet, that is so much doubted of [3].

A great many weddings are soon to be; Lord [4] Conway's is agreed on with Lady Bell Fitz-

[1] Four ships of the fleet under Sir Chaloner Ogle had a rencontre by night, and a smart action with an equal number of French ships. As war had not yet been declared, this action was attributed (probably with truth) to mistake.

[2] She means *Caraccas*, the name given to the Spanish guard-ships.

[3] The official accounts of Vernon's success before Carthagena did not arrive in London till the 18th of May.

[4] Francis, afterwards first Earl and Marquis of Hertford of his branch, married, 29th May, 1741, Lady Isabella Fitzroy, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Grafton, and great grand-daughter of Charles II.

roy; and Lord Carlisle's eldest [5] daughter is to marry Sir Jonathan Cope's eldest son.

Friday night.

I have just got two letters from you, my dear George; one from the banks of the Humber, the other from Heydon; this last gives me almost as much uneasiness as Lady Betty's did you. My only hopes are in Mr. Chetwynd, that he prevailed on you to stay till my letter of Tuesday last could reach you at Heydon. I think this argument must be strong, that if you did not wait for one post day, you must resolve on passing your whole journey without knowing whether I was dead or alive; and as I calculate the time, you could not possibly wait above two days for the post that would bring my letter, which I am sure would make you easy. Depending much on *brother Will*, I am determined to send this. Thursday's letter will be still more comfortable, and if you stay to receive this, you may be certain I was never better in my whole life. For God's sake, do not stir from Heydon till your affairs are settled to your satisfaction. You do not tell me a word of either your hopes or fears; and I assure you

[5] Lady Arabella Howard married Mr. Cope. She died in 1746. They were the parents of Sir Charles, the second baronet of his branch.

the success of your negotiation has employed my thoughts, and uncertainty exercised my patience for some days past. Mr. Pulteney has this moment sent me word that you will be soon in town; but I still flatter myself you are at Heydon. I am well, going to bed, and shall finish my letter to-morrow.

Saturday morning, April the 4th.

I have had a very good night, but had dreams of my dear George and Heydon election. I find that I shall fret most exceedingly if I should be the occasion of any omission in this affair. I have sent to Mr. Middleton, and you may depend on your bills being answered. I have taken *leave* of my doctor; I believe I should say he took *his* of me. The medicines he has ordered are to be continued a fortnight, but do not confine me. Mrs. Pitt was the whole day with me; the Duchess of Queensberry is just gone out of the room without having sat down in it; proposed carrying Miss Hobart to the play, which was refused, as any favour of that kind always shall be. Mrs. Herbert is constantly with me every day; Mrs. [6]Grenville, Lady Betty (*Germaine*), nor my brother, had not left me (if I may judge by their

[6] Anne Chamber, sister of Lady Vere, wife of Richard Grenville, afterwards first Lord Temple.

goodness when here) had I not been much better.

Saturday afternoon.

[7] Lord Strafford is returned; Mr. [8] Gravencop has been with me to-day, very much yours and *brother Will's* humble servant: he speaks very well of the young man. The Duke of Argyll has been with me an hour *tête-à-tête.* I find, should I indulge myself in it, I could write nonsense for two hours. I shall not seal this till nine at night; but if I add nothing more, you may depend on my being then perfectly well, and engaged at whist, though perhaps thinking of you.

LADY SUFFOLK TO MR. BERKELEY.

St. James's, April 4th, [1741.]

YESTERDAY was a public breakfast, and you were not forgot; to-day was a *tête-à-tête,* and you made a very good figure in a [1] key of near

[7] William Wentworth, second Earl of Strafford of his branch. He was a correspondent of Horace Walpole. He died in 1791.

[8] No doubt the same gentleman so often mentioned in Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son.

[1] One of the cant words of Mrs. Howard's circle at court for a conversation.

two hours: it was then resolved to keep our word, and convince you that there were women of honour, if you would not be convinced that there were women of sense. I am not in much pain about this latter part of character, because I may indulge myself in being as impertinent as ever I please, without any fears of your being surprised.

Mrs. Herbert thinks that my little family is a very proper subject for your entertainment; that you ought to be informed that [2] Miss Hobart and I are upon very ill terms; that [3] Master Hobart, for whom, I know, you have the greatest tenderness, we suspect has quarrelled with his musical playfellow; and that [4] Mrs. Bedingfield, who used to command her passion, was very much ruffled this morning. You remember that the night before you went I was under great apprehensions that her little companion would engage her in an affair very improper for her; but I do think it is now perfectly well settled without her knowing any thing of it. I hope you may be able to give us as edifying and as amusing an account of your travels as I have done of all these great affairs, if the want of spruce beer has not impaired your understand-

[2] Her niece.

[3] Her nephew, afterwards Earl of Buckinghamshire.

[4] Mrs. Bedingfield (see vol. i. p. 256) now resided with Lady Suffolk as a kind of companion or governess of Miss Hobart.

ing as much as the use of that and of the waters has enlivened mine. But whether I really am sprightly or dull, sick or well, pleased or displeased, I am truly and sincerely

Yours, &c.

H. SUFFOLK.

I know you love news. The Prince of Orange, Princess Amelia, and Princess Caroline, with Lady [5] Delorain, have been to-day to see the tombs.

MR. BERKELEY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Lincoln, Friday, April 5, 1741,
almost two degrees north of the [1] oven.

GREATLY must he love his country, who for its sake will make a journey into it, and travel from the spring at London an hundred and fifty miles into the depth of winter. I know (Mrs.) Herbert's impatience expects a journal from you of our distresses upon the road. But what can she hope for from people not encumbered with hoop-petticoats and band-boxes! It is

[5] Mary Howard: see vol. i p. 260

[1] Lady Suffolk's apartment.

true, like reasonable men, we carried all sorts of useful things with us, and our coach was so heavy loaded, that we did not get into our inn till ten o'clock the first night, though we set out at five in the morning. It is as true the second night we could get no room at all in our inn, it happening to be a fair day at [2] Grantham, and were forced to go two miles further, and take possession of Lord [3] Tyrconnel's house, where we did pretty well, though his lordship was not in the country. But in setting out from thence our coachman, who is an excellent roadsman, as he was driving furiously round a paved court, took a fancy to fall off his box, and pitch upon his head; but being a man, and of course having a good head [4], it did not much hurt him, only damaged the pavement a little, and made us lose half a day, which caused us to lie at this place, where we have had the pleasure of a visit from Lord [5] Deloraine, who seems very

[2] It appears that these gentlemen were two long days in travelling to Grantham, 110 miles; but it would seem they had their own horses.

[3] Belton House, then the seat of John, only Viscount Tyrconnel of his family, now of Lord Brownlow, who is descended from Lord Tyrconnel's sister.

[4] Mr. Berkeley used to rally Lady Suffolk and Mrs. Herbert on ladies having no heads.

[5] Henry Scot, third son of the Duke of Monmouth, first Earl of Deloraine.

much heated with the *country interest*[6] and Lincoln ale. Indeed, we have never been alone, not so much as in the coach, for we have been forced to carry a servant with us all the way, because the horse which was to have met him the first stage from London was forgot. All these things, with a little scurvy pain in my foot, though to no great degree, have put me into such a humour, that if the interest where I am going is not very good, I shall in all probability go near to spoil it. But with all my misfortunes, let me hear often from dear Lady Suffolk that she is in perfect health, and I will own it is possible to be extremely pleased in the country.

Yours most faithfully,
G. Berkeley.

MR. BERKELEY TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Heydon, Sunday, April 9, 1741.

If you expect to be entertained with any more grievances of mine, you have disappointed yourself, for I am really so delighted with hearing from you, that I defy all the corporations, mayors,

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[6] What is now called the *popular* interest.

aldermen, and burgesses in Europe to put me out of humour; for talk what they will of the north, when I know I am in Lady Suffolk's thoughts, I am in the place of the world where I most wish to be. Giving me an account of your own family was very obliging, for what relates so nearly to you must interest me. Besides, it gives me an opportunity of saying (without much impertinence) what I have long thought, that you should, for Miss Hobart's sake, begin your office of rebuker with her. I was always apprehensive she might learn ill tricks from Mrs. Bedingfield, and that keeping such constant company with that paralytic woman might in time make her shake herself, if you did not prevent that bad habit. As for my school-fellow [1] Jack, quarrel with whom he will, I know he is in the right, and uses them as they deserve.

I have behaved so ill at this place, that they are glad to be rid of me, and do not insist upon my staying here longer than Tuesday next, and I may hope to drink a bottle of spruce with you on Saturday night. If you or (Mrs.) Herbert have honoured me with another letter, which I have not the assurance to hope, it will not come while I am here, but be returned to me

[1] Master Hobart: see *ante*, page 178.

at London; so [2] Lovel will have the pleasure of reading it twice before I have seen it once. If Lady [3] Tankerville said any thing to my disparagement at the public breakfast, pray tell her she had better padlock up her mouth than open it to so little purpose.

I dined this day with Mr. Bethel, high sheriff of this county, and ate of a salad composed of coss-lettuce as fine as can grow, except at Marble-Hill. I think this epistle as much as you can expect, and am much afraid a great deal more than you desire, from one who has been smoking with a mayor and aldermen till twelve at night, and the post to go out by seven in the morning.

Yours, &c.

G. Berkeley.

LADY SUFFOLK TO MR. BERKELEY.

London, April 18, 1741, Saturday.

My head is pretty easy, but my charming face, which, to be sure, gives pain to others,

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[2] See *ante*, pages 64 and 125.

[3] Camilla Colville, wife of the second Lord Tankerville. She lived to a great old age. His lordship's mother was Mr. Berkeley's grand-aunt.

now fully revenges their quarrel. But I have yet resisted laudanum: how long my resolution will hold, God knows, for the temptation is at this moment very strong. I have one with myself, and would be indulged in asking you a few questions. How has the east wind and a long journey agreed with you? How is your ancle? How agree your fellow-travellers? Do not you wish for [1] *brother Will?* And how often have you thought of me?

Mrs. Herbert is here: if I get easy, we go out together. Mrs. Pitt tells me she will pass some time with me at Marble Hill. She and Lady [2] Cardigan go to the Spa; a very sudden resolution, yet I *believe* it will take place; I *believe* you think so too. Mrs. Herbert hopes you will not be brought up by a warrant from my lord chief justice, as Mr. M——[3] has been. My opinion is, if you do not make as much haste as your affairs give leave, you will be visited by a more dreadful officer than any the law produces —an incensed wife.

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[1] Mr. Chetwynd had now left Mr. Berkeley, and proceeded to Stafford, where he was elected to the new parliament.

[2] Probably the Dowager Lady Cardigan, Lady Elizabeth Bruce, eldest daughter of Thomas, Lord Aylesbury.

[3] Mr. Meynell, as appears from the following letter.

LADY SUFFOLK TO MR. BERKELEY.

Marble Hill, Mr. Berkeley's dressing-room, April 23, 1741.

I GOT here yesterday at three o'clock. Mrs. Pitt came with me; and Miss Hobart arrived about eight, extremely pleased with her expedition and the politeness of the Duke of Dorset, Lady Vere, &c. I had left John Porter to wait till the post came in, and about ten I received two letters from you, one of the 18th[1], from Stilton, the other of the 20th[1], from Lincoln. I was glad to find poor [2] Harriot was not forgot, and I am now resolved to be very good. I have had no *pain* these two days, and do not design to mention the word pain during your absence, and reserve all complaints till I have you present to see how they operate upon you. Mr. Meynell was the name that puzzled you and your fellow-travellers; but I am as much in the dark, and as desirous to be enlightened what it was Mr. P(*ultency*) suspected, and the Heydon wives never complain of. Pray instruct me. I hope your ramble will divert you; the

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[1] These letters do not appear. Mr. Berkeley had, it appeared, left Heydon for town; but was obliged, by an unexpected opposition, to return thither.

[2] Herself.

other business of your journey, as I am informed, is not likely to do it. Your opposers left London on Sunday last, but I hope you got to Heydon before them. I designed a long letter, and my little girl would have been a copious subject, but the post is just going, that is, it is six o'clock. Which of my children did you design to bless? I hope both, for really both deserve it. Mrs. Pitt's compliments, and my duty, affection, inclination, and interest, make me, my dear,

Yours, &c.

H. S.

LADY SUFFOLK TO MR. BERKELEY.

Marble Hill, Friday, April 24, [1741.]

THOUGH I am very fond of this place, I do allow it will not afford much for your amusement at a distance; and shall plead this as my undoubted right to be more dull (if that is possible) than when I wrote from London. I pass my hours as much to my satisfaction as I ought to expect when you are in Yorkshire, for my *three*[1] children flatter me all the day, and you know I love flattery; besides I am in perfect

[1] Probably she reckons Miss Pitt as one; Master and Miss Hobart were the others.

health, and not much out of humour, which are great helps to being pleased. I am afraid Mrs. Pitt will leave me next week, for the time for her journey draws near, if the king's resolution[2] holds; but this seemed doubtful when I left the town. Lady Cardigan and Mrs. [3]Pitt go on board Sir Charles Wager, but the Duke and Duchess of Bedford[4] in their own ship, which is a project I do not much admire.

Saturday noon.

No letter from you. I am not angry, my dear, but much disappointed. Mr. Chetwynd and Mr. Grenville are just come in; the first called at our house, but lost his labour, so I must hope I shall get two letters next post day. Mr. Chetwynd bids me tell you that the writ for Heydon will be at York on the 30th. The House is up to-day, and the parliament to be dissolved on Monday. He says the king will wait for news from Admiral Vernon, and to see the success of some elections. I wish yours was over to all your satisfaction. I expect [5]Mr. George Grenville to take a bed with Mrs. Pitt

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[2] Of going abroad—which it did. His majesty sailed for Holland on the 6th of May.

[3] See *ante*, page 184.

[4] John, fourth Duke of Bedford, and Gertrude Gower, daughter of Lord Gower.

[5] Next brother to Lord Temple, of whom some account will appear hereafter.

or Miss Hobart to-night, but he leaves us to-morrow to go to his election. Long Legs[6] keeps out of the country till two days before his comes on. God bless my dearest life. All at the Bath are well, and so they are at Marble Hill.

Admiral Vernon is named upon a court list for the city[7]; and in revenge [8]Mr. William Pulteney and Admiral Vernon are named on the country list for Westminster.

Sir Thomas Lyttelton[9] is undoubtedly out of the admiralty, and is not to be in parliament. Lord Glenorchy[1] is to have his place; Mr. Clutterbuck is to be in the treasury, and Mr. Thomson to succeed Mr. Clutterbuck.

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[6] I suspect that this means Mr. Richard Grenville, afterwards Lord Temple.

[7] The popularity of Admiral Vernon was at this moment so great, that he was actually elected for Rochester, Ipswich, and Penryn. He was set up also for the city of London, where he was beaten by 2000 votes; and in Westminster, where he was beaten by 400.

[8] A mistake: Mr. Edwin was Admiral Vernon's unsuccessful colleague in Westminster.

[9] Sir Thomas, fourth baronet, and father of George, first Lord Lyttelton. He died in 1751.

[1] John, eldest son of the second Earl of Breadalbane, Knight of the Bath, master of the horse to the princesses, envoy to Denmark. He was now made a lord of the admiralty, as was Mr. Edward Thomson. Mr. Clutterbuck had been secretary to the lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

WILLIAM PITT, ESQ. (afterwards Earl of Chatham) TO LADY SUFFOLK.

(P. 150.)

Stow, July 30, 1741.

MADAM,

I SHOULD have thanked your ladyship for the honour of your note by the post of Tuesday, if the numberless arduous occupations of groom of the bedchamber[1] in waiting had allowed me time. Give me leave to do it now, and to say nothing can equal your solicitous attention to whatever concerns your friends. I cannot conceive what reasons the lady[2] we talked of gives, or how she imagines the scheme in question is absolutely against my opinion. She sent for me when I was in town last week, to ask me if what she heard of my [3] sister's design was true. I said it was; that I thought it absolutely necessary for her health, and that you had procured her such recommendations in

[1] When Sir Robert Walpole dismissed Mr. Pitt from his cornetcy of horse, the Opposition, that is, Frederick, Prince of Wales, compensated him by the place of groom of his bedchamber, which he held from 1737 to 1745.

[2] Some lady who seems to have a right to inquire into Mrs. Pitt's proceedings; perhaps the Princess of Wales.

[3] Miss Anne Pitt.

France, as would settle her there in the properest manner. It is astonishing she could give herself the trouble to imagine my reasons for this scheme before she had talked to me, and much more so afterwards. But I will not wonder any more at whatever that wonder of the world thinks fit to say or do: be her inconsistency towards her friends ever so great, it will surprise me no more than your ladyship's constant goodness and attentions to them. My most humble services to Mr. Berkeley and Miss Hobart.

I am, &c.

W. PITT.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ. TO THE HON. GEO. BERKELEY.

[Vol. i. p. 200.]

London, Nov. 21, 1741.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE not troubled you with any letter since you have been at Bath; my whole time having been employed with lawyers in prosecuting an information in Westminster Hall, or pursuing evidence to support your petition[1]

[1] For Heydon.

in parliament. I think I have at present got such plain and positive proof, that there cannot be the least doubt of your success. Mr. Murray[2], Mr. Bootle[3], and every one else that I have consulted, are clearly of the same opinion. We have detected the whole scene of villanous corruption; and many of your antagonist's own voters are willing to confess it, and give evidence against all the rest. We have positive proof of above threescore persons that received the ten pounds a man to vote for Robinson and Chute; but I must not in a letter disclose any thing further. I have sent you the petition, drawn up in general terms; which, when you have signed and returned to me, [4]Lord Montrath will sign likewise: but he is at present out of town, though, should he come, as he is expected, before the going out of the post, I will get him to sign it first. Whether you will think proper to come to town yourself, and solicit your friends, relations, and acquaintance to hear it at the bar of the house, and give it

[2] Afterwards Lord Mansfield.

[3] Afterwards Sir Thomas, and chancellor to the prince. See vol. i. p. 342.

[4] Algernon Coote, Earl of Montrath. He sat for Heydon in the parliament of Great Britain. He died in 1744.

an early day, or whether you will only write to them, I leave to you to do as your judgment directs or your health requires. To be sure it would be better if you were upon the spot; but I fancy it may do without, for I have found hardly any of my own acquaintance under the least difficulty of promising me their assistance, though never such stanch courtiers in other respects.

I hope Lady Suffolk is the better for the waters. It is now six weeks since you left London, so that she must have drank them pretty near long enough.

The whole spirit of the affair will depend on getting it heard at the bar; write therefore strongly to every body you think proper to solicit, but be sure such a favour is more easily obtained by a personal application.

I am, &c.

Wm. Pulteney.

Eight o'clock at night.—I have just an answer brought me that Lord Montrath will not be in town till Thursday.

MR. GEORGE GRENVILLE TO LADY SUFFOLK AND MR. BERKELEY.[1]

[Next brother to Richard, Earl Temple, and father to the first Marquis of Buckingham. He was born in 1712; appointed a lord of the admiralty in 1744, and of the treasury in 1747; treasurer of the navy, and a privy counsellor, in 1754; secretary of state, and first lord of the admiralty, 1762; first lord of the treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer, 1765. For his character as prime minister, and an eloquent and impartial exposition of his merits and defects, we gladly refer to Mr. Burke's speech on American taxation, in 1774, of which we shall venture to extract one or two sentences. "Mr. Grenville was a first-rate figure in this country. "With a masculine understanding, and a resolute heart, "he had an application undissipated and unwearied. He "took public business not as a duty he was to fulfil, but as "a pleasure to enjoy. If he was ambitious, I will say this "for him, that his ambition was of a noble and generous "strain. It was to raise himself, not by the low politics "of a court, but to win his way to power through the "laborious gradations of public service, and to secure him-"self a well earned rank in parliament, by a thorough "knowledge of its constitution, and a perfect practice in all "its business."—Mr. Grenville died in 1770.]

[2] Argeville, Sept. 14, 1742.

NOTWITHSTANDING the monstrous behaviour of Mr. Berkeley and Lady Suffolk to me, in

[1] This letter seems to have been addressed to Miss Hobart and Miss Tracy, at Marble-Hill, though really intended for Mr. Berkeley and Lady Suffolk.

[2] Lord Bolingbroke's seat in France, near Montereau.

turning me out of doors, nay, out of the kingdom too, and then telling me that I should not have a word to say for myself, and that if I attempted it, they would burn my letters unopened, yet I must own myself extremely obliged to them for not extending their prohibition still further, and by that means depriving me of this pleasure. But though I have nothing to answer for with regard to them, yet as to you I cannot say I expressly recollect that you ever gave me leave to write to either of you, and consequently not to both, which is, in every light, just double the impertinence. However, as I am now happily got into a land of universal liberty, I would not constrain myself; and before you presume to condemn me, I insist to be tried by the laws of this kingdom, whether there is any one man in it who would not make use of half so good a pretence to write to you. Mademoiselle[3] must have known the truth of this whilst she was here, and I cannot think it unlikely, that the fertile vales, nay, even the barren hills of [4] Gloucestershire, may have produced some examples of it.

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fault-Yonne, a small town in the neighbourhood of Fontainebleau.

[3] Miss Hobart.

[4] An allusion to Miss Tracy, probably one of the daughters of the fifth Viscount Tracy, whose principal seat was in Glocestershire.

After this preface, the next thing of course is to tell you how near dying I am; which, after the misfortunes that my banishment must have occasioned me, I ought to be able to give you a very satisfactory account of: but, unhappily for me, I think myself obliged to own the truth, which is, that I am much further from dying (either in the real or poetical use of the word) than I was in England. But on the other hand, except these two or three last days, I cannot say that I have lived; having been extremely tired of every thing but the sun, who indeed has been a very faithful aud warm friend to me; and it is singly out of my regard to him that I shall quit the place where I now am to-morrow, to be still nearer him. My brother [5]Jemmy, who is very knowing in these matters, always assured me that my illness was owing to drinking the waters after you two had fired the combustible materials of them; and indeed I am apt to believe him, since I find, notwithstanding the climate, that wine here is not so heating as water in England: for which reason, as soon as the hot weather is over, I flatter myself with being able to return to England.

[5] James, the fourth son, born February, 1715, father of Lord Glastonbury.

Lord John Johnston[6] and Mr. Mackenzie[7] came to Paris the day before I left it: the former seems to be in the last stage of a consumption, and I am much afraid will never come back again, nor perhaps be able to continue his journey to the south of France, where he intends to go as soon as he can. [8] Miss (*Anne*) Pitt I found here. who seems pretty well, because she is extremely happy with Lady Bolingbroke, who is equally so with her; and indeed her situation here is too agreeable and convenient in every light for her to think of changing it by taking a long journey to a town in any of the provinces: and as this was not part of her scheme before my arrival, nor could reasonably be so, I must not think of seeing her except upon my return for England, when my Lord and Lady Bolingbroke have given me leave to take Argeville in my way. This is the only mortification I have met with since my being here, except that Mr. Berkeley seems to be a formidable rival to me with Lady Boling-

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[6] A posthumous son of the second Marquis of Annandale, born June 3, 1725.

[7] Probably James Stuart Mackenzie, brother of Lord Bute, of whom more hereafter.

[8] Anne Pitt, sister of the great Lord Chatham, one of the maids of honour. See *infra*, p. 232.

broke. However, I dare venture to execute my orders, and to make her compliments, and those of the rest of the company here, to the inhabitants of the Grotto, which, by the by, I hope goes on prosperously.

Now I have performed my commission, I have nothing else to say either to Mr. Berkeley or Lady Suffolk, because they have used me so that I cannot say all, except only to tell them that their design to mortify me has not succeeded: for in spite of all they can say or do, I will be vain enough to think that they have been most extremely good to me; nay, to say so too, and to boast that I am to all the inhabitants of the said Grotto, and to those that lay their lazy limbs upon the lazy sofas of the greenhouse, a most faithful and most obedient, &c.

GEORGE GRENVILLE.

MR. GEORGE GRENVILLE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[In answer to a letter which does not appear.]

Dijon, Nov. 25, 1742.

YOUR ladyship begins and ends your letter with picking a quarrel with me, in order to excuse your using me so unmercifully. But as I

know my innocence, I shall take care not to give into it. I own I have formed a kind of plan to return home, in order to justify myself, which I find great difficulty in doing at this distance. Besides, I can give you one-and-twenty good reasons for it: the first of which is, that I do assure you in the most serious manner, that I cannot afford to live abroad longer. Perhaps your ladyship may give me the same answer as the Prince of Condé did to a governor of a town who alleged one-and-twenty good reasons for not saluting him with the artillery of the place; the first of which was, that he had no guns: upon which the Prince was good enough to excuse him all the rest. If your ladyship should not be so favourable to me, Mr. Berkeley, who has not escaped so [1]cheap, will be kind enough to tell you the others.

This, madam, is my plea, and such a one as I hope will obtain the permission you threaten to refuse me, because the learned in the laws all agree that from necessity there is no appeal. And supposing that there was none from your ladyship's commands, and that my zeal to perform them made nothing impossible for me; yet

[1] He means that he had written more in detail to Mr. Berkeley.

I flatter myself you would not think it proper to exert so extraordinary a power upon this occasion. Will you give me leave to tell you, that you do not consider that without you, by this time I should not have had it in my power to do either well or ill, and consequently that you are more interested than you are aware of in my doing what I ought to do. If the world should ask me why I choose to wear a kerchief at this time, I could answer more truly than [a] Ligarius does in Julius Cæsar, that I am not sick, and consequently have no pretence not to throw it off. Besides, if I am doomed to wear a kerchief for some time, and to expiate my sins by wandering in the desert before I am settled in the promised land, why should not I choose any other season for that expiation but just the present, when I shall be thought to do it only for having too great a devotion to the golden calf? In short, madam, I should not know what to say for myself; nay, what is of more consequence, I should not know how to justify your ladyship for giving yourself so much trouble for a subject so little deserving it. Let me use another argument, which your own

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[a] *Brutus.* O what a time have you chose out, Ligarius,
Go wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
Ligarius. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour!——Jul. Cæs.

letter supplies me with. You tell me, madam, that I could be of some use to you: and *that* is a pleasure which I cannot quit to [3] *poor Jemmy*. Besides, out of pity to him, as he must be overburthened with the infinite fatigue of those great affairs, I ought to relieve him.

Mr. Berenger has left me above this month, so that in all likelihood your ladyship will have seen him long before this letter can reach you. To him I appeal for the truth of the account I have given of myself and the place I was in; and if his testimony should be suspected, I refer to another which I cannot be supposed to have influenced; and that is the fourth volume of Madame de Sevigné's Letters, where there are several letters giving an account of the air of Provence, and the opinion of all the French physicians with regard to the effects it may have upon those who are subject to any disorders of the breast or lungs. Add to this the advice of the physicians at Paris and at Argeville before I went thither, and I believe your ladyship will think I did right to leave the south of France. What then can I do? The road to Italy over the Alps, at this season of the year, when the snows are falling, is impassable without undergoing greater hardships than would be thought prudent

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[3] His brother. See *ante*, p. 195.

for me to venture upon; and as the air of Paris and the northern parts of France is not so materially different from England as to justify my staying there when I have no complaint (which is the case at present), nothing therefore remains for me to do but to return home and consult my health there, which I will certainly do in every particular, because it is at least of as much consequence to me as my life is, and because it will be the greatest happiness to me to think that I owe so much of it to your ladyship.

I am extremely sorry for the accident of your having sprained your leg, though I hope it is well again long before now. I beg my best compliments to Miss Tracy and Miss Hobart;[4] but though I think their correspondents very happy, I had no design of procuring myself that pleasure at the expense of spraining your hand. I wish you may not think by this letter that I have a design to spoil your eyes; for which reason I am determined not to extend this half-sheet, though I have scarce room enough to assure your ladyship in the fewest words that I am, &c.

GEORGE GRENVILLE.

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[4] See *ante*, p. 193.

THE HON. JOHN HOBART TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[The Hon. John Hobart, afterwards second Earl of Buckinghamshire, born in 1724. These letters were probably written during a visit which Lady Suffolk had sent her nephew and niece to make to their maternal grandfather, Mr. Britiffe, in 1744.]

Tuesday, [1744.]

DEAR MADAM,

SINCE we have been at Norwich, I have seen almost every letter my sister has sent you; and, as it is evident, by your writing twice to her and not once to me, that you prefer her style to mine, I shall try for the future, if possible, to flatter you as much as she does, and will constantly tell you that I like every thing I ought to like, and dislike every thing I ought to dislike. The poor girl has lately fallen into a very odd way: for about two days ago she took a gardener in a black waistcoat for a rat, and immediately after, fancied she was turned into a pine-apple. This was really vapours, and not affectation: for there was nobody present at that time but your humble servant. She has taken upon herself to give you an account of what passed yesterday, so I shall not mention a syllable about it.

In your letter to her, by way of making me amends for not writing, you bestowed the gentle epithet of "saucy whelp" upon me. I am sorry

to say, that your behaviour has convinced me, that when people have once got the character of being well-bred (by eating with their fingers, never drinking to any body, never taking leave when they go out of an assembly, never being out of countenance, even when they ought to be so, calling modesty *mauvaise honte*, and impudence a good address) they think they have a patent for being impertinent with impunity, and that every thing they do is polite, because they are esteemed so by that insignificant sect of people who style themselves fashionable. I must indeed own, that I hope soon to be one of that insignificant sect: but until they will take me into their number, I will enjoy the noble privilege which every free-born Englishman claims, of abusing those I envy.

But, my dear Lady Suffolk, let me entreat you not to indulge in that scurrilous way of writing. You may get a habit of it, which in the end may be disagreeable, even to yourself. For my part, as you have already frequently experienced my good-nature, I do not care if I give one more proof of it, by excusing this: but do not offend any more in the same way; or at least, if your resolution is too weak to get over this style, date your letter for the future from the Gun, at Billingsgate.

Thine, as thou usest him,

J. H.

I pity Mr. Berkeley.

MR. HOBART TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Tuesday, May 22, [1744.]

DEAR MADAM,

I AM going to undertake a task not altogether so difficult as those which Eurystheus (who must have been a Berkeley) imposed upon Hercules, but full as disagreeable as any of them; viz. to write to you. I must stuff a letter full of praises, of which every sensible creature knows you do not merit the least part, and must try to persuade you upon paper that I love you prodigiously, when I have full as contemptible an opinion of you as you deserve. However, your husband will chastise you for your errors sufficiently in this world; and a Supreme Being will in all probability take care of you in the next. Your faults are obvious and palpable to every one: your virtues it would be very difficult to count, as—each day discovers new. After this, it would be vain to assure you that I love you; as my honesty has thrown off the mask of flattery, and compelled me to disclose the real opinion I have of you.

You will certainly conclude from my manner of writing that I am mad; indeed, my head is a little turned: but you have already overlooked so many of my failings, that this may very easily be passed over with the rest. Methinks

it would be a very proper employment for those few happy mortals who have no faults of their own to excuse, to study excuses for those of others.

The beginning of the epistle, if not agreeable, will at least be new to you. You have hardly yet ever received a letter but silver-tongued praise sweetened each line. Pope and Swift for you laid by satire, and joined for once in panegyric; but now, when ink-horns have been drained, when language has been almost exhausted in telling you a thousand different ways that you are the best woman in the world, it surely will almost please you to hear you are the worst; particularly when it comes from one whom you are sensible cannot think so. What an uncommon genius is mine! It is obvious to every fool when he receives a favour to idolize his patron; to pillage gods and heroes of attributes to adorn his monster, and give merit to that which never had any. I scorn to tread those vulgar paths, or take such methods of thanking you for the favours you have lavished on me. Therefore, instead of praising, I sat down determined to abuse you; but my real sentiments broke through this forced disguise, and my intended libel is turned into a disjointed panegyric. I will therefore conclude this tedious preamble, this gentleman-usher of the letter of business, by assuring you, that though I

have had such ill success in attempting it, it is much easier to abuse than to flatter you.

Mr. Britiffe sent for us yesterday into his study, (as my sister has told you in hers,) and assured me that he would make what addition to my allowance you should think necessary, and told me I should never want money whilst I was prudent. [1] Lord Hobart came over here this morning, and stayed about two hours. He has invited us to dine with him at Blickling on Thursday. He mentioned nothing of carrying us back to London; so that in all probability we shall return as we came. Mr. Britiffe talked to him of my going abroad, which he treated as a ridiculous scheme; but Mr. Britiffe seems determined to follow *your* advice absolutely in relation to both my sister and me. Upon my telling him that I was sorry to be burthensome to him, he said that it was the same thing to him; that he should only have the less to leave me at his death. He does not seem to disapprove of my going abroad; but hinted that he expected to hear from you upon these heads. He is excessively fond of us both; and Mrs. Britiffe expresses great regard; they almost dote

[1] His father. Beatson's Chronological List of Peerages places the patent of the earldom of Buckinghamshire under the date of 1743. This mistake is unaccountable: all the other authorities place it under 1746.

upon my sister, who takes great pains to be agreeable to them. Let me hear from you soon, if possible. I will write again the next post.

Pray make my compliments to Mr. Berkeley.

MR. HOBART TO THE HON. GEO. BERKELEY.

Sunday.

DEAR SIR,

As Lady Suffolk, by neglecting writing to me, has convinced me how cheap she holds my correspondence, and consequently how unworthy she is of it, I shall for the future favour only those with it who know how to value it, and duly acknowledge the pleasure they receive from my writings. You have sense, you have taste; you had the advantage of being educated first at Westminster, and afterwards at Cambridge; you have a high opinion of my understanding, which is a sufficient proof to me that you have a good one. I once thought that silly woman who has the honour to call you husband had been free from at least the more glaring foibles of her sex: I almost loved woman for her sake, and thought the bitter apple began to digest, and that, in fine, they might attain to a sagacity equal to that of the lords of the creation. But, alas! how is she fallen! There was a time when

she would have been thankful even for a line from me; but she shall gormandize no more on my golden apples. No: she shall feed on garbage, and chew the scraps that the Grenvilles, and Pitts, and such like, send her; the cold viands of politics; the half-picked bones of a debate.[1] If I was to stay in Norfolk long enough, I dare swear you would convince me by writing every post of your gratitude; but as you will now have no opportunity of doing it, I shall charitably conclude you would if you had. I shall for the future confound Lady Suffolk with the rest of her illiterate sex, and conclude, from her having at last undeceived me, and discovered her bad taste, that no woman can have a real good one. When they are handsome, they have just sense enough to make men ridiculous; when they are ugly, they have sufficient eloquence to expose one another.

Lest you should think I only rail because I am piqued, and that these are the pangs of despised love, I shall say no more upon this subject, which, though in general I despise, in some particulars I must confess I love to dwell upon.

Sir, I honour *you*,

JOHN HOBART.

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[1] Before the public journals were permitted to give such full and early reports of the debates as they have latterly done, members of parliament were in the habit of obliging their distant friends with epistolary notices of the debates.

MR. GEORGE GRENVILLE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. ii. p. 193.]

Chandois-buildings, Bath, April 18, 1748.

YOUR ladyship may perhaps have heard before this time, that my [1] fellow-traveller and I arrived here safely on Saturday se'nnight, without any memorable adventure to distinguish our journey, or any kind of distress to dignify it. We came a very gentle trot all the way, and have continued the same hum-drum pace ever since our arrival; so that I have no very lively account to give of ourselves. But I shall begin with telling you, that we have both drank the waters five or six days; that my sister is visibly much the better for them in every respect, and that they agree with her extremely. As to myself, I think I feel more benefit from them to-day than I have yet done; which I attribute to the weather's being a little milder, and to my not having braved the winds of Clerkendown, as I have hitherto done, in search of exercise on horseback. Instead of which, I went on peaceably in the postchaise, and shall confine myself

[1] Probably his sister Hester, married in 1754 to William Pitt (Lord Chatham,) and mother of the second Lord Chatham and the second William Pitt.

to that till the spring-season begins, and the hills are free from snow.

I cannot brag much of the variety of my ac-quaintance and amusements here; both may be very easily described in the space of this letter, without making it of an unusual size, if I add nothing more to it. My morning companions at the pump and in the neighbouring coffee-house consist of [2] Lord Thanet, [3] Lady Bath, [4] Lady Bab. Montague, [5] Mrs. Edwin, [6] Sir Wm. Yonge, and General Pulteney.

[7] Lord Pembroke came out for the first time yesterday, and looks very well. [8] Lady Winchelsea and [9] Mr. and Mrs. Finch come out but seldom in a morning: the latter has inquired of me after you several times; and by that means I should certainly have picked up an acquaint-

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[2] Sackville, seventh Earl of Thanet, born 1683, died 1753.

[3] Jane Gumley, wife of Mr. Pulteney, now become Earl of Bath.

[4] Lady Barbara, fifth daughter of George, second Lord Halifax.

[5] Probably the lady of Mr. Charles Edwin, M. P. for Westminster.

[6] See vol. i. p. 342.

[7] See *ante passim*.

[8] Miss Palmer, daughter of Sir Thomas Palmer, of Wingham, second wife, in 1738, of Daniel, seventh Earl of Winchelsea.

[9] Probably the Honourable John Finch, Lord Winchelsea's second brother, and his wife Elizabeth Younger. He died in 1763, and she in 1762.

ance with her, but Lady Winchelsea seems to avoid speaking or mixing with any body, and they are always together. I have been out but once at the rooms, which were as full as they could hold; but I saw nobody whose face I had ever beheld before, except Mr. and Mrs. Finch, Lady Winchelsea, and Mr. [1]Damer, who were at whist; and Sir William Yonge playing at two-handed cribbage. Mr. Damer went away last Sunday, and Lord Winchelsea came last night. In this situation, you will easily believe that I saw [2] Lord Vere at the coffee-house this morning with a great deal of pleasure, for my own sake; though for his I was very sorry to find that the Bath was become necessary for him again so soon. I am just come from him, and he seemed very well. Mrs. Edwin is more inclined to look out amusements for the soul than for the body: however, I made her sing me your favourite hymn, which is almost equally good for both. I am willing, I told her, to come to judgment whenever she calls me. She takes abundant care of us both, and thinks me in a *fair way*. To tempt me farther, she brags of what you said to her, "that you should envy her happiness if you was a queen!" Besides, she hints

[1] Probably Joseph, created Lord Milton in 1753. He married, in 1742, Lady Caroline Sackville, daughter of the Duke of Dorset.

[2] See *ante*, p. 173.

to me that I may one day or other be in a *fairer way* still.

Pray, how does your [3] charge do? I am told that you intend to send to Bath for a pair of leading-strings and a go-cart. I think your prescription a good one; and yet I could furnish you with a better from hence to prevent falling. Suppose you were to send for a *guide* from Bath. I hope you will direct your charge to take care, and never go without one for the future, since this is a plain indication and direction to her not to go alone, nor to trust for the future to such supports.

I told your ladyship before, that when I go out in the post-chaise my sister goes with me, and we are upon this account distinguished in the Bath Journal, in the list of the company here, by the style and title of Mr. and Mrs. Grenville. I thought it proper to notify my marriage to you when it is become thus public. Lord [4] Vere tells me that he left you pretty well, and better then you had been a good while. I flatter myself that this account is a true one. How happy would it make me to have it confirmed! but which way shall I bring that to pass? Can I any way tempt [5] Lady Dorothy to write

I suspect he means Miss Anne Pitt. See *infra*, p 232.

See *ante*, p. 173.

[5] Lord Hobart having been created Earl of Buckinghamshire, Mrs. Howard's niece was now become Lady Dorothy.

me three lines to tell me so? I am afraid I must owe it all to her goodness if she does, and not to my temptation; because she knows already how much I am at her command, and that she has my best wishes for the success of every thing that may be pleasing to her.

I begin to perceive that I have written you a very long letter; but you have drawn it all upon yourself by desiring to hear of me. I told you that my amusements might be described in the space of a letter, and it is very true; for they consist almost entirely in receiving a good account of those that I have left behind me, and in the real pleasure it gives me to write to you, and take every opportunity of assuring you (when I cannot be stopped) how sensible I am of your goodness to me in every instance, and how truly and unalterably I am, &c.

GEORGE GRENVILLE.

LADY BETTY GERMAINE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. i. p. 31.]

Nov. 18, 1748.

I HAVE for some time designed myself the pleasure of breakfasting with my dear Lady Suffolk; but the idlest people have always

most to do: for they make a business of what others make nothing of, and that is just my case; for no morning have I been able to get out, because of my nothings. Thank God, [1] Mr. Pointz is much better, and able to walk about his room last night: and thank God too, worthless [2] Hervey Aston is dead; which may be a means to save his son and three daughters from entire beggary. I have lately seen the person who inquired for another what Lady Dorothy's fortune was to be; and on expressing my wonder, that I had never heard of them since, I was told point blank, that nothing less than twenty thousand pounds down would do for the gentleman. I could not help thinking that if so, the gentleman either had a small cumbered estate, or was not much in love with one I thought very desirable; but which is the case I could get no answer, only it would not do.

Lord Sussex and Lord Cathcart are gone on their hostage employment [3], excessively happy

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[1] The Right Honourable Stephen Pointz, governor of William Duke of Cumberland.

[2] The Rev. Henry Hervey, third son of Lord Bristol, who, on his marriage with the eldest sister and heiress of Sir Thomas Aston, took the name of Aston. The best that can be said for him is that his intellects were probably not sound.

[3] By the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, it was provided (following the obsolete precedent of a very different age) that the king of Great Britain should, immediately after the ratification,

with it, though I do not find they have more than 1000*l.* each to bear their charges. I wonder therefore they should be so eager for it, it being at their own pressing request that they were sent.

Lord Vere came from Hanworth last Sunday a good deal out of order; but, thank God, he is much better now. Lady Vere has her flying complaints too. Lord and [4]Lady Berkeley are come up for the prince's birth-day, are both very well, but go back on Monday.

I am, &c.

E. G.

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send two persons of rank and distinction to reside in France till Cape Breton and the other conquests of the war should be restored; an idle and disgraceful form. Lord Sussex was Henry Yelverton, the last of his family, and now barely of age. Lord Cathcart was Charles, the sixth baron. These hostages were presented to the King of France at Versailles, on the 27th of November.

[4] Augustus, fourth Earl of Berkeley, and Elizabeth Drax. They were married in 1744, and were the parents of the late earl. He died in January, 1755: she remarried soon after the late Earl Nugent, and died in 1792. Lady Berkeley was lady of the princess's bedchamber.

LADY VERE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. i. p. 316.]

Saturday, [Sept. 1751.]

WE have expected to see you every day, which prevented our thinking of coming to you; and now indeed it is impossible: our things go partly to-night, and partly to-morrow, and the eternal questions and orders that must be given keep us in continual employment; so my dear Lady Suffolk, unless you think yet of coming before we go, we can have no chance of seeing you till our return. Mrs. Pitt[1] is just come in to dine with us; she came from her lodgings hither, and intends lying there to-night; so that, unless you are still out of order, which I hope is not the case, I will not quite give up the hopes of your coming to town before we go. I have got some things for Miss Power[2] to see; so if you do not come to see for her, or bring her to see, I will order them to be sent down after we are gone.

[1] See *infra*, 232.

[2] See *infra*, p. 223.

Lady Pembroke[3] owns her marriage in private; but though she was at court yesterday, she has not yet been presented. Princess[4] Emily has had a something, a nothing, a miliary fever, a rash, a hooping cough, a little cold, has kept her bed, has been an airing, and was yesterday doing the honours at court as usual. It was thought by some that she coughed after a most dreadful manner; but others, who were better acquainted with the nature of the illness, said it was a mistake.

If you do come, Lady Betty (*Germaine*) can entertain you with an excellent discourse between her and Lady Pembroke upon the *subject matter*. But I will not say more, for I would fain have you have many inducements to come to us, so I hope to add that of curiosity. I am writing in the dark, so it is time to have done,

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[3] Mary Fitzwilliam, who had been one of the maids of honour, and of whom we have seen so much, married, in 1733, Henry, ninth Earl of Pembroke, who had been one of the lords of the bedchamber. He died suddenly, 9th of January, 1751; and she remarried, 4th of Sept. 1751, Major Barnard, of the dragoon guards: she died Feb. 13, 1769.

[4] Second daughter of George II. born in 1711, died in 1786. After her father's death, she resided in the house at the corner of Harley-street and Cavendish-square, which has since belonged to Mr. Hope and Mr. Watson Taylor, and her royal highness mingled a good deal in the society of London.

as I am only run from dinner before the company, who are now coming; so God bless you.

M. V.

LADY VERE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Abbey House, Bath, Saturday, Oct. 19, [1751.]

As this is the first post since we arrived here, which was on Thursday evening, I thought you would be glad to hear that we all arrived safe and well. We had no misfortunes on the road, nor nothing remarkable happened. Lord and Lady Berkeley[1] dined with us from Cranford at the Windmill, and Lord Henry Beauclerk[2] from Windsor, and Mr. Hunter from Hanworth. We lay at the Castle Inn at Marlborough on Wednesday night, and could not help moaning over it, as it was an ancient habitation of the Seymours. Lord Northumberland[3] has let it for

[1] Augustus, fourth Earl Berkeley, and Elizabeth Drax his lady. See *ante*, p. 215.

[2] Lord Henry Beauclerk, a colonel in the army, next brother to Lord Vere, and fourth son of the first Duke of St. Alban's. He died in 1761.

[3] Sir Hugh Smithson, of Stanwick, married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Algernon, seventh Duke of Somerset, who was the son of the *proud* duke and of the heiress of the

twenty-one years: it has been opened about a fortnight, and curiosity draws multitudes there, and it is overflowing with company continually. It is a prodigious large house, and furnished inn-like, two beds in each room; but as the furniture is new, and mostly washing, it looks spruce and clean. But what they are the least to be forgiven for selling, are several old pictures, that really look to be good, particularly one of Henry VI., very young, in his kingly robes and gown, &c. sitting in a chair. We propose to bid for it as we go back. The garden is greatly gone to ruin, but must have been, when kept up, extremely pretty. There are a wood, a running water, and a very high mount in it. Would the grandfather Duke of Somerset have liked to have been told that his granddaughter would have put his family house to this use? Lady Betty does not dare to write the Duke of Dorset an account of this house, for fear it should put him in mind that some time or other it may be thought that [4] Knowl

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Percies. On the death of Duke Algernon, Sir Hugh succeeded to the earldom of Northumberland: in 1766 he was created Duke of Northumberland.

[4] By the death, without issue, of the fourth Duke of Dorset, and the necessity of dividing the estate between his sisters, the realisation of this reverie of Lady Vere becomes not improbable; but there was no such excuse for Lord Northumberland's degradation of the house at Marlborough.

may make as convenient an inn for Tunbridge as this does for Bath.

[5] Lady Albemarle arrived last night, ate a bit, dressed herself, and went to the rooms; such multitudes as were there, and really not above one in a hundred that we knew. I got nobody to play with me; and Lady Albemarle, Lady Betty, [6] and my lord [7] played at half-crown whist with a lady they did not know, who, seeing their distress, offered her service. It seems she was Irish, as we afterwards heard, her name Napper; so we tell Lady Betty that she smokes her acquaintance with the lord-lieutenant of Ireland [8].

Lord Chesterfield and his [9] son, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, [1] Lord Charles, who has been very ill here, but is now better, [2] Sir

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[5] Lady Anne Lennox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond, married in 1723 to William Anne, second Earl of Albemarle.

[6] Lady Betty Germaine.

[7] Lord Vere.

[8] The first Duke of Dorset, at this time lord-lieutenant of Ireland; to whose third son, Lord George Sackville, Lady Betty bequeathed the name and estates of the family into which she had married.

[9] Mr. Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield's natural son, the object of the celebrated letters.

[1] Lord Charles Douglas, the Duke of Queensberry's second son.

[2] Sir J. Cope, the unfortunate hero of Preston-pans.

John Cope, [3] Tom Hervey and family, Lady Mary Powis, and Lady Fanny Tilson, the [4] Speaker and family, [5] Mr. and Mrs. Lambe, [6] Sir John Ligonier, Mr. Pitt, I really think are all that we know amongst the million. Lady Betty is complimented by every body upon her good looks; I really think I hardly ever knew her better. I suppose you may have heard that my [7] daughter is here. I am extremely sorry it so happened that we could not see you; we really thought, from what Mrs. Pitt said, that as soon as she was gone out of your house, you would come for one night, which prevented our coming to you; and so strongly was it in our minds, that we would not dine abroad on Sunday.

I am afraid [8] Miss Power will give you fresh trouble, for I doubt she must buy new [9] mourn-

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[3] Thomas, next brother of John, Lord Hervey, "well known for his genius and eccentricities." His wife was Miss Coghlan, an Irish lady, by whom he left one son. He was born in 1698, and died in 1775.

[4] Arthur Onslow, and his lady, Anne Bridges. Their only daughter, Anne, died on the 20th December this year.

[5] Probably Matthew Lamb, Esq. of Brockett Hall, created a baronet in 1755, father of the first Viscount Melbourne.

[6] Afterwards Lord Ligonier. He died in 1770, æt. ninety-one.

[7] Mary, born in 1743, married, in 1762, to Lord Charles Spencer, second son of the second Duke of Marlborough.

[8] See *infra*, p, 223.

[9] For the Prince of Orange, who died on the 11th of this month.

ing upon this occasion, and even have a bombazeen, though I suppose she will wear it but once; so that if she could beg, borrow, or steal, it would be worth her while. I beg you would order [1] Mrs. Peggy to employ her pen to answer this, unless you are well in the superlative degree; and likewise that she would let me know the state of her finances. I have not begun the waters, as you may know by this long letter. We are like to have great divisions about the mourning: some will go in to-morrow, some the Sunday after, and some not at all, because my lord marshal has sent no order. As to our parts, when we can we shall; but our trunks are not come as we expected, by tricks of the carriers; so we shall be reduced to keep house for want of necessaries.

I am, &c.

M. Vere.

All good wishes attend you from her ladyship and his lordship.

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[1] Probably Miss Power; see next letter.

MISS POWER TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[A relation of Lady Suffolk, and perhaps of Lady Vere; but I am not able to trace the relationship. I find in Lady Suffolk's papers the following character of this young lady, when she was recommending her as a fit attendant for the Princess Augusta: "Miss P. is very well tempered, of a "serious, religious turn, reads and writes remarkably well, "a fine workwoman, very handy, of a cheerful disposition, "but very modest; no gossip, has great taste, sensible, I "mean has *common sense*, and understands French." Lady Suffolk calls her her cousin. It seems that this young lady had at one time attracted the attention of Lord George Germaine, and their friends had some difficulty in preventing a union between them.]

Leicester House, Oct. 21, 1751.

MADAM,

THE very first minute I could call my own I sit down to write to your ladyship. Mrs. Robertson will tell you what my lodgings are, and how finished, that I need only say that it is quite a garret; but I cannot possibly think it small; it is very warm, comfortable, and decent, and many happy hours I hope to pass in it. I have affairs of greater consequence to communicate, therefore I shall leave this subject, and inform you of other particulars.

By eleven o'clock this morning I was with Mrs.

Pitt;[1] that I was not there sooner, was owing to a note she wrote to me in answer to a note of mine. The [2] princess came into the room where Mrs. Pitt and I waited, nobody with her but her children. She received me most graciously, and did me the honour to ask me many questions of your ladyship, Lord and Lady Vere, and Lady Betty (*Germaine.*) You will not expect, madam, that I should tell you how I answered and behaved, but I hope not extremely ill. When her royal highness retired, which was in a few minutes, I was presented to the [3] Lady Augusta. When that ceremony was over, the princess returned to the same room, and sat for her picture. She was pleased to talk to me again for some time, and then asked the Lady Augusta if she would not carry me into her apartment. I followed her royal highness and the [4] Princess Elizabeth into their dressing-room. My opinion was asked if I thought it pretty. I was then bid to sit, and the Lady Augusta asked me ten thousand questions. My answers, I think, were not imprudent, and very true; it

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[1] See *infra*, p. 232.

[2] The Princess of Wales, mother of George III.

[3] Eldest daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales. Born 1737, married to the Duke of Brunswick 1764, died in London 1810.

[4] Second daughter of Prince Frederick; born 1740, died 1759.

is impossible for me to tell you all, or indeed a quarter part of what she said. A basket of flowers was brought to the Lady Augusta, a present from [5] Prince George. She desired to know if I loved flowers: on my saying I did, she took out a very fine nosegay, and gave it to me. The whole of the behaviour of both my royal mistresses was extremely gracious. I must pass over a hundred things they said, or I shall not have time to finish the letter.

About half an hour after twelve the things were brought in by a person whom it seems is under me, but speaks like a lady of the bed-chamber. She has been about the Lady Augusta ever since she was born, and is greatly considered and indulged on that account. No Mademoiselle de Chaire appeared, so I hear we have waitings, but how, I have not yet found out.

The Lady Augusta said she would dress, and desired me not to be the least hurried or discomposed. I obeyed. She was pleased to say I performed mighty well. (I hear since she told the princess I was very adroit.) The Lady Elizabeth I had nothing more to do to than comb her head, and put on the same cap she wore before. You will easily believe I was glad when I had done. Innumerable questions were

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[5] George III.

again put to me, but in the most obliging manner in the world; among the rest, did I love birds? On my answering as I had before done on the flowers, parrots, parroquets, and a magpie were ordered to be brought in to their bedchamber—(I am to tell you they showed me all their rooms, which are three, a dressing-room, bedchamber, and closet for the Lady Augusta, and told me the history of the pictures)—this was the occasion of great mirth and entertainment for near an hour.

I must not omit telling you the Lady Augusta expressed great concern I was not better lodged, and wondered how I should be able to endure so bad a room as she feared mine was; asked if my servant was there to get my room aired, and proper for me to go into.

The Lady Elizabeth and I were together till three o'clock; then Mrs. Pitt entered, and desired to know if she might not take me with her to prayers, which were going to begin. We went into the outer room, and there [6] Miss Chudleigh, [7] Miss Dives, [8] Miss Moyston, and

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[6] The celebrated Miss Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston.

[7] Several ladies of this name had been maids of honour to the queen and princesses.

[8] Probably Miss Mostyn, younger daughter of Sir Thomas Mostyn, and sister of Essex Mostyn, wife of the Duke of Roxburgh.

Mrs. Jane, the bedchamber-woman, stood. They all came up to me, and wished me joy, and then we prayed. I went home with Mrs. Pitt immediately after prayers, dined and drank coffee, and then came the garden way back; found my toilette setting out, and my room in good order. Mrs. Graydon was the dresser of my toilette.

As soon as she was gone, I sat down to write to your ladyship, but had not written six lines before I was interrupted by company coming; and who should that be but Mrs. Pitt. She is most inexpressibly obliging to me. She sat near a quarter of an hour with me, commended my room and the furniture of it, desired me to give her compliments to you, and then departed. By Mrs. Pitt's discourse I am on a pretty high foot in this house. I will say more of that when I know more. I have had a message from Miss Goodrick; compliments, and she designs waiting on me very soon. Mrs. Pitt imagines every body, maids of honour, bed-chamber-women, &c. will come to see me.

I have written down every action and word of my own till this minute. I am alone, and therefore you must be told my thoughts. That I am very happy, and that I owe that happiness to you, I need not say; so that, as it must be very obvious, I shall put it aside, and next tell you I feel a satisfaction, a joy inexpressible.

When I look round, all that I see within this room is mine, and I cannot but feel grateful. And here I must leave my reflections and haste to the conclusion, or I shall not have finished this letter in time. Mademoiselle de Chaire has been to visit me; hopes to see me at her apartment; shall be happy if she can have an opportunity, or have it in her power to be of any service to me in any thing I may command her. Before she left me Miss Goodrick came in, was vastly my friend and humble servant too; hoped I would make use of her to assist me in any way she could. They both stayed with me till I was very heartily tired of them. My servant not at home, so I could not give them tea, and they robbed me of a very true pleasure; notwithstanding which I was, I hope, very civil to them; I am sure I meant to be so. They are both very, very, very fine ladies. I suppose they design to be intimate with me; but that must not be; but how I shall avoid it I do not know.

I have obeyed you in not regarding either form or style in my letter. Never was a command before of so strange a nature; it cannot be disobeyed, because I cannot express the sense I have of my obligations to you, or how very much I am, &c.

MARGARET POWER.

LADY VERE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. i. p. 316.]

Thursday, 1752.

I RECEIVED yours this morning, and can only say, if you had not been the best woman in the world this trouble could not have happened to you; and if you had not been the wisest woman in the world you could never have brought it to so happy a conclusion. May the fair [1] flower, that you have so carefully and prudently planted at Leicester House, live and bloom, ever remembering that it is to you she owes the every thing she enjoys in this life of happiness, and it will be her own fault if she does not take care to secure happiness in the next. I am very glad Lady Berkeley frighted her with the description of her room, because, by your description, she must think she is in a Paradise. She has not written to me since she was got home, nor indeed did I expect, after she sent word the hurry she was in; nor have I written to her, but I will now I am certain she is fixed. It is not Lady Betty (*Germaine*)'s fault that she had not her watch long ago: Captain Smith under-

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[1] Miss Power.

took it; but where he is recruiting nobody knows.

We are all in divisions here about celebrating the king's birth-day. Nash began a subscription for a dinner; one or two unknown signed, but this would not do; so yesterday a new book was produced, and the Duke of Somerset signed first, and now every body will think it right to follow him.

Lady Betty thinks herself in danger of being [2] *Barnarded* by a [3] son of Lord Chesterfield; and indeed I think nobody can blame her, as he has made such great court to her, and she has known him so long; for he invited her to his ball yesterday, and gave her his place at the play the day before, and that gave her a desire to know his name. He is just nineteen, very lively, and is going to Paris again, if Lady Betty does not make him sell his commission[4].

Lady Albemarle desires her best respects to you. She has seen one of the Lisles this morn-

[2] Lady Pembroke married (as we have seen, *ante*, p. 217) Major *Barnard*, within a few months after the death of her lord. Lady Vere hints that it would be scarce more surprising if Lady Betty (who had now been forty years a widow) should run away with young Stanhope.

[3] The son, who was the object of the celebrated Letters. This evidence of his being lively and agreeable is at variance with the ordinary stories of his dulness and awkwardness.

[4] As Lady Pembroke had made Major Barnard do.

ing, who says [5] Lady Margaret Herbert is perfectly well, and cured by Ward's drops. Lord Vere says the Duke of Burgundy's dry nurse is put into the Bastille for picking up a packet that was thrown into the child's cradle. She was poisoned and very ill by smelling it. Lord Vere says it is a very confused [6] story, but he expects a clear account of it from you. God bless you, and give you every thing that this world can afford to make you happy:—you are sure of the next.

M. Vere.

[5] Second daughter of the eighth Earl of Pembroke. The good effect was not very lasting, for she died in this year.

[6] So it was at first; but it eventually appeared that a Madame Sauvé, one of the attendants on the Duke of Burgundy, an *intrigante,* desirous of attracting notice by extraordinary zeal, one day reported to the Duchess of Tallard, the governess of the infant prince, that in the crowd admitted to see the child, she had seen an unknown person throw into the cradle a parcel, which she produced. The parcel contained powders, and were of course suspected to be poison; but on examination they were found perfectly innocuous; and on further inquiry the woman's fraud and its object were put beyond doubt. She was thrown into the Bastille, where she remained many years.

MRS. ANNE PITT TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Anne Pitt was the eldest of five daughters of Robert Pitt, Esq. of Boconnoc, eldest son of Governor Pitt. She was maid of honour to Queen Caroline, and subsequently privy purse to the Princess-dowager of Wales. She was remarkable in society, even to old age, for a great decision of character and sprightliness of conversation, and her *bons-mots* were celebrated. There are many of her letters in the collection, of which a few have been selected for publication, though it is to be feared that they will not answer the expectation which the tradition of her talents and agreeability may have excited. She died at her house in Pitt Place, Kensington Gravel-pits, on the 9th of Feb. 1780.]

Sens, July 10, [1757.]

DEAR LADY SUFFOLK,

I DESIRED Mr. de la Porte to write to you the first day he came to me, which was the first day I began to conceive any hopes of ever seeing you or any body I loved again. I find he made a mistake between what I desired him to say to you and to my [1] Lady Cardigan, and thanked you for a letter I had received from her, while I could not even answer my brother's, and while he continued as he began, as soon as the king had put him in the [2] place he is in, by

[1] See *ante*, p. 184

[2] Secretary of state.

giving me the strongest and the tenderest proofs of his affection. [3] Lady Hester's behaviour has been upon that occasion, and upon every other since her marriage, beyond what I can give you any notion of, but by her own letters, which I have kept, and will show you, and which have given me a most sincere esteem and friendship for her. But I was so sunk, and my mind so overcome with all I have suffered, and I was so mortified and so distressed, that I do not believe any thing in the world could have made it possible for me to get out of this country, but my brother's sending a friend to my assistance, and choosing so proper a person as Mr. de la Porte is in all respects. He has known me and my family for about thirty years, from having been my [4] Lord Stanhope's governor: he gives me the satisfaction of talking to me of some of my friends, though he told me, to my great mortification, that he had not the honour to know you, and could not answer any one of the hundred questions I wanted to ask about you, neither could he tell me how Mrs. [5] Herbert did.

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[3] Hester, only daughter of Richard Grenville, by the Countess of Temple, married Mr. Pitt in Oct. 1754.

[4] Philip, second Earl Stanhope, son of Lucy Pitt, the writer's sister.

[5] See vol. i. p. 77.

I thank God most heartily, my dear Lady Suffolk, that I am at last coming home to you, and to some such relations and friends as nobody ever had. I put myself in motion as soon as it was possible, but was obliged to make seven days from Lyons to Sens, where I came very much fatigued, and even with a little fever, which I did not want, and was too happy to stop in Mad. de Villette's[6] house, where I found every sort of comfort with her, and every help I wanted from her physician, who has restored her to what one may call health, from the worst and the longest illness I ever saw any woman suffer from the same cause that I have imputed mine to for two years past. What misery I should have saved myself, my dear Lady Suffolk, and what a torment to my friends, if I had followed your advice and my own strong inclination long ago! But it was not to be, and I was to go through all the pain of body and mind that I have suffered, to feel how weak my mind is, and to prove the virtue and goodness of my friends, particularly of my brother, who has always seemed to guess and understand all I felt of every kind, and has carried his delicacy so far as never once to put me in mind of what I felt more strongly than any other part of my

[6] Probably a relation of the second Lady Bolingbroke. See *ante*, p. 152.

misfortune, which was, how very disagreeable and embarrassing it must be to him to have me in France[7]. You may believe I will be out of it the first minute that is possible, as I am much the better for the five days I have passed here. I would not stop a day at Paris, if it was not absolutely necessary, that we may settle how and where we are to embark. Mad. de Villette tells me very confusedly a piece of news which I am sure I am sorry for, which is, that Mr. [8]Chetwynd has lost one of his daughters, and is under the greatest affliction. If this is so, I hope he is not far from you, and I beg you will tell him every thing from me that you know to be true. I wish I could hope to find all my friends well and happy. I long to know how you do, and how Mrs. Herbert does; and I long most heartily, my dear Lady Suffolk, to tell you once more by word of mouth how faithfully and affectionately

I am yours,

A. Pitt.

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[7] During the war which Pitt was pressing against France with so much vigour and success.

[8] See *ante*, p. 152.

THE EARL OF BUCKINGHAM TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[In 1756, Lady Suffolk's nephew, whom we have hitherto known as Master or Mr. Hobart, became, on the death of his father, Earl of Buckinghamshire. He always signed and called himself Buckingham.]

Blickling, Aug. 30, 1757.

DEAR MADAM,

THE [1] *birth-day* is over, the company withdrawn, the black caps bandboxed, and the azure aprons folded, there to remain till fresh cause of emulation shall drag their beauties forth. Mrs. Hobart set out in her first sleep yesterday morning about eight o'clock. Poor [2] George passed the few hours he was in bed between two fires; for I had lodged the fair Argentina in the next room to his nuptial bower. *The three* were here more brilliant than ever; particularly the eldest: he walked through the ball-room conscious of his worth, the fair tulips upon either bank fading or blooming as he occasionally varied his preference. Upon the whole,

[1] All this alludes to some family circumstances not now remembered.

[2] George, his brother and successor, who married in May, 1757, Albinia, daughter and co-heir of Lord Vere Bertie.

the day passed off extremely well; the ladies judiciously squeezing just lemon enough into the negus to prevent it from being *fade*.

Mrs. Fraigneau has not been very well; between ham-toast, venison-pasty, Daffy's elixir, and affectation, she has met with that calamity which fine women who never breed are hourly liable to.

Many thanks for your obliging letter. All our compliments to the young couple.

Your most affectionate nephew,
BUCKINGHAM.

MRS. PITT TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[*Ante*, p. 232.]

Spa, Sept. 5, [1757.]

MY DEAR LADY SUFFOLK,

THE letter I wrote yesterday brought me good luck; for I received yours of the 14th of August this morning. What a length of time to receive news from those one loves! but, however, I now know that three weeks ago your health was tolerable, though far from being as I wish it. I am heartily glad of what you tell me of Mrs. Herbert's health, which has

given me a great deal of pain since I saw her. I am very much obliged to all the persons you tell me are so good to think of me, and to wish me well; and as to others, I promise you not to think of them. If I knew any thing that would make me tolerably easy in mind and body, I would do it at any rate; and when I come to any resolution I will let you know it.

I never heard of any thing so sudden as my [1] Lord Middleton's distress; but surely it cannot be beyond retrieve with such an estate. I pity [2] Mrs. Selwyn very much, as I know nobody who has suffered more misfortunes within a few years.

I have taken another bath this morning; which I mention by way of telling you the best of myself, which is, that by my being able to bear it as I do, I must have gained infinitely as to my strength. But I must lose it again if I go on in the way I am in at present. I am perplexed and embarrassed to know what to do; but I will leave the decision entirely to my doctor, and, as Mr. de Mirepoix is to be here

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[1] George, third Viscount Middleton, born 1730, married Albinia Townsend, sister to the first Lord Sydney of that family.

[2] Mary Farrington, wife of Col. John Selwyn, of Matson, mother of Mrs. Townsend, and of the celebrated George Selwyn, and grandmother of Lady Middleton. See vol. i. p. 278.

soon, I shall expect great comfort and assistance from him whether I stay here or remove.

A. P.

THE EARL OF BUCKINGHAM TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Sept. 1757.

DEAR MADAM,

If the partridge-pie gives you as much pleasure as your letter did to me, it will be the best pie that ever was tasted. You do not indeed mention any thing of your health; but there is a cheerfulness in your style which induces me to flatter myself that you are very well.

Torre del Pazzo (for such we now find by authentic records to be the ancient name of the building lately discovered at Blickling,) was erected by William I. of the Norman line, and as a residence for an Italian of remarkable wit and humour, who used by his sallies to enliven the dull, gloomy disposition of his barbarous court. He gave him also divers manors in the pleasant vale that leads from Aylsham to Yarmouth. The king then married him to a maid of honour, a young lady of great spirit and facetiousness—(maids of honour are still the same)—who brought him a numerous issue, sold all his manors, and broke his heart. His indigent children

were squandered in various parts of Europe, and from them are descended all the Harlequins, Pierrots, Columbines, &c. who so much contribute to the diversion and improvement of the present age. Torre del Pazzo, which was the name he gave his habitation, signifies, in Italian, the Fool's or Madman's Tower. I need not tell your ladyship, that, after passing through various families, some of the manors, and the whole tower, are in my possession. It gives me great concern that it is not in my power to follow exactly the footsteps of the illustrious first proprietor. I may indeed, by singular good fortune, find a maid of honour who will condescend to sell my manors and break my heart; but I have too just an opinion of the measure of my own understanding not to be sensible, that if she produces Harlequins or Pierrots, it must be by another father.

Make my compliments to the young lady[1] *(Miss Hotham)*. Let me hear from you when you can, and believe me

Your most affectionate nephew,

BUCKINGHAM.

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[1] Lady Dorothy Hobart married in 1752 Col. Charles Hotham, who afterwards succeeded to the baronetage, and took the name of Thompson. They had an only daughter, whom Lady Suffolk adopted, and educated, (as she had done her mother.) Miss Hotham was probably born in 1753, and died unmarried in 1816.

THE EARL OF BUCKINGHAM TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[1757.]

DEAR MADAM,

It was not my intention to have troubled you with a letter this post; but as I know it will give you particular pleasure to hear that my regularity and good conduct operate sensibly upon my servants, I have deferred writing upon disagreeable business, that I may have leisure to acquaint you with an event that has lately happened in this family.

Your ladyship must be fully sensible, from what you heard during your short stay at Blickling, of the disorderly inclinations of poor [1]Pauquet. His passions increased as the fruit ripened; nor did they subside, as I flattered myself they would, upon the approach of winter. The frequent complaints of insulted modesty and terrified virgins made it necessary for me, about a week ago, to represent to him in the strongest manner the impropriety, immorality, and danger of such proceedings. It hurt me to see that the latter affected him most.

Upon my return last Friday from Norwich, I received a letter from a lady in the neighbour-

[1] His lordship's French valet-de-chambre.

hood, with one inclosed, which had been addressed by Mr. Pauquet to her. In this, after the due encomiums upon the beauties of her person, the elegance of her mind, and the strongest assurances of the most violent passion, disinterested tenderness, &c. &c. &c. he lays himself and talents at her feet; offering to pass his days with her in that holy state in which *he* assures her it is only possible for man and woman to be truly happy. The lady is by no means his superior in birth, but happens unfortunately to be possessed of near three thousand pounds; and therefore, looking down upon Pauquet from the height of her riches, complains to me of his "*intolerible insulance, prisumshon, and unpairallil cunfitence*," and insists upon a "*ripermand*." I have answered in a most respectful manner, allow his error, but approve his flame; in short, make that kind of excuse for him which a good-natured woman will receive as an apology for almost any thing. The future progress of this affair shall be laid before you. In the mean time, we are all alone, very well, and most truly and affectionately

Yours,

Buckingham.

My sister's ⋈ mark.

Our compliments to Miss—tout court!

MRS. ANNE PITT TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. i. p. 232.]

Clifton, June 22, [1758.]

DEAR LADY SUFFOLK,

I HAVE had the pleasure of hearing of you from a friend of mine who had had a conversation with you at Marble Hill, and who, I hope, will have more. I had a mind to conclude by his letter that you was well, though he does not expressly say it, and I wish I was sure of it. [1] Mrs. Carteret was so sorry for the last account you wrote of yourself, that she finds time to be uneasy about you till she hears a better. I begin to be more in pain for them than ever, and do not know what to think of my [2] Lady Hotham; for though she has had no fever for several days, and has hardly any cough or spitting, she has an entire loss of appetite, and grows weaker, and looks worse. Her surgeon told me yesterday, that he should be very uneasy

[1] Probably Bridget Carteret, so long maid of honour to Queen Caroline.

[2] Probably Frances Thompson, wife of Sir Beaumont Hotham, the seventh baronet, and mother of Lady Dorothy Hotham's husband, who was afterwards the eighth baronet.

if she did not grow better, and I will tell you before I seal my letter how she is to-day.

I think I am better in some respects; but as nobody thinks a long course of these waters would be good for me, I shall get to Tunbridge as soon as I can. I propose leaving this place next week; but as I have some complaints that are not convenient for a courtier, such as pains in my limbs and swellings in my legs, I shall try bathing a few days at the Bath, rather than Buxton, which my brother advised me to since I have been here; as thinking, what I believe to be true, that my disorders come from a want of perspiration. But I hope Tunbridge will do me good; and if it does, I shall be glad to try one winter with my friends in England before I go abroad again. But it is impossible for me to take any resolution till I see the effect of Tunbridge; and if the baths do not agree with me, I shall be there early in July.

They have just sent me word my Lady Hotham has had a pretty good night, and is pretty well this morning; but I shall know more of her in the afternoon. I hope you like the person who had the honour to wait upon you, as you seem to have gained his heart very much. I wish you may be my Lady [3] Huntingdon's rival; as Lady

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[3] Lady Selina Shirley, second daughter of the second Earl

Gertrude [4] Hotham told me you talked a little scandal to her. Mrs. Grinfield inquired after you; she has taken a little house at Bristol, and seems very happy. I found no acquaintance here, and have made none, except [5] Miss Talbot, and [6] Miss Carter, who is a sort of learned woman that I think poor Lady Margaret [7] Herbert would have liked; she is as good-humoured and unaffected as she was, though she happens to be one of the greatest scholars and one of the greatest geniuses in England. I beg you only to send me word how you do; and for fear it should miss me, the safest would be to direct to

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Ferrars, married, in 1728, to Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon. Her enthusiastic patronage of the methodists is well known. She died in 1791, æt. 87.

[4] Lady Gertrude Stanhope, the eldest sister of Lord Chesterfield, married, in 1724, Sir Charles Hotham, the fifth baronet, and was the mother of Sir Charles, the sixth, and Sir Beaumont, the seventh baronets.

[5] Catherine, posthumous and only child of Edward, next brother to Lord Chancellor Talbot. She was born in 1720, and died in 1770. Her friendship with Miss Elizabeth Carter is well known, and a collection of their letters has been lately published.

[6] Miss Carter was born in 1717, and lived till 1806. Her long life was sweetened and adorned by learning and by piety, —by the friendship of those who approached her, and the respect of the world at large.

[7] See *ante*, p. 230.

me at [8] Lady Lucy Stanhope's, in the Circus, at Bath.

I am, dear Lady Suffolk, &c.

A. Pitt.

I have seen Mrs. Carteret, who desires her compliments to you. My Lady Hotham is weaker to-day; which I think very bad, though there is no change for the worse in other respects.

MRS. ANNE PITT TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Bath, Aug. 19, [1758.]

MY DEAR LADY SUFFOLK,

I am ashamed to think that I have been here a week, and have not yet found time to write the card you ordered me to send you; but I have been in such a hurry of diversions, with pumping my arm and a knee which I had forgot to speak of, that I have only had time to rest and do nothing. I do not feel clever, not even so much so as when you saw me; but I am not ill, and I do not know what to think of what Dr. Oliver says. He came to see me as an old

[8] Twin-sister of the second Earl Stanhope, born 1714.

acquaintance, and tells Lady[1] Lucy Stanhope and Mrs.[2] Trevor, whom we are very happy to find here, that he is very sure I am gouty, and should have the gout. He has a mind to make me drink the Cross-Bath water; for which reason, though I have a very good opinion of him, I will not consult him as a physician till I have followed Dr. Shaw's advice, and tried Bristol. But I must stay here a week longer than I designed; because I find it impossible to bear the fatigue of pumping every day, and I have at present some days' holidays, which I hope will do me more good than any thing.

I am heartily pleased with the public [3]news: God grant that it may continue to be good, especially from [4]Prince Ferdinand, for the sake of a person whose health and prosperity I wish more than I shall ever tell him. My dear Lady Suffolk, be so good as to send us word *with truth* that you are perfectly well. My sister has assured me that she likes you full as well as Marble Hill; but for fear you should take it ill, I will assure you with truth that she admires Marble Hill as much as your ladyship does. I beg my

[1] See *ante*, p. 246.

[2] Perhaps Constantia de Huybert, wife of Mr. Robert Trevor, afterwards first Viscount Hampden.

[3] The account of the capture of Louisbourgh had arrived the day before.

[4] Now commanding the allies in Flanders.

respects to [5] Miss Hotham, and my love to old [6] Aza. But I had rather you would forget both these messages than to forget my most sincere compliments to Lady [7] Gertrude (*Hotham*) and Mrs. Carteret. I have a mind, though it is a little out of season, to wish them all joy of the marriage; for, upon my word, my joy is not yet over since I heard it; and I desire Lady Gertrude may be told that I had a very great share in my Lady (*Dorothy*) Hotham's education: for I am sure I told her once of a drawing-master, and I believe she improved him as well as herself.

I will tell you in my next card how very pretty the Circus is.

MRS. ANNE PITT TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Bristol, Aug. 26, [1758.]

MY DEAR LADY SUFFOLK,

As I found it impossible to bear the fatigue of pumping with the disadvantage of the hot weather, I am come here, where I find the weather cold enough, and have got a little

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5 See *ante*, p. 240.

6 Lady Suffolk's dog.

7 See *ante*, p. 245.

cold, which makes me not quite so well as I was upon the taking of Louisbourgh. As I felt a most hearty joy upon the occasion, I hope you will approve, and even applaud, my having given some demonstrations of it. As my brother has a great many friends at the Bath, I employed one to ask Mr. Mayor if he would approve of my indulging myself in doing what little I could to add to the public rejoicings for the success of his majesty's arms. He sent me word he should take it as a compliment. So I ordered a bonfire, so placed as to be sure no bonfire ever was for the beauty, upon a rising ground before the Circus (where my brother's house is), ten hogsheads of strong beer round it, which drew all the company I could desire, and enabled them to sing "God bless great George our king" with very good success, with the help of all the music I could get in the Circus. The whole town was illuminated; which, as it is the prettiest in the world, was the gayest thing I ever saw.

I am in love with the place, and have quite set my heart upon making it my home; especially since I have seen a house made on purpose for me, built by Mrs. [1] Trevor, next door to

[1] See *ante*, p. 247.

her and Lady Lucy and Lady Jane[2] Stanhope, and next door but one to my brother's in the Circus; which is, as far as it is finished, the most perfectly fine building I ever saw, in the prettiest situation. Add to this, that Dr. Oliver would have me try Bath water, and thinks it is my right to have the gout. My design is to pass a month at least here, and after that to pump and do whatever they please at the Bath till the king's birth-day, where I am determined to go and pay my duty, if I am able. Then, after the princess's birth-day, and the commands her royal highness may have for me at Christmas, I will endeavour to obtain her leave to return to the Bath. This is what I wish you may approve, and say you approve, especially as my gown is very fine. I know nothing of the company at the Well, as we are lodged upon College Green, where I beg you will direct to me, *at Mrs. Banfield's*, and indulge my vanity by adding my title of Privy-purse to the Princess.

I hope to hear from you soon, and am, &c.

A. Pitt.

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[2] Youngest daughter, born in 1719, of the first Earl Stanhope.

MRS. ANNE PITT TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Friday, Nov. 10, [1758.]

DEAR LADY SUFFOLK,

THE affair of this [1] day has quite settled me; for I have had such a sickness in my stomach ever since Wednesday, and such pretty consequences, that, though I am quiet this morning, and more relieved than weakened by my operations, I could not bear the fatigue of dressing, and much less of going to the crowded rooms, where I have never once been: pray remember that. My zeal about my new gown came partly from its being the only one I shall have for the winter; and though it is not remarkably fine, it is too much for a volunteer; but I hope I shall have better luck at the princess's birth-day. My Lord Chesterfield is going, I think, much better than he came. I hear my [2] Lord Bath is here very lively, but I have not seen him, which I am very sorry for, because I want to offer myself to him. I am quite in earnest, and have set my heart upon it; so I beg seriously you will carry it in your mind, and think if you could find any way to help me. Do not you think Lady Betty (*Germaine*) and

[1] George the Second's birth-day. [2] See vol. i. p. 200.

Lord and Lady Vere would be ready to help me if they knew how willing I am? But I leave all this to your discretion, and repeat seriously that I am quite in [3]earnest. He can want nothing but a companion that would like his company; and in my situation I should not desire to make the bargain without that circumstance. And though all I have been saying puts me in mind of some advertisements I have seen in the newspaper from gentlewomen in distress, I will not take that method; but I want to recollect whether you did not once tell me, as I think you did many years ago, that he once spoke so well of me that he got anger for it at home, where I never was a favourite.

I perceive that by thinking aloud, as I am apt to do with you, this letter is grown very improper for the post; so I design to send it with a tea box my sister left and does not want, directed to your house. I know nothing of the person I talked so much to you about, nor do not often think about them: what is more important and nearer to me is perfectly as I could wish. If I had not happened to be sick, I should have been very much pleased with an express that was sent me to give me a commission that I liked to execute, because it re-

[3] This seems a very strange asseveration of seriousness in such a proposition. Lord Bath was at this time about seventy.

lates to a person I am obliged to, and have a regard for; it is my L(*ady*) [4] Y(*armouth*), who desires me, by my brother, to explain a very disagreeable mistake which has been made in France about a very fond letter, and mighty improper as to politics, which Lady Betty Waldegrave [5] wrote to her husband unsigned. And having desired the answer might be directed to my Lady Y.'s lodging, they concluded very absurdly the letter came from her; and as it was intercepted, it was translated, shown, and commented very impertinently. If this is not public, I need not tell you it should not come from me; as indeed I make it a rule never to tell any thing to any body but you: and I tell you this only because I liked to be applied to. And though I was pretty sick, and in my bed when I wrote my letters, I must own I liked them pretty well, and wish my brother may like them as well. I hope I shall have an opportunity of sending this before it grows longer—it cannot go before it is long.

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[4] Amelia Sophia de Walmoden, mistress of Geo. II., created Countess of Yarmouth in 1739.

[5] Elizabeth Gower, fifth daughter of J. Earl Gower, and wife of General John, afterwards third Earl of Waldegrave.

MR. HORACE WALPOLE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Of Horace Walpole, last Earl of Orford of his branch, and to whom such frequent allusion has been made in the preceding pages, it is unnecessary to say more, than that by the contiguity of his villa of Strawberry Hill to Marble Hill, he became intimate with Lady Suffolk; and notwithstanding that she and his father had been of opposite factions in court, they soon formed a strict friendship; and to this intimacy are chiefly owing Walpole's Reminiscences, which, although often inaccurate in details, is one of the most agreeable specimens of anecdotical writing to be found in any language. He was born in 1720. His birth was premature, and he was all his life a very slight, feeble, and unmanly figure. He died in 1797. The late publication of his Memoirs has lowered his reputation for candour, disinterestedness, and truth; and they have, by their undisguised and undeniable falsehood and malice, excited a strong impression against the accuracy of his other anecdotical works. His letters too, which are charming in their style and topics, are unhappily tinctured with the same readiness to sacrifice truth to either prejudice or pleasantry.]

Friday night. [April, 1761.]

We are more successful, madam, than I could flatter myself we should be. [1] Mr. Conway (and

[1] General Henry Seymour Conway, afterwards field-marshal; brother of the first Marquis of Hertford, and cousin of Horace Walpole. He sat in the twelfth parliament of Great Britain for Thetford.

I need say no more) has negotiated so well, that the Duke of Grafton is disposed to bring [2] Mr. Beauclerk in for Thetford. It will be expected, I believe, that Lord Vere should resign Windsor in a handsome manner to the Duke of Cumberland. It must be your ladyship's part to prepare this, which I hope will be the means of putting an end to these unhappy differences. My only fear now is, lest the duke should have promised the Lodge. Mr. Conway writes to [3] Lord Albemarle, who is yet at Windsor, to prevent this, if not already done, till the rest is ready to be notified to the Duke of Cumberland. Your ladyship's good sense and good heart make it unnecessary for me to say more.

I am, &c.
HOR. WALPOLE.

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[2] The Honourable Aubrey Beauclerk, afterwards Duke of St. Alban's, son of Lord Vere. He was elected for Thetford Lady Suffolk's interest in this matter arose from her friendship for Lady Vere, Mr. Beauclerk's mother.

[3] His lordship's son, Captain (afterwards Admiral and Lord) Keppel, was elected for Windsor.

LADY SUFFOLK TO LADY BUTE.

[Aug. 1761.]

Lady Suffolk presents her compliments to Lady Bute, and is very sorry to give her the trouble of this note after her ladyship's letter, which she some time since received and acknowledged, had put Lady Suffolk's mind then at ease in regard to [1]Mrs. Chetwynd, and both she and her father seemed quite happy when she communicated the contents to them. But she has just heard Lady Bute did Mrs. Chetwynd the honour to call on her, and informed her that the place of sempstress and laundress would not admit of her going into the drawing-room. This is a very mortifying circumstance and distress to her, and is really a very, very great mortification to Lady Suffolk, who knows when any new rules are made at court it becomes a duty to all those concerned to obey

[1] Deborah Chetwynd, daughter of William, afterwards third Viscount Chetwynd; she had the office of king's sempstress, and by a very intelligible etiquette, ladies holding that menial office were not allowed to appear at court. Miss Chetwynd, naturally enough, was anxious to combine the honours of her birth with the profits of her employment; and Lady Suffolk's friendship for her father induced her to make every effort to accomplish her wishes.

them without a murmur. This makes Lady Suffolk wish she had known the nature of this place before the [2] D. of M. had notified it to Mrs. Chetwynd. But now the only favour Lady Suffolk can ask of Lady Bute is that she will give one quarter of an hour (though perhaps this may be unreasonable when every moment of her time is so precious,) to consider poor Mrs. Chetwynd's [3] former situation and her present, and tell Lady Suffolk whether she really thinks she can accept the honour so circumstanced, or should decline it: if her opinion is for the latter, in what manner it can be done that will mark the greatest duty, respect, and gratitude for the honour his majesty designed her. If Lady Bute thinks she ought to accept it, Lady Suffolk thinks so highly of her ladyship's judgment that it will convince her of what she must confess at present she has no notion of.

Lady Suffolk would have waited on Lady Bute to receive her commands, but was afraid of being more troublesome, and is very much ashamed of that she has already given her ladyship.

[2] Probably Robert, third Duke of Manchester, lord chamberlain to Queen Charlotte.

[3] It seems that Miss Chetwynd had obtained, as a special favour from Geo. II., that her office as sempstress should not prevent her being received at court.

COUNTESS OF BUTE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Mary, daughter of Mr. and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, created in 1761 Barouess Mount Stuart in her own right: she survived Lord Bute, and died in Nov. 1794.]

London, Aug. 6, 1761.

DEAR MADAM,

I AM extremely sorry to find Mrs. Chetwynd's situation is a subject of so much mortification; but must beg you to remember whether even the king's laundress and sempstress usually appeared at court before Mrs. Chetwynd had those offices to the late king. If they did, the present royal family have been misinformed, who looked upon her being in the drawing-room as a particular favour to herself; and the king having upon his accession refused that privilege to his own sempstress, Mrs. Goodrich, it was impossible to make a word of reply when he proposed the queen's being on the same footing. I may perhaps have done wrong, but I imagined that upon the whole, as it must be a considerable saving of expense, and that Mrs. Chetwynd is not of a time of life to be fond of the amusement of a court, that a more comfortable subsistence would balance to her the lesser evil, as her birth is such as gives her an unquestionable admittance into the best com-

pany, nor can she ever want the appearance at court as a means of introduction into the world. I explained to your ladyship some time ago my thoughts with regard to her having a higher place, and have meant to do her all the service I could. I own I shall therefore be sorry if she thinks herself obliged to resign her employment.

I am infinitely obliged to dear Lady Suffolk for the trouble she has taken in instructing Mrs. [1] Pritchard, and should have come to Marble Hill to thank you, but really my hurry on different accounts has been so great, that it has not been possible for me. I cannot help communicating to you, as a friend to me and mine, Lady Mary's good fortune (which I must beg you not to mention) in finding a [2] man of 30,000*l.* a year, as much in love and solicitous to gain her heart as if he were a half-pay officer, and seems to think himself honoured in her acceptance of his offer. I hope this will find you, dear madam, enjoying all the pleasure of the fine weather, and am ever

Your most faithful and obedient,

M. W. Bute.

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[1] This perhaps alludes to a memorandum drawn up by Lady Suffolk relative to the ceremonies of the coronation of a queen. See *infra*, p. 262.

[2] Sir James Lowther, afterward Earl of Lonsdale, married in Sept. 1761, Lady Mary, the elder daughter of Lord Bute. Her ladyship is still alive.

Lady Betty and [3] Mr. Mackenzie are landed, and we expect them in town to-morrow.

MRS. CHETWYND TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. ii. p. 256.]

Dover Street, August 8th, 1761.

DEAR MADAM,

After all the trouble I have given you, must not your ladyship look upon me to be very unreasonable, in making this addition to it? but I hope you will forgive me, if for once I let selfishness get the better of delicacy. In an affair of so much consequence to me as (probably) an establishment for life, can I avoid not only to consult the person whose friendship I have had so many proofs of, and upon whom I can so entirely depend, but also to entreat your ladyship to be so good to terminate this affair for me in the manner you

[3] James Stuart, brother to Lord Bute, who assumed his great-grandfather's name of M'Kenzie, and succeeded to his estate. (See *infra*, p. 272.) He married Lady Betty Campbell, one of the daughters and co-heirs of John Duke of Argyll: he died in 1800, and she in 1799, without issue.

most approve; for such is my deference for your opinion, that you may be assured I shall think myself happy, let your decision be that I am to live in a court or out of it.

Your ladyship having informed me how much I owe to Lady Bute on this occasion, I must beg the favour of you to make my proper acknowledgments when you have an opportunity. My abilities are very small, but such as they are, I should be happy to employ them for her service, being sensible of the gratitude I owe her; and I will hope (if I have the honour to serve the queen) my attention to my duty will secure to me the honour of her protection. In recollecting the contents of her ladyship's letter, which you were so good to read to me, wherein she seems to think my being admitted into the drawing-room was a particular favour done to me by the late king, I think it necessary to state the fact, which stands thus. Upon being appointed sempstress, &c. the question was asked, whether I was to have the honour of being presented to his majesty in the drawing-room. The answer made was, most undoubtedly; since I was upon a footing of going to court before I was in employment, that an acceptance thereof could not deprive me of an honour I was by birth entitled to; and if I may be allowed to speak from *information*, several of my predecessors have gone to court; but

precedents, I imagine, are no longer in point, after what has been alleged concerning new regulations made by his present majesty.

My father desires his respects to your ladyship. His knee mends very slowly.

I have the honour, &c.

D. Chetwynd.

MEMORANDUM BY LADY SUFFOLK

OF THE CEREMONIES OBSERVED AT THE CORONATION OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

[The following paper was, no doubt, drawn up (probably at Lady Bute's request, see *ante*, p. 259,) to serve as a guide at the coronation of Queen Charlotte in Sept. 1761.]

At the late queen's coronation the Duchess of Dorset was mistress of the robes; but Mrs. Howard, bedchamber-woman, having had all things belonging to that office for many years under her care, received her majesty's commands to provide every thing proper for her majesty's dress for the coronation, and to inquire into all particulars necessary for the queen to know. Upon inquiry into the different offices, she received information that the mistress of the robes was the only person in whose name

demands were to be made, and all answers were to be directed to her; upon which Mrs. Howard told this to the Duchess of Dorset, who desired her to write in her (the Duchess's) name, and to receive all answers. All that follows may be taken as done by the mistress of the robes.

Upon inquiry where her majesty should be dressed, it was answered, at Westminster. Immediately the earl marshal delivered up a room of his, very convenient for the purpose; and on the morning before the coronation all her majesty's robes and jewels were carried to that room under a guard. The page of the robes staid there all night with a proper guard, which was asked of the officer on duty there. By particular orders there was a small handkerchief (but it has another [1] name,) provided.

The night before the coronation the queen's order to all her servants, except the bedchamber-woman, was to be at Westminster in the places assigned them, at the hour appointed for their summons; and at a little after seven o'clock the next morning her majesty, being in an undress, but every thing new, went into her chair (not a state one) with the curtains drawn; her lord chamberlain in a hackney chair before, her majesty and Mrs. Howard in hers

[1] It is called a coif, and is put over the sovereign's head after the anointing.

behind; and particular care was taken that it should not be suspected when her majesty passed the Park.

As soon as her majesty got to Westminster, Mrs. Howard dressed her, assisted only by those who belonged to the office. Mrs. Herbert, the other bedchamber-woman, came in, but being in her full dress, could not assist. As soon as the queen came into the room where the peeresses were assembled, from that time the Duchess of Dorset assisted as mistress of the robes. She walked alone immediately after the queen; and when the service of the church was over, and the queen was to be crowned and anointed, the four ladies were called to the pall;* and the mistress of the robes then advanced on the right side of the pall, the bedchamber-woman on the left, to be ready to take off the circle, and open the queen's tucker, that the bishop might crown and anoint her majesty, and to be ready to close the tucker, and pin on the crown. There is a little [2] handkerchief which the bedchamber-woman in waiting gives to the mistress of the robes, to wipe off any oil that might fall upon the face. The queen retires into St. Edward's chapel, to offer her crown, and then the mistress of the robes, assisted by the bedchamber-women, pin on the fine crown appointed for her majesty.

[2] The same before mentioned.

After dinner the queen retired into the room in which she had been dressed, and there was undressed, and every thing was left there for that night, guarded as they had been the night before. Her majesty went back to St. James's in private.

THE EARL OF MANSFIELD TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[William Murray, deservedly called the great Lord Mansfield. He was the fourth son of David, Earl of Stormont. He was called to the bar in 1732; in 1738 he married Lady Elizabeth Finch, the daughter of Lord Winchelsea; in 1741 he was appointed solicitor-general; in 1754 attorney-general; and in 1756 he succeeded Sir Dudley Ryder as chief justice of England, and was created a peer. He retired in 1788 from his high office, which he had filled with an ability and splendour which surpassed his predecessors, and has not been since approached. He died on the 20th of March, 1793, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

The following letter has nothing characteristic or peculiar; but as Lord Mansfield's letters are rare, it has been thought right to preserve even the otherwise insignificant remains of so eminent a man.

Kenwood, Sept. 16, 1761.

MADAM,

I AM extremely flattered by the honour of an application from your ladyship, and the very polite and obliging manner in which it

is made. I remember Marble Hill with great pleasure, and have ever thought of your ladyship with high esteem. I know nothing of the prospect of a vacancy of the mastership of the Charter House but by your ladyship's letter. I do not know who may have had grounds of expectation given them, or may be candidates, or may be thought of as proper without being candidates. Upon such occasions my vote never is previously engaged, because I consider it as a trust to do the best I can under all the circumstances at the time. Upon whomsoever the choice shall fall, I hope the election will be unanimous. But it will be a particular pleasure to me, and, I am persuaded, to many of the governors, if it should light upon one espoused by your ladyship and Lady Betty Germaine; and I do assure you, that circumstance will lay a bias upon my mind. I hope your ladyship will do me the justice to believe that I have always held this conduct upon such occasions, and shall ever, because I think it right in the execution of a trust. There are many who can tell your ladyship that I did so upon the two late elections of Dr. Radcliffe's fellows, and by that means contributed, in some measure, to make the first election almost, and the other entirely, unanimous. I am no stranger to Dr. Morton's character, which gives him fair pretensions to put in. I have no difficulty to

convey your ladyship's request to the Duke of Newcastle; but I shall not see him for some days, and I should think you will judge it right that an application should be made to his grace *directly*.

I have the honour to be, &c.

MANSFIELD.

RIGHT HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Charles, second son of the third Viscount Townshend, and of Audrey Harrison, celebrated for her wit and eccentricities; in both of which her son surpassed her. Charles Townshend was born in 1725, came into parliament in 1747, and for twenty years astonished that assembly with the extent and irregularity of his talents. He was successively a lord of trade and of the admiralty, secretary at war, president of the board of trade, paymaster, and finally, in 1766, chancellor of the exchequer, in which office he died in Sept. 1767. Although we learn from Walpole that Mr. Townshend was a correspondent of Lady Suffolk's, yet nothing of his has been found but the following insignificant letter, which is inserted for the same reason that an insignificant letter of Lord Mansfield's has been preserved.]

War Office, Feb. 22, 1762.

MADAM,

I HAVE long waited with some impatience for an opportunity of promoting Major Stuart, in some degree from my knowledge of his character both in life and service, but in a

still greater degree from the desire I have and ever shall have of manifesting to your ladyship, by my voluntary assistance of Major Stuart, the high regard and great personal respect I bear to yourself. That opportunity has now happened, and his majesty was this day pleased, at my request, to make Major Stuart the lieutenant-colonel of Keppel's regiment upon a vacancy I have made for him[1]. I ask no thanks for this favour to a person protected by your ladyship; for the motives of friendship that dictated the thought have already rewarded me for it.

I am, &c.

C. TOWNSHEND.

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[1] Poor Col. Stuart did not long enjoy his promotion; he died in the September of the same year.

EARL TEMPLE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Richard, first Lord Temple, born in 1711, died in 1779; an early and intimate friend of Lady Suffolk, as his uncle, Lord Cobham, had been. This is the only letter of his which has been found in the whole collection. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the numerous offices which he held, and the important political part he played, from his coming into the House of Commons in 1734, to his death. He was married, as we have seen, to Lady Suffolk's friend, Anne Chamber; but, having no issue, was succeeded in his titles and estates by the late Marquis of Buckingham, the son of his next brother, Mr. George Grenville.]

Stowe, Oct. 10, 1762.

THE first and most agreeable use to which I can possibly apply my pen after my recovery from a feverish cold, which confined me to my bed, is to thank my dear Lady Suffolk for her kind reprimand, and to assure her that she does me the highest injustice, if ever she thinks but for a moment that I can forget either the obligations I really have to her, or be intentionally wanting in any mark of respect or affectionate attention. I only beg she will be so good as to keep these few lines by her, and whenever I fail in things not essential, just cast one glance upon it. I am not very famous, as she well knows, for epistolary regards, even to my best friends. Lady Suffolk, I know, does not love writing, and it is sometimes painful to her;

I therefore do confess it lies at my door the not having signified to her by letter Lady Temple's attack, which I was desired to do, as well as to Hanworth. Lord Vere and she have lately been in pretty constant correspondence; but I chose to decline giving to your ladyship, otherwise than through them, so unwelcome and troublesome a communication. I love Marble Hill, and fully intended waiting upon you there before I left town; but my flight was so early and unexpected, business came on so fast upon me, that I trusted to your goodness for forgiveness.

Thus have you a full and true account of the state of my affectionate regards towards your ladyship: if you are convinced, I only beseech you not to send me a line in answer. I never doubted your kindness and goodness to me, even in the height of our bitterest disputes, or when you have scolded me the most severely: continue only the same to me, and believe me you will ever find me, with sincere and affectionate respect,

Yours, &c.

TEMPLE.

LADY SUFFOLK TO LORD BUCKINGHAM.

[Lord Buckingham was now ambassador at St. Petersburgh; and his brother, Mr. Herbert, who was his secretary of embassy, being obliged to return to England, his lordship wished that his brother-in-law, Col. Hotham, should succeed him.]

[Feb. 1763.]

I RECEIVED and communicated this morning your letter of the 19th of January to Colonel Hotham. You will already have received one from me that will inform you of his and my sentiments on that subject; so that it is unnecessary for me to add any thing more upon it. I have (as you wish to remain alone, since it is impossible, as well as improper, for him to be of the party) desired Mr. Mackenzie to inform Lord Bute—and that immediately—that Colonel Hotham's health, from the severity of the service he has undergone, obliges him to decline an offer he is at present unequal to undertake; but that I beg, he being out of the question, his lordship will be so good to keep the thing open till your answer can come to this letter.

HON. MR. MACKENZIE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[The Hon. James Stuart, only brother to Lord Bute, who succeeding to the estate of his grandfather, Sir Geo. Mackenzie, assumed his name. He was, in 1759, envoy to Turin; but on his brother's accession to power he was recalled, and appointed privy seal for Scotland. His influence with Geo. III. was much dreaded; and on the formation of a new administration in 1763, his dismissal was made a *sine quâ non*, which gave the king great uneasiness; and in 1765 his majesty granted him his office for life. He died in 1800 without issue.]

[London, Feb. 15, 1763.]

DEAR LADY SUFFOLK,

I HAVE obeyed your commands in acquainting Lord Bute with Mr. Hobart's desire to come home, and Lord Buckingham's wish to have Mr. Hotham succeed him, or in case of his declining that office to delay the filling of it up, till his lordship can have an opportunity of looking about him for a proper person to submit to his majesty for his royal approbation. My brother is much inclined for Mr. Hotham, and would willingly facilitate his nomination, if he could bring himself to like it. I have not the honour of being much acquainted with Mr. Hotham; but, as I can with great satisfaction say that that is not my case with respect to your ladyship, allow me to suggest to you, dear Lady Suffolk, that I think him much in the

wrong for declining to embrace a lucky opportunity that offers of introducing him into that sort of business which need not interfere with his own profession (especially in time of peace), and may possibly be of considerable assistance to him even in his military capacity; but should it not, it is, at least for the present, a genteel, honourable, and profitable employment. Forgive my throwing out to you my thoughts of the matter: my regard for you is my sole motive for doing it, being ever most sincerely

Yours, &c.

H. MACKENZIE.

Mr. Neville[1] is arrived with the definitive treaty, signed on Thursday last, the 10th inst.

LADY SUFFOLK TO LORD BUCKINGHAM.

Marble Hill, June 12, 1763.

How ungrateful must Lady Suffolk appear for dear Lord Buckingham's so many kind letters and remembrance of her! Four weeks has she let pass without one word of thanks, or even of

[1] Richard Neville Aldworth, Secretary to the embassy at Paris, (father of the second Lord Braybrook) brought home the definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain and Portugal, France, and Spain.

acknowledgment, for these marks of goodness and attention: and now what is she to say? Nothing to please him, if she believes (as indeed she ought) that he wishes her well; so the less she says on what is past the better: but she can now assure him that she is got very tolerably well, and does most affectionately thank him for his letters and his present. She hears the king received his most graciously; and indeed, if Lord Buckingham's correspondent does his master justice, *he* has all reason to think himself happy in such a master. Lady Suffolk thinks that she can answer that the servant——

(Lady S. began to write on half a sheet of paper: Lord B. must excuse it, as well as ten thousand other mistakes that she makes whenever she pretends to write letters.)

——will not prove a useless one. She was charmed with the proof he has given how he passes his leisure hours. The man who wrote that letter will always be of great service and credit to those that employ him.

What answer can Lady Suffolk make to those constant complaints of Lord Buckingham, *that he knows nothing of what passes in England?* She is not conscious that any thing *has*, in which he had a personal concern, that she has not given him a hint of it, before it was publicly known: and how to write at once prudently and minutely on those great events, and

what has been consequent upon them, is much beyond her capacity. She will now try to puzzle him. Can he find out who that person is that aspires to be the first, by the following description of him? [1] Very young; very ambitious; brought into the great world by a worthy, honest, and [2] very particular friend of Lord Buckingham, and yet who had rather get over such a friend's head than any *other* way: very presumptuous, but must never be contradicted, though the step should involve his best friend in the greatest difficulty:—now, to finish with a paradox—yet it is very doubtful whether the person betrayed suspects that he is so.

Lord Buckingham's former passions go off very quickly: poor [3] Lady Northampton is dead at Naples, and it is much feared Lord Northampton is by this time dead at Venice; and they are now carrying [4] Lord Brownlow Bertie to see

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[1] This young, ambitious, and presumptuous person, I suspect to be Charles Townshend; but he was now thirty-eight years old, which is not so *very* young.

[2] The worthy and particular friend of Lord Buckinghamshire is probably Mr. George Grenville.

[3] Lady Anne Somerset, daughter of Charles, fourth Duke of Beaufort: she was married in 1759 to Charles, seventh Earl of Northampton, died at Naples in May 1763, and about the time that her lord made his public entry as ambassador at Venice. He died on his return homeward in October, 1763.

[4] Third son of the second Duke of Ancaster, and himself afterwards fifth and last duke.

what the air of France will do for him. All Lady Suffolk's friends are going to Italy; France, or the Spa; some for pleasure, some for health. Lady Buckingham has given Lady Suffolk great uneasiness: she did not think her well; and Lord Buckingham knows she is not apt to take care of herself; but by a little art she has been brought to drink asses' milk, and to follow some other directions, by the use of which she is now much better. No notice must be taken of this, as Lady Suffolk would not be forgiven; and it would put it out of her power to be useful to her, or to know certainly how she was: consequently unable her to give Lord Buckingham such *constant* and just *intelligence* as he could depend upon: as things stand now, he may depend on both. [5] Lady Harriet Hobart is a very fine child, very healthy, forward on her feet, and takes great pains to be so with her tongue. Miss Hotham is vastly pleased with Lord Buckingham's taking constant notice of her; and really seems grateful for, as well as vain of it. Mr. Hobart is now expected every day; by accounts from Berlin his illness was no trifling affair. All Lord Buckingham's public and private friends, not mentioned, are well. God bless and preserve him is most sincerely wished by his affectionate old aunt.

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[5] His eldest daughter, born in 1762.

LADY SUFFOLK TO LORD BUCKINGHAM.

Sept. 21, 1763.

I AM more unfit to write than ever I was in my life; but I cannot let a messenger go to Petersburg without thanking you for all your letters, my dear Lord Buckingham. Your last is dated 22d August. I much fear one of your letters that you mention has miscarried; but it is of little consequence if I understand those I did receive; for nothing has been omitted that, in my opinion, was proper in the [1] strange situation

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[1] Lady Suffolk alludes, it is supposed, to the scheme for turning out George Grenville, and bringing back the Whigs, on the death of Lord Egremont 21st of August, 1763; three days after which Lord Bute paid a sudden visit for three hours to Lord Chatham at Hayes, and on the 27th Lord Chatham was commanded to attend the king at Buckingham-house, where he was invited to give his full and free opinions on men and measures: and he was so satisfied of his success that he went to Claremont immediately, and told all that passed to the Duke of Newcastle; upon which they sent for the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Rockingham, and Lord Hardwicke to come to town. When summoned to the closet again, on the 29th, matters took so different a turn, that he wrote on the following day to the Duke of Newcastle to inform him all was at an end, and at their next meeting the party agreed upon a systematic opposition to the ministry, in which Charles Townshend joined; and though he received large offers to abandon his *then* friends, he refused, and went down with them to Chatsworth to testify his fidelity.

of all public affairs; but as I saw Mr. Grenville last Sunday, I know you will have as particular an account as the nature of many extraordinary transactions within this month will admit of. I joined with him in opinion to say nothing in public of the contents of your last letter; but I do hope and believe that you will have reason to be satisfied: yet indeed my head is almost turned with what I have seen and heard; and I do not to this moment comprehend the ends and purposes designed to be gained by this most extraordinary undertaking, which has puzzled the wisest heads.

Lord B. (*Bute*) goes into the country for this winter: his [2] third daughter is to marry Lord Northumberland's son. Lord [3] Egremont has died vastly rich, and made great provisions for all his family. Your family are all well: I would flatter myself I shall soon be so; but head and eyes love contradiction, and will not agree with me. Mr. Hampden's daughter is very soon to be married to Mr. Child; a great estate, a great

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[2] Lady Anne married, in 1764, Hugh Earl Percy, afterwards second Duke of Northumberland, from whom she was divorced in 1779.

[3] Charles Wyndham, first Earl of Egremont of that name, son of the celebrated Sir William Wyndham, and grandson of the proud Duke of Somerset; on whose death, without male issue, he inherited the title of Egremont. He died Aug. 21, 1763.

deal of money, and a good character. I cannot conclude, without assuring you again, that was I in perfect health, I should not dare to give you any particular account of what has happened; I hardly know the person living that could do it, and not lead you into some mistakes: and yet I think you will soon receive it from the best hand, and from an honest heart. The little girl [4] will add her duty to you; and I do beg you will believe me

Most affectionately and faithfully yours,

H. S.

MR. TREVOR HAMPDEN TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Robert Trevor, third son of the first Lord Trevor (see vol. i. p. 19), who took the name of Hampden, and succeeded to the estate of John Hampden, half-brother of Richard Hampden (see vol. i. p. 236). He was afterwards the fourth Lord Trevor, and was created, in 1776, Viscount Hampden. He filled several diplomatic offices with distinction. A splendidly printed volume of Latin poems places him in the catalogue of noble authors. He was born in 1701 and died 1783.]

Hampden House, Sept 21, 1763.

DEAR MADAM,

NOTHING can be kinder or juster than your reproaches: I had most certainly pre-

[4] Miss Hotham.

vented them, but that my[1] daughter's bashfulness would scarce allow me to notify the affair even to my brothers and sisters. However she now very thankfully accepts of your obliging congratulations and kind wishes on the occasion; and we both hope this omission will not prejudice either of us in your ladyship's favourable opinion. Now your ladyship has drawn this trouble upon yourself, allow me to add, that Mr. Child's wealth has been one of his least recommendations with me; as I can assure you I have not met with any one young man of fortune so much, in all respects, after my own heart as himself; and I think I have the additional satisfaction of seeing my girl see him in the same light.

I have the honour to subscribe myself, with the most perfect respect,

Madam, yours, &c.

ROBERT HAMPDEN.

MR. TREVOR HAMPDEN TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Hampden House, Sept. 28, 1763.

MADAM,

LEST your ladyship may think me more communicative of bad news than of good,

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[1] Maria Constantia, Mr. Hampden's only daughter.

I will suppress all the former, and only tell you, that I and my daughter support ourselves, under our [1] unprecedented circumstances, as well as can be imagined. The part your ladyship takes in her welfare entitles you to this information; as well as to be told how generous a mark of his affection poor Mr. Child has left her, by bequeathing her, with his last breath, fifty thousand pounds: to which his surviving brother has been so genteel as to add all the family jewels that were making up for her.

The affliction and consternation I am still under prevent my adding more than the professions of that perfect truth and respect with which I have the honour to be,

Madam, yours, &c.

ROBERT HAMPDEN.

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[1] Mr. Child died suddenly in the midst of the preparations for his marriage. Horace Walpole writes to Montague on the 3rd October :—" I felt shocked, as you did, to think how suddenly after our seeing it, the prospect of joy at Osterley was dashed. However, the young lover died handsomely : fifty thousand pounds will dry tears that at most could be but two months old. His brother, I hear, has behaved still more handsomely, and confirmed the legacy, and added from himself the diamonds which had been prepared for her. Here is a charming wife for any body who likes a sentimental situation—a pretty woman—and a large fortune." Miss Hampden's *tears* were soon *dried;* for she married, in May 1764, to Lady Suffolk's only son, the tenth Earl of Suffolk.

THE EARL OF BUCKINGHAM TO LADY SUFFOLK.

St. Petersburgh, Nov. 18, 1763.

DEAR MADAM,

LADY Buckingham informs me of the purchase which Lady [1] Denbigh, carrying her worldly views to the very last stage of mortality, has lately made.

Very different are the objects of the two sisters; but each seems to be too much directed by sensuality: the one has fixed her affections upon a Moscovite, who is very much alive, the other upon a departed [2] philosopher. With regard to the first, the extremity of christian charity may indeed suppose her attachment to

[1] Isabella de Yonge, wife of William, fifth Earl of Denbigh, and sister of Maria Catherine de Yonge, widow of the Marquis of Blandford, and of Sir W. Wyndham. Lady Denbigh seems to have purchased her own grave in Teddington churchyard; but what Lord Buckingham meant by supposing that poor old lady Blandford had an attachment to a young Muscovite does not appear.

[2] Doctor Hales, rector and curate of Teddington, a pious, respectable, and learned person, who refused dignities in the church, that he might devote himself to his parochial duties. He was clerk of the closet to the princess dowager. He died in 1761 at the age of eighty-four, and was buried close under the tower of Teddington church, which he had rebuilt at his own expense.

be merely to the mind of the young gentleman, and that not the least intemperate idea is blended in their sentimental connexion: but far other must be the animal views of your neighbour, who with such premeditation provides that her corporeal parts may be squeezed close to the remains of Dr. Hales; for as to his soul, she is certainly much more likely to find it any where than in Teddington churchyard. I do not excel in fancy, yet will mention a thought that occurs to me, which you may recommend, if you approve of it, to the good countess. She may purchase of the sexton of Teddington those venerable relics which she so greatly prizes, and probably at a much less expense than what she paid for the contiguous mould: these, with reverence due, must be consumed upon a funeral pile, and the hallowed ashes gathered in an urn, which should be deposited in her bedchamber, till time has made her clay a proper subject for the same operation; then let her dust be mixed with his, and incorporated with the soil of some pleasant mound at Strawberry Hill. The pious [3] owner will plant a myrtle upon the sacred spot, there long to flourish, the vegetating monument of their mutual affection.

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[3] Walpole's piety was just of such a kind as Lord B. supposes; but surely his lordship's own levity as to Dr. Hales was misplaced.

You say you think I am cheerful, from the style of my letters: encourage that thought, as I am sure it will give you pleasure. To give you a short idea of my state, I try to make the most of what is; regret only one year (and that not 1763) of all that is past; and have no very sanguine hopes of the future. Let me hear that your cold is well: make my compliments to Mrs. Harriet; and believe me

Your most affectionate nephew,
BUCKINGHAM.

P. S.[4] This letter was intended for Lady Suffolk; but as in a letter I have this moment received, you mention that she thinks my style extravagant, you will read it to her or not as you please. I have no reason to doubt of having his majesty's permission to return next summer.

P. S. the second.—The price of my Dover-street palace is 3000*l.* Let Mr. Drummond know I have this day drawn upon him for 1000*l.* payable three months hence.

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[4] This paragraph is addressed to Miss Hotham.

LADY SUFFOLK TO THE EARL OF BUCKINGHAM.

Nov. 25 [1763].

I MUST write, though head, eyes, and fingers forbid it. My dear Lord B. is so much better than I deserve in so often taking notice of his old aunt, that she now exerts all her little powers to thank him for his goodness to her. [1] Mr. Hobart and [2] Colonel Hotham assure me they constantly give you accounts of what passes in St. Stephen's Chapel, and of other matters, much too high and intricate for my capacity either to judge of, or even to comprehend. They say Sir [3] Joseph York comes over, and Mr. Stanley [4] goes to Holland as envoy; this answers a paragraph in one of your former letters: indeed, I do believe economy becomes absolutely necessary. [5] Jemmy G. (*Grenville*) has opened very

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[1] See *infra*, p. 297.

[2] See *ante*, p. 240.

[3] Third son of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke; an officer, and finally field-marshal in the army. He was from 1751 to 1780 envoy and ambassador in Holland, and was in 1788 created Lord Dover. He died without issue in 1792.

[4] The Right Honourable Hans Stanley, one of the lords of the Admiralty, who had been employed in some negotiations at Paris at the beginning of the reign. He was in 1765 ambassador to Russia.

[5] Third brother of Lord Temple, (see *ante*, p. 195) father of Lord Glastonbury.

violently against Mr. G. (*George Grenville*), even to be painful to the hearers. Mr. Wilkes's affair will prevent our [6] great wedding for some time. Do you approve Mr. Martin challenging and fighting Wilkes, when two such great charges, and so very different in their nature, lay against him in both houses of Parliament? Lord Effingham [7] is dead. I believe Lord Suffolk succeeds to the earl marshal's staff, by the Duke of Norfolk's nomination [8], and his majesty has given the horse grenadiers to [9] Lord Cantalupe. I am one of those who do not——

Tuesday, Nov. 29.

——believe all that is said of Colonel C.'s gallantry; but I guess it will surprise you to be told with certainty that Admiral K—— lives now with his wife in perfect harmony. All things

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[6] Of the Princess Augusta with the Duke of Brunswick. One does not see how Wilkes's affair was to prevent that; and we see in the conclusion of this letter that it did not.

[7] Thomas, second Earl of Effingham, died Nov. 19, 1763. His lordship was a lieutenant-general, and had the command of the first troop of horse grenadier guards.

[8] Thomas, third Earl of Effingham, succeeded his father in this office.

[9] John, afterwards second Earl of Delawar, born in 1729. On the formation of Queen Charlotte's household he was appointed her vice-chamberlain. He was afterwards her master of the horse. He died in 1777.

are at a full stand in Wilkes's affair, till he is able to appear in person.

Jemmy G. (*Grenville*) and Mr. Rigby were so violent against each other, one in his manner of treating Lord T. (*Temple*) who was in the house, and the brother in justification of his brother, that the House was obliged to interpose to prevent [1] mischief. To-day the king sends his message to the House relative to the Princess Augusta's marriage.

Lord T.[2] comes to me; but politics is the bane of friendship, and when personal resentments join, the man becomes another creature: when you return, experience will convince you of the truth of what I say. I have got your letter of Oct. 23.

Lady D. (*Dorothy Thompson*) is by no means well: your family perfectly so. Miss H.'s (*Hotham's*) duty, with very pretty expressions of gratitude for the honour of your notice of her. Lady B. Germaine was vastly pleased with your compliments to her.

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[1] See Parliamentary Debates, vol. xv. p. 1362.

[2] Probably Lord Temple.

LADY SUFFOLK TO LORD BUCKINGHAM.

March 30, 1764.

MY DEAR, DEAR LORD B.

I OBEYED your orders in a very few hours after I received them. Your [1] friend and I were two hours consulting, and he met the affair with such marks of friendship, that he seemed to me as uneasy as I could be, for fear another should be named; but by his letter to you I flatter myself you will be convinced you have friends. To his letter I refer you, for it is impossible for me to write more. I love you; I wish to hear from you, and do most sincerely wish you may be satisfied, and I really think will. [2] Lady Buckingham feels this delay, but behaves very properly: I will do my utmost to keep up her spirits: she dotes on you.

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[1] Probably Mr. George Grenville.

[2] Mary Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Drury, by whom (who died in childbirth 1769) Lord B. had three daughters: Henrietta, Lady Ancram; Caroline, Lady Suffield; and Sophia, Lady Mount-Edgecumbe.

LADY SUFFOLK TO LORD BUCKINGHAM.

Aug. 9, 1764.

OH, my dear Lord Buckingham, must I employ my pen, which is so precious, only to scold you? Indeed you are much to blame; for I do most sincerely believe Mr. G. (*Grenville*) is your friend, and has not failed you in any point. Perhaps he has not written two letters upon the same subject; for surely, after the first *that I saw*, there could be nothing but the usual forms that go through other offices to follow that gracious permission, *to do as you judged most proper*. What would you have? The man named you do think your friend; the man not named is likewise so: but here I stop, and so must your [1]curiosity; for after I have said I love both the men, but I know not how little or much they love each other; but this I know, that their own power, ease, and safety, depend upon their union. Farewell: love your old aunt; be easy; I think you have reason. As for Norfolk, you seem to have had some false accounts.

Mr. H. in politics may have differed from you;

[1] The correspondence does not show what the business was to which this and the last letter allude.

but if you think that father and son are not in Norfolk warmly your friends, and will be so there on all occasions, you are cruelly deceived; and take care that those wretches' intelligence make no impression on your mind, till you hear with your own ears, and see with your own eyes.

As for the receiver's place, I guess it was given in *appearance* to the nomination of the Lord Lieutenant.

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE (AFTERWARDS EARL OF ORFORD) TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. ii. p. 254.]

[London], July 3, 1765.

Your ladyship's goodness to me on all occasions makes me flatter myself that I am not doing an impertinence in telling you I am alive; though, after what I have suffered, you may be sure there cannot be much of me left.

The gout has been a little in my stomach, much more in my head, but luckily never out of my right foot, and for twelve, thirteen, and

seventeen hours together, insisting upon having its way as absolutely as ever my Lady [1] Blandford did. The extremity of pain seems to be over, though I sometimes think my tyrant puts in his claim to t'other foot; and surely he is, like most tyrants, mean as well as cruel, or he could never have thought the leg of a lark such a prize.

The fever, the tyrant's first minister, has been at least as vexatious as his master, and makes use of this hot day to plague me more; yet as I was sending a servant to Twickenham, I could not help scrawling out a few lines to ask how your ladyship does, to tell you how I am, and to lament the roses, strawberries, and banks of the river.

I know nothing, madam, of any kings or ministers but those I have mentioned, and this administration I fervently hope will be changed soon, and for all others I shall be very indifferent. Had a great prince come to my bedside yesterday, I should have begged that the honour might last a very few minutes.

I am, &c.

HORACE WALPOLE.

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[1] See *ante*, p. 282. Lady Blandford was somewhat impatient in her temper.

HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Arlington-street, July 9, 1765.

MADAM,

THOUGH instead of getting better, as I flattered myself I should, I have gone through two very painful and sleepless nights, yet as I give audience here in my bed to new ministers and foreign ministers, I think it full as much my duty to give an account of myself to those who are so good as to wish me well. I am reduced to nothing but bones and spirits; but the latter make me bear the inconvenience of the former, though they (I mean my bones) lie in a heap over one another like the bits of ivory at the game of straws.

It is very melancholy, at the instant I was getting quit of politics, to be visited with the only thing that is still more plaguing. However, I believe the fit of politics going off makes me support the new comer better. Neither of them indeed will leave me [1] plumper; but if they will

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[1] Walpole was too fond of this boast of disinterestedness. What was it but politics that made his fortune so *plump?* His fortune from his father, we know from himself, was very inconsiderable; but from his childhood he held sinecure offices which, during the greater part of his life, produced him between 6000*l.* and 7000*l.* per annum.

both leave me at peace, your ladyship knows it is all I have ever desired.

The chiefs of the new ministry were to have kissed hands to-day; but Mr. Chas. Townshend, who, besides not knowing [2] either of his own minds, has his [3] brother's minds to know too, could not determine last night. Both brothers are gone to the king to-day.

I was much concerned to hear so bad an account of your ladyship's health. Other people would wish you a severe fit, which is a very cheap wish to them who do not feel it: I, who do, advise you to be content with it in detail.

Adieu, madam: pray keep a little summer for me. I will give you a bushel of politics, when I come to Marble Hill, for a tea-cup of strawberries and cream.

Mr. Chetwynd [4] I suppose is making the utmost advantage of my absence, frisking and cutting capers before Miss Hotham, and advising her not to throw herself away on a decrepit old man. Well, well; fifty years hence he may begin to be an old man too, and then I shall not pity him, though I own he is the best humoured *lad* in the world now.

Yours, &c.

HOR. WALPOLE.

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[2] A witty allusion to the inconsistency of Charles Townshend.

[3] George, afterwards first Marquis Townshend.

[4] Mr. Chetwynd was near eighty. See *ante*, p. 152.

EARL OF BUCKINGHAM TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Aug. 11, 1765.

DEAR MADAM,

THOUGH of all my correspondents there is none to whom I wish, for every reason, to show so much attention as to my good aunt, yet it is in a degree apologising for my long silence to tell you that for some time past an indisposition to every kind of application has prevented me from writing any letters, except such as indispensable necessity absolutely called for. Writing here is by no means so easy to me as when in Russia. I then had facts to relate which were new, and descriptions of things and places which could not be familiar to you: now, in order to extend a letter into a decent length, I have hardly any choice but to enter into dissertations upon subjects unpleasing to me in themselves, upon which you are better informed, and upon which you can reason infinitely better than I am able. The late [1] change of administration appears to me the most —— What? you will ask; and I will answer when we meet, and not before. Yet it is not prudence, nor the

[1] That which removed Mr. George Grenville, placed Lord Rockingham at the head of the treasury, and made the Duke of Grafton and General Conway secretaries of state.

fear, or rather the certainty, that the new lords of the post-office are directed by the present [2]occasional governors. to examine the correspondence of the many whose concurrence in their hasty arrangement is doubted. Not in the least: it is not my wish to conceal my sentiments from those gentlemen with decency to them, and the greatest deference, where most particularly it ought to be paid[3]. It was about the year 1709 that somebody, speaking of France, said what, as possibly you do not recollect, I will tell you—*when we meet.*

As this is a season when every body means to be a man of business, so far as to obtain power and emolument, it is right to affect a style of importance: if, which I do not expect, it should obtain me a place, that place will give me the same consequence it has procured to beings full as insignificant as myself. My compliments to Mrs. Harriet (*Hotham*). Lady Buckingham and Mrs. Hobart desire me to say more than this leaf will hold.

Your ever affectionate nephew,

BUCKINGHAM.

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[2] Lord B. was correct in his surmise: this administration existed little more than twelve months.

[3] He means to the King.

EARL OF BUCKINGHAM TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Norwich, Sept. 7, 1765.

DEAR MADAM,

I HAVE just come to Norwich, in my way to [1] Wootton, where I propose to stay two or three days, and shall be in London next Saturday, in order to take my week's [2] waiting. My necessary attendance at that time has prevented me from paying my duty to his majesty sooner, as the distance is too great for me to make two journeys so near each other, and I should not choose a London residence of three weeks at this time of the year.

I am rather in the pensive mood, arising, perhaps, from my body's having too much employment, and my mind too little. You hinted to me some time ago that my correspondence was not near so good now I am returned to England as when I was in Russia. The reasons are obvious; things are always the more esteemed the further they come from; and the relation of events will always be more entertaining when the writer is at such a distance as leaves some

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[1] Wootton-Under-Wood, in Bucks, the family seat of the Grenvilles, and now the residence of Mr. George Grenville.

[2] Lord Buckinghamshire was a lord of the bedchamber to Geo. II. and continued in that office by Geo. III. till 1767, when he resigned.

scope for his imagination to play, without any danger of the little ornamental fictions with which he dresses his pictures being discovered.

The last letter I received from George Grenville mentioned Mrs. [3] Grenville's having been ill, but I hope to find her perfectly recovered. Make my best compliments to Mr. Chetwynd and Mrs. Harriet.

Your ever affectionate nephew,

BUCKINGHAM.

THE EARL OF BUCKINGHAM TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Sept. 30, 1765.

DEAR MADAM,

MR. and Mrs. Hobart [1] came here the night before last. We were all rejoiced to find so good an account of you in Miss

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Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Wm. Wyndham, the mother of the first Marquis of Buckingham, and of Lord Grenville. She died at Wootton in 1769.

[1] Probably his lordship's brother, Henry Hobart, and his wife, Anne Margaret Bristow, to whom he was married in 1761, and who died in 1788. Mr. Hobart died in 1799, M. P. for Norwich, and chairman of the committee of ways and means.

Harriet's letter, which I received yesterday at Norwich, where I dined with a new sheriff upon turbot, venison, swan, and turkey, which it was strongly enjoined me to wash down with copious draughts of Lusitanian wine. You are certainly scholar enough to know that I am giving an elegant classical name to a coarse homely liquor. Perhaps if it was always called by that name, the tasteless majority of drunkards would prefer it to the juices of other grapes, which, less potent, cannot so soon produce the desired consummation of intoxication. In spite of the cordial entreaties of my landlord, I remained sober, and reached Blickling time enough to see the [2] chit you so kindly inquire after, before her hour of sleep.

Lady Buckingham is tolerably well, and most intolerably lazy: she will have her own way; and I am so very fond of mine, that I dare not press her too far, for fear of retaliation; a manner of vindicating their rights, to which in all times, and upon every occasion, offended ladies have been eager to recur. As yet she will not determine whether she will come to London in December or January, insinuating that it depends upon a circumstance[3]. What that cir-

[2] Henrietta (Lady Ancram) his eldest daughter by his first marriage.

[3] Her ladyship was pregnant, and suffered a miscarriage in the next month.

cumstance may be, I do not exactly comprehend. An ill-bred philosophic friend of mine was pleased to say, that he never gave himself the trouble to unravel the flimsy thread of feminine mysteries. I neither approved his idea nor his expressions, as I can well remember the pleasure I took in penetrating through the silken web with which even the most innocent delight to veil their meaning. Pray does your little silkworm, Harriet, begin to spin? I am persuaded she will very soon. Leave the country as soon as the bad weather begins;

And believe me, &c.

BUCKINGHAM.

As bread and coals are so dear, I thought it as well to send you the [4] enclosed.

MR. HORACE WALPOLE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. ii. p. 254.]

Paris, Oct. 16, 1765.

THOUGH I begin my letter to-day, madam, it may not be finished and set out these four days; but serving a tyrant, who does not allow me many holiday-minutes, I am forced to seize the

[4] What this was does not appear.

first that offer. Even now, when I am writing upon the table, he is giving me malicious pinches under it.

I was exceedingly obliged to Miss Hotham for the favour of her letter, though it did not give me so good an account of your ladyship as I wished. I will not advise you to come to Paris, where, I assure you, one has not a nip less of the gout than at London, and where it is rather more difficult to keep one's chamber pure, (water not being reckoned here one of the elements of cleanliness.) If ever my Lady Blandford and I make a match, I shall insist on her coming hither for a month first, to learn patience [1]. I need have a great stock, who have only travelled from one sick bed to another; who have seen nothing; and who hear of nothing but the braveries of Fontainebleau, where the [2] Duc de Richelieu, whose year it is, has ordered seven new operas, besides other shows. However, if I cannot be diverted, my ruin at least is protracted, as I cannot go to a single shop.

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[1] See *ante*, p. 291.

[2] Duke of Richelieu, celebrated for his gallantry, in both senses of the word, and for the great age to which he maintained his health and spirits. He was one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber, in whose department these amusements were.

[3] Lady Mary Chabot has been so good as to make me a visit. She is again gone into the country till November, but charged me over and over to say a great deal for her to your ladyship, for whom she expresses the highest regard. [4] Lady Brown is still in the country too; but as she loves laughing more than is fashionable here, I expect her return with great impatience. As I neither desire to change their religion or government, I am tired of their perpetual dissertations on those subjects.

As when I was here last, which, alas! is four-and-twenty years ago, I was much at Mrs. Hayes's, I thought it but civil to wait on her, now that her situation is a little less brilliant. She was not at home, but invited me to supper next night. The moment she saw me I thought I had done very right not to neglect her, for she overwhelmed me with professions of her fondness for me and all my family. When the first torrent was over, she asked me if I was son of the Horace Walpole that had been ambas-

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[3] Daughter and coheiress of John Paul Howard, fourth Earl of Stafford, married to the Count de Rohan-Chabot. She died in May, 1769.

[4] Probably Miss Cecil, daughter of the Bishop of Bangor, and great-grand-daughter of the third Lord Salisbury, relict of Sir Robert Browne.

sador here? I said, "No; he was my uncle." "Oh! then you are he that I used to call *my Neddy?*" "No, madam; I believe that is my brother." "Your brother! what is my Lord Walpole?" "My cousin, madam." "Your cousin! why then who are you?" I found that if I had omitted my visit, her memory of me would not have reproached me much.

[5] Lord and Lady Fife are expected here every day from Spa; but we hear nothing certain yet of their [6] graces of Richmond, for whom I am a little impatient; and for pam too, who, I hope, comes with them. In French houses it is impossible to meet with any thing but whist, which I am determined never to learn again. I sit by and yawn, which however is better than sitting at it to yawn.

I hope to be able to take the air in a few days; for though I have had very sharp pain, and terrible nights, this codicil to my gout promises to be of much shorter duration than what I had in England, and has kept entirely to my feet. My diet sounds like an English farmer's, being nothing but beef and pudding; in truth

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[5] James, second Earl of Fife, and his lady Dorothea, only daughter of Alexander, Earl of Caithness.

[6] Charles, third Duke of Richmond, and his lady, Mary Bruce, daughter of Lord Aylesbury and Lady Caroline Campbell. See vol. i. p. 56.

the beef is bouilli, and the pudding bread. This last night has been the first in which I have got a wink of sleep before six in the morning: but skeletons can live very well without eating or sleeping; nay, they can laugh too, when they meet with a jolly mortal of this world.

Mr. Chetwynd, I conclude, is dancing at country balls and horse-races. It is charming to be so young[7]; but I do not envy one whose youth is so good-humoured and good-natured. When he gallops post to town, or swims his horse through a mill-pool in November, pray make my compliments to him, and to Lady Blandford and [8]Lady Denbigh. The joys of the gout do not put one's old friends out of one's head, even at this distance.

I am, &c.

Hor. Walpole.

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[7] See *ante*, pp. 152 and 293.

[8] See *ante*, p 282. Ladies Blandford and Denbigh were sisters, neighbours of Lady Suffolk and Mr. Walpole.

THE EARL OF BUCKINGHAM TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Nov. the 10th, 1765.

DEAR MADAM,

I FEEL myself at this instant in the most indolent, good-for-nothing humour possible; and though there is no person in the universe to whom I more willingly communicate my ideas and no-ideas than to your ladyship, yet much languid deliberation has preceded my taking the pen in hand, and great resolution is necessary to keep it in motion. There is also a strange kind of merit in laying down a book full of superior sense, to fill a sheet of paper with flat nonsense; but it is a merit which arises from duty rightly placed, and a desire to testify affection: and so much for my introduction.

You will not be surprised when I tell you that the Cardinal de Retz was the person whose society I have just quitted, that my thoughts are full of him, and that, however favourably I may think of the morality of our modern politicians, their abilities are shaded even by the attempt of a comparison with him. His morality, and indeed his judgment, cannot in every instance be applauded; but I should prefer his parts, his presence of mind, and his comprehen-

sion, to those of any man whom reading or conversation has made known to me.

Having nothing particular to say of myself, it is necessary for me to condescend to treat of other beings, animate and inanimate. Lady Buckingham and [1] Lady Dorothy are as well as may be, and are laughing a great deal at something very little in the next room. They have but one young man with them at present, whom they meritoriously cherish; nor do they quarrel about the single sheep, as I have promised them at least two more on Tuesday next.

The alterations in the eating-room go on: Gothic it was, and more Gothic it will be, in spite of all the remonstrances of modern improvers and lovers of Grecian architecture. The ceiling is to be painted with the loves of Cupid and Psyche. Cupid is to hover exactly over the centre of the table, to indicate to the maître d'hôtel the exact position of the venison pasty. I have determined what is to be done with the hall, which you ought to approve, and indeed must approve. Some tributary sorrow should however be paid to the nine worthies; but Hector has lost his spear and his nose, David his harp, Godfrey of Boulogne his ears, Alexander the Great his highest shoulder, and part

[1] His sister.

of Joshua's belly is fallen in. As the ceiling is to be raised, eight of them must have gone, and Hector is at all events determined to leave his niche. You will forgive my replacing them with eight worthies of my own times, whose figures are not as yet essentially mutilated, viz. Dr. Shebbeare, Mr. Wilkes, Dr. Hill, Mr. Glover, Mr. Dep. Hodges, Mr. Whitfield, Justice Fielding, and Mr. Foote; and as Anna Boleyn was born at Blickling, it will not be improper to purchase her father Henry the Eighth's figure (which by order is no longer to be exhibited at the Tower), who will fill with credit the space occupied by the falling Hector.

Your ever affectionate nephew,

BUCKINGHAM.

Compliments to Mrs. Harriet.

THE EARL OF BUCKINGHAM TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Blickling, Nov. 1765.]

DEAR MADAM,

You must be thanked immediately for the last flattering mark of your goodness; and though, according to the alternate

practice I have long adopted, this in course is tragedy's turn, and I should write in the doleful strain, yet I am so pleased with you and your health, that, in spite of rule, some cheerfulness will break out; and therefore, instead of exclaiming at base ingratitude, and pathetically lamenting that others interestedly refuse me any return for what I in some sort interestedly did, as I expected in due time some return for it; I can only say I feel myself a man "more sinned against than sinning;" adding always the good gossip's comfort, that though I have done *this*, I never did *that;* and, bad as I am, I am better than many of my neighbours. Nothing is as yet resolved with regard to the removal of my family; but you will probably see me in about a fortnight. My stay depends upon circumstances, and if that stay is long, my family will follow me, and settle for the winter.

Nothing is more amusing than to see numbers of workmen within and without doors: it is not exactly the same thing to pay their bills. I have numbers of workmen employed around me, and in consequence am amused and ruined. Lady Buckingham and Lady Dorothy have entered into a conspiracy against the old chimney-piece in the eating-room. Their little intrigues can never shake my settled purpose, but they tease me, and your authority is necessary to silence them. The countess, not choosing to have a

whole horse to herself, has signified her intention of airing upon a pillion, and we are now in quest of a horse who will take up the odds [1]. Lady Dorothy has borrowed the ale-wife's gray nag, which she prefers, as his complexion is best suited to winter roads. [2] Lady Harriet is gone to Mr. Laton's upon a visit. She is as proud as Lucifer, which it is insinuated she takes from her father. So much for all these ladies, and one word more to assure you of every good wish

Of your affectionate nephew,

BUCKINGHAM.

The accounts of Mrs. Grenville give me great uneasiness.

LADY SUFFOLK TO LORD BUCKINGHAM.

Nov. 28, [1765.]

ANOTHER letter from the old woman! However, it is short. What does she say?—That she is sure Lord B. *will* stay in town; his family may follow, for he will not go to fetch them: *a* [1]*friend* of his thinks so. *That friend* has suffered

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[1] Two to one. [2] See *ante*, p. 298.
Probably Mr. George Grenville.

greatly, and is not yet easy. Lady S. promised to take upon her all the blame for the omission of writing. Her eyes and head are not well to-day, nor does she ever hear any thing that pleases her, or that she thinks could please him. As he is a very wise man, she begs he will unriddle her letter, for she cannot. Poor Adam had but one Eve, and yet he fell: Lord B. has two; great danger! especially as his counsellor and bosom-friend, Lady Harriot, is absent.

Compliments to the family. Your letters both amuse and please me.

THE EARL OF BUCKINGHAM TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Dec. 3, 1765.

DEAR MADAM,

This is the eighth letter of the day; the only one it was not necessary for me to write, and, partly from contradiction and partly from other feelings, the only one I was determined not to omit writing. Prudentially therefore I left it to the last, as any other which had been left to the last would at all events have been put off.

I shall be in town in a very few days, and then shall determine the stay of my family in Norfolk;

for, may no [1]alterations happen? and has every thing turned out for these last four years exactly in the way we expected the week before?

Lady B. and Lady Dorothy propose to burn the old chimney-piece in my absence. Let them at their peril; for you will resent it as well as I. The joiner had put an earl's coronet over the door; but it is ordered to be changed into a bull. Lady B. and my sister's decency proposed a cow; but to compromise the matter, directions are given to the carver to make it as like an ox as heraldry will admit [2].

You say you are pleased with my letters (not with my letters literally speaking): if you are pleased with this, you will give me a good opinion of your understanding, and a far better of your good-nature and benevolence to

Your affectionate nephew,

BUCKINGHAM.

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[1] He means political changes.

[2] The family crest is a *bull* passant, party per pale sable and gules, all bezanty, and a ring, or, in his nose.

MR. HORACE WALPOLE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. ii. p. 254.]

Paris, Dec. 5, 1765, but does not set out till the 11th.

MADAM,

MISS HOTHAM need not be in pain for what to say when she gives me an account of your ladyship, which is all the trouble I thought of giving her. If she could make those accounts more favourable, I should be better pleased; but I know what an untractable brute the gout is, and the joy it takes in plaguing every body that is connected with it. We have the sharpest frost here that ever lived; it has done me great good; and, if it has the same effect on your ladyship, I hope you are starved to death.

Since Paris has begun to fill in spite of Fontainebleau, I am much reconciled to it, and have seen several people I like. I am established in two or three societies, where I sup every night; though I have still resisted whist, and am more constant to my old flame loo during its absence than I doubt I have been to my other passions. There is a young Comtesse d'Egmont, daughter of Marshal Richelieu, so pretty and pleasing, that if I thought it would break any body's heart in England, I would be in love

with her. Nay, madam, I might be so within all rules here. I am twenty years on the right side of red-heels, which her father wears still[1], and he has still a wrinkle to come before he leaves them off.

The [2]dauphin is still alive, but kept so only by cordials. Yet the queen and dauphiness have no doubt of his recovery, having the Bishop of Glandeve's word for it, who got a promise from a vision under its own hand and seal. The dauphin has certainly behaved with great courage and tranquillity, but is so touched with the tenderness and attention of his family, that he now expresses a wish to live.

If there is no talk in England of politics and parliaments, I can send your ladyship as much as you please from hence; or if you want English themselves, I can send you about fifty head; and I assure you we shall still be well stocked. There were three card-tables full of lords, ladies, gentlemen and gentlewomen, the other night at [3] Lady Berkeley's, who keeps Tuesdays.

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[1] See *ante*, p. 300.

[2] Louis, son of Louis XV. and father of Louis XVI. and XVIII. He died at Fontainbleau on the 20th of Dec. 1765. The dauphiness died in less than two years after.

[3] Elizabeth Drax, widow of Augustus, fourth Earl of Berkeley, with whom we have been acquainted in the first volume as Lord Dursley. She married a second time Nugent Lord Clare.

[4] Lord Berkeley is arrived, and much improved both in his person and manner. The Duke of Buccleugh[5] is expected next week.

The house of Richmond is gone to Aubigné for a week, as the duchess will not have her audience till the dauphin's fate is decided. I did not dare to accompany them at this time of year after all I have suffered.

Yesterday I dined at La Borde's, the great banker of the court. Lord! madam, how little and poor all your houses in London will look after his! In the first place, you must have a garden half as long as the Mall, and then you must have fourteen windows, each as long as the other half, looking into it, and each window must consist of only eight panes of looking-glass. You must have a first and second ante-chamber, and they must have nothing in them but dirty servants. Next must be the grand cabinet, hung with red damask, in gold frames, and covered with eight large and very bad pictures, that cost four thousand pounds—I cannot afford them you a farthing cheaper. Under these, to give an air of lightness, must be hung bas-reliefs

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[4] Frederick Augustus, fifth earl, born 1745, succeeded to the title in 1755.

[5] Henry, third duke, born in 1746, succeeded his father in 1751, married in 1767 Lady Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the last Duke of Montague.

in marble. Then there must be immense armoires of[6] tortoiseshell and or-molu, inlaid with medals. And then you may go into the petit-cabinet, and then into the great *salle*, and the gallery, and the billiard-room, and the eating-room; and all these must be hung with crystal lustres and looking-glass from top to bottom; and then you must stuff them fuller than they will hold with granite tables, and porphyry urns, and bronzes, and statues, and vases, and the L—d or the devil knows what. But, for fear you should ruin yourself or the nation, the Duchess de Grammont must give you *this*, and Madame de Marsan *that*; and if you have any body that has any taste to advise you, your eating-room must be hung with huge hunting-pieces in frames of all-coloured golds, and at top of one of them you may have a setting-dog, who, having sprung a wooden partridge, it may be flying a yard off against the wainscot. To warm and light this palace, it must cost you eight-and-twenty thousand livres[7] a year in wood and candles. If you cannot afford that, you must stay till my Lord Clive returns with the rest of the Indies.

The mistress of this Arabian Nights' Enter-

[6] This manufacture is called Boule (erroneously Buhl) from the name of an artist who worked for Louis XVI.

[7] About 1200*l*.

tainment is very pretty, and [8]Sir Laurence La Borde is so fond of her, that he sits by her at dinner, and calls her *Pug*, or *Taw*, or, I forget what.

Lady Mary Chabot always charges me to mention her to your ladyship with particular attention. There are some to whom I could wish your ladyship would do me the same good office; but I have been too troublesome already, and will only mention Miss Hotham, Mr. Chetwynd, Lady Blandford, and St. James's-square.

Your ladyship's, &c.

HOR. WALPOLE.

MR. HORACE WALPOLE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Paris, Sept. 20, 1765.

I OBEY your commands, madam, though it is to talk of myself. The journey has been of great service to me, and my strength returned sensibly in two days. Nay, though all my hours are turned topsy-turvy, I find no inconvenience, but dine at half an hour after two, and sup at

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[8] His name was Jean Joseph de la Borde; but Walpole calls him Sir Laurence, in allusion to some English banker. The Count de la Borde, whose travels in Spain are so well known, was the son of the banker.

ten, as easily as I did in England at my usual hours. Indeed, breakfast and dinner now and then jostle one another; but I have found an excellent preservative against sitting up late, which is by not playing at whist. They constantly [1] tap a rubber before supper, get up in the middle of a game, finish it after a meal of three courses and a dessert; add another rubber to it; then take their knotting-bags, draw together into a little circle, and start some topic of literature or irreligion, and chat till it is time to go to bed; that is, till you would think it time to get up again. The women are very good-humoured and easy; most of the men disagreeable enough. However, as every thing English is in fashion, our bad French is accepted into the bargain. Many of us are received every where. [2] Mr. Hume is fashion itself, though his French is almost as unintelligible as his English; [3] Mr. Stanley is extremely liked; and if liking them, good-humour and spirits can make any body please, [4] Mr. Elliot will not fail.

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[1] Walpole was extremely fond of this metaphor, and uses it indiscriminately. Tapping a rubber of whist is not quite in such good-taste as tapping a *shower* in a dry summer at Strawberry-hill.

[2] David Hume, who was secretary of embassy to Lord Hertford, who had lately been our ambassador to Paris.

[3] Right Honourable Hans Stanley, envoy to the court of Versailles.

[4] Afterwards Sir Gilbert, and first Lord Minto.

For my own part, I receive the greatest civilities, and in general am much amused. But I could wish there was less whist, and somewhat more cleanliness. My Lady Brown and I have diverted ourselves with the idea of [5] Lady Blandford here. I am convinced she would walk upon stilts for fear of coming near the floors, and that would rather be a droll sight.

The town is extremely empty at present, our manners having gained so much in that respect too, as to send them all into the country till winter. Their country-houses would appear to me no more rural than those in Paris. Their gardens are like *deserts*, with no more verdure or shade. What trees they have are stripped up, and cut straight at top; it is quite the massacre of the innocents. Their houses in town are all white and gold and looking-glass: I never knew one from another. [6] Madame de Mirepoix's, though small, has the most variety, and a little leaven of English.

You see, madam, it will take some time to make me a perfect Frenchman. Upon the whole, I am very well amused, which is all I seek besides my health. I am a little too old to

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[5] Lady Blandford, as our readers recollect, was a Dutch lady.

[6] The Mareschal, Duchesse de Mirepoix, sister of the Prince de Beauveau.

be inquiring into their government or politics, being come hither, not to finish my studies, but to forget them. One may always take one's choice here; old folks may be as young as they please, and the young as wise as they will. The former not only suits my age better, but my inclination, though the *bon ton* here is to be grave and learned.

When Miss Hotham, to whom I beg my best compliments, is so good as to acknowledge the reeeipt of this, I must desire her to direct to her and your ladyship's most obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE,

thus:— "A Monsieur
Monsieur Walpole,
Recommandée à Monsieur Foley, Banquier,
à Paris."

P. S. The most I ask of a letter is a particular account of your ladyship's health.

MR. HORACE WALPOLE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Thursday, July 10, 1766.

YESTERDAY the administration's year was completed, and yesterday the administration ended.

His majesty declared to them that he had sent for Mr. Pitt. Nothing more is known, nor will be till his arrival. The event itself is but little known yet in town. The succeeding days will be a little more busy; and your ladyship may guess what curiosity and expectation will be raised till the list appears. I knew yesterday that something was ready to burst out, as I believe your ladyship perceived, though I could not tell what. If Mr. Pitt does not arrive by Saturday, I shall be at Twickenham that day, and will see you in the evening. If he does, I cannot be so unfashionable as to quit the town when every body will be coming to it, though I have nothing else to do than to amuse myself, except being very glad, for reasons I will tell you.

Yours, &c.
HOR. WALPOLE.

LADY TEMPLE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

[Vol. i. p. 316.]

June 22, [1766.]

MY DEAR LADY SUFFOLK,

I DID not much like your state of health for some time before I left London, and

therefore send this to inquire after you. My kind inquiry should have been by word ot mouth—I should say *our*—for my lord intended to visit Marble Hill as well as myself, if our stay in town had been longer after you went away; but business put a negative to our great pleasure. Do not strain your poor eyes to answer this, but let the best of girls do it for you.—I cannot guess who that is; some say Miss Hotham; but I cannot think it: because, if she deserved that appellation, she would have put pen to paper to have informed me of you, as she knew I was uneasy about you when I left London.

We have [1] Swift's Letters. I do not think they are marvellous by way of writing; but entertaining, from the various anecdotes of those times. There are two from you; I think but [2] two; and several from Lady Betty. Yours and hers are indeed very pretty, very amiable, and worth all the rest of the book; so I do not wonder they were unwilling to leave them out. To my great surprise, I found it dedicated to my Lord Temple. He says last year the man wrote to him from Ireland, to desire to dedicate Swift's Letters to him, and he answered he

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[1] The edition of Swift's Letters, in three vols. published in July, 1766, and dedicated to Lord Temple by Mr. Thomas Wilkes, a bookseller, who had obtained these letters.

[2] See *ante*, pp. 43 and 54.

might do as he pleased, but never thought more of it from that time to their coming out; so that when he called to bring the book he was at first not admitted. But had my lord been apprised that Lady Betty's and your letters had been amongst them, he would not have suffered his name to have been put in the frontispiece without the approbation of both.

I am, &c.

A. Temple.

MR. HORACE WALPOLE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Arlington-street,
Thursday morning, [July 17, 1766.]

Not an inch of the curtain is drawn up yet, madam. Mr. Pitt has a fever at Mr. Dineley's, at Hampstead. Lord Temple arrived on Monday, and has been with the *fever* two or three times; but whether he has caught any of it or not remains an impenetrable mystery. Nobody comes to town; in short, all is dumb show hitherto.

[1] Lady Montrath is dead. She has left a mortgage of 40,000*l.* which she had on the Devon-

[1] Probably Diana Newport, daughter of the first Earl of Bradford, widow of Algernon Coote, Earl of Mountrath.

shire estate to [2] Lord John Cavendish, whom she never saw but twice; Twickenham Park to Lord [3] Frederick, his brother; but he must permit it to be inhabited by the Duchess of [4] Montrose till the Duke of Newcastle dies, when the Duchess of [5] Newcastle is to occupy it; and when she dies—for Lady Montrath has settled all their deaths by entail—the Duchess of Montrose is to return to it, and after her Lord Frederick is to enjoy it. She leaves a thousand pounds a year to her son, whom she makes residuary legatee, as she makes Lord John executor. But she gives six hundred a year in land to Lord Milton's youngest son, and threescore thousand pounds in small legacies. I do not know, madam, whether you and I have any as neighbours, or as *not* being acquainted with her.

I wish much that our state puppet-show would begin or end: I wish to see the first scene or last, and return to the country; the town is empty and dull, and we live upon idle guesses.

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[2] Third son of the third Duke of Devonshire, who had lately been a lord of the treasury, and was chancellor of the exchequer in the coalition administration.

[3] The third son. He died in 1803, a field-marshal in the army.

[4] Lady Lucy Manners, daughter of the second Duke of Rutland, married in 1742.

[5] Henrietta Godolphin, grand-daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough. She died in 1776, having survived her husband eight years.

I forget that [6] Mr. Cambridge must have probably told you all my news, or no news; but at least, the will will serve you to answer some of my [7] Lady Tweedale's questions.

Yours, &c.

W. H.

Thursday evening.

Lord Temple is not a good febrifuge. Whatever passed between them yesterday, Mr. Pitt is much worse to-day, and sees nobody; not even the [8] Duke of Grafton, who arrived this morning. If any one knows the secret, it is Mr. Graham, the apothecary.

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[6] Richard Owen Cambridge, the author of the Scribbleriad, who resided near Marble Hill. He died in 1802.

[7] Frances, daughter of the celebrated Lord Carteret, widow of John, fourth Marquis of Tweedale, whom she survived a great many years. She first resided at Twickenham, and afterwards at Ham. She was a lady of much eccentricity, and a very inquisitive visitor. She died in 1788.

[8] Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, was first lord of the treasury in the administration formed about this time. Mr. Pitt (created Earl of Chatham) was lord privy seal.

MR. HORACE WALPOLE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Bath, Oct. 6, 1766.

MADAM,

Your ladyship ordered me to give you an account of myself, and I can give you a very good one. The waters agree with me as well as possible, and do not heat me. All I have to complain of is, that they have bestowed such an appetite upon me that I expect to return as fat as a hog; that is, something bigger than a lark. I hope this state of my health will content your ladyship, and that you are not equally anxious about my pleasure, which does not go on quite so rapidly. I am tired to death of the place, and long to be at home, and grieve to lose such a delightful October. The waters agree so well with the trees in this country that they have not a wrinkle or a yellow leaf, and the sun shines as brightly as it can possibly through such mists. I regret its beams being thrown away on such a dirty ditch as their river.

I have not yet been at ball-rooms or pump-rooms; for I steal my glass at the Cross Bath. We have all kind of folk here; Lord Chatham,

the [1] Chancellor, the [2] dowager-Chancellor, Lady Rockingham [3], [4] Lady Scarborough, Lord and [5] Lady Powis, Lord and Lady [6] Spencer, judges, bishops, and [7] Lady Vane. It is my own fault if I do not keep the best company, for the mayor of the town has invited me to his feast. But, as I cannot be inconstant to the mayor of Lynn [8], I

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[1] Charles Pratt, first Lord Camden.

[2] Robert Henley, first Lord Northington, from whom the seals had been taken at the late change.

[3] Either Mary, daughter and heiress of Thomas Bright, of Badsworth, in Yorkshire, who was married, in 1752, to the second Marquis of Rockingham; or Lady Mary Finch, fifth daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, the widow of the first marquis.

[4] Barbara, sister of Sir Geo. Saville, married in 1752 to the fourth Earl of Scarborough. She died at Bath, in 1773.

[5] Henry Arthur Herbert, first earl; and Barbara Herbert, niece of the last Marquis of Powis. They were the parents of Lady Henrietta Antonia, wife of Edward, second Lord Clive, created in 1804 Earl of Powis.

[6] John, first Earl Spencer, married in 1756 to Georgiana Poyntz. They were the parents of the present Lord Spencer and the late Duchess of Devonshire. See Walpole's Letters to Montague for an amusing account of the pomp of their nuptial procession.

[7] This too celebrated lady, the profligate wife of a profligate husband, was the daughter of Mr. Hawes, a South-sea director. She was first married to Lord William Hamilton, and secondly William, second Viscount Vane, a younger branch of Lord Darlington's family. Lord Vane died in 1789; the lady some years earlier.

[8] A borough in which the Walpole family had a predominant interest.

have sent an excuse, with such a deplorable account of my health, that it will require all my paleness and leanness to bear me out.

Lord Chatham has still a little gout in his arm, but takes the air. My Lord President[9] goes to the balls; but I believe had rather go to the alehouse. Lady Vane, I hear, opens the balls; since it is too late for her now to go any where else. This is all I know of people I have not seen. As I shall not stay above a fortnight longer, I do not propose to learn the language. I hope to find your ladyship in perfect health at my return; but though the banks of the Thames are a little pleasanter than those of the Avon, I beg you will not sit by the former till midnight. The Bath is sure of doing me some good; for I shall take great care of myself, for fear of being sent hither again.

I am, &c.

HOR. WALPOLE.

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9 Robert Henley, Earl of Northington, late Lord Chancellor.

The five following letters, written as it were *in masquerade*, are here collected out of their dates, as not falling in with the general course of the correspondence.

LORD STANHOPE TO MRS. HOWARD'S DOG.

[This is a reply, written when Lord Chesterfield was very young, to a letter addressed to him in the name of Mrs. Howard's lap-dog, announcing her *accouchement*.]

Bath, Sept. 5.

DEAR MARQUISE,

I RECEIVED with a great deal of pleasure the account of your happy delivery, and (as I judge by the brevity and conciseness) from some fair hand of your acquaintance.

I always thought epistolary correspondence the properest with those of your species, which makes me glad of this opportunity to congratulate you upon this occasion at a [1] distance,

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[1] Lord Chesterfield did not love dogs.

where I cannot have your answer by word of mouth. I have no rules to give you for your conduct in the month but to avoid all noise as much as possible, and therefore I would only recommend to you the company of that laconic [2] lady who sent me that very short relation of your labour, unless you find some few others (which possibly you may) of equal taciturnity.

I beg of you not to be at all concerned at any insinuations that may be thrown out, that your issue does not bear that resemblance to the father which it ought. Many salvos might be found out for it, if necessary; but it is very long since any wise mother has been very uneasy, or any prudent husband too inquisitive, as to affairs of that kind. The great tenderness I hear you have shown towards your little nursery, is never enough to be commended; and as it may be an example for many parents to follow, and others to blush at, so ought it to be said to your honour, that you use your dogs like children, while they use their children like dogs. But, alas! the care you have hitherto taken relates only to their bodies. The great concern is still to come; I mean the forming of their minds. As to which, I look upon it as their peculiar advantage, and your happiness,

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[2] Mrs. Howard

(notwithstanding what some grave authors assert to the contrary), that they are to have their education in a court, a court that ——; but as I have the honour to be one of it, I must not give it its due commendations. As example is better than precept, you will there have an opportunity to set before their eyes examples of all kinds. It is impossible but that, among the number of ladies you daily converse with, you may point out to your two female little ones some virtues to imitate, and many faults to avoid; above all, show them the inconveniences of a snappish and snarling disposition, especially in their sex; and if you can produce examples, it would not be amiss neither to caution them against over-discretion, which you may enforce by assuring them, that had you been over-nice, they had not been at all, and you had died a maid.

As for your issue male, they will likewise reap very great and glorious advantages from example; for were you only to set before them the nine lords[3], you may make them very accomplished puppies; but you may with very good success take a greater latitude, and borrow very useful hints from several others of the family. While they are little you cannot do better than

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[3] Of the Prince's bedchamber.

let them play with the [4] secretary; but when they come to dog's estate, bid them imitate, and, if possible, emulate, the magnanimity and fortitude of [5] Herbert and [6] Belhaven, that they may one day be justly promoted to the dignity of house dogs. In short, that your progeny may in time be both the ornaments and the guardians of the Lodge, is the hearty and sincere wish of,

Yours.

MRS. HOWARD TO LORD STANHOPE,
(as from her dog Marquise, in rejoinder to the foregoing.)

[This letter gives (by contraries) a lively and characteristic description of the principal persons of the prince's court.]

MY LORD,

I AM infinitely obliged to your lordship for the honour of your letter. I need not make any excuse for using the same hand to thank you for it, as I did to acquaint you

[4] Probably Mr. Molyneux, secretary to the prince, son of Locke's friend.

[5] Afterwards ninth Lord Pembroke. See vol. i. p. 17.

[6] John, fourth Lord Belhaven. See vol. i. p. 45.

with my condition: the knowledge you have of that, and the high encomiums you give my secretary, sufficiently justify me in my choice; but even she, my lord, with all her loquacity, wants words to express my gratitude for your tender concern for your fellow-creatures, my little progeny; and I reflected, that the strongest proof I could give you of the high value I set on your advice, was immediately to endeavour to put it in execution: in order to which, I instantly communicated your letter to the whole family, and was pleasingly surprised to find the fair sex unanimously agree each to take their share in this great work.

Mrs. [1]B(*ellenden*) promises to teach them the *art of memory*, a thing highly useful, as she daily experiences in the management of her own affairs. [2] Mrs. H(*owe*) asserts, that there is a *discreet* sort of dissimulation absolutely necessary in a court, and what she practises frequently with great success; which is, to put on a gay, cheerful countenance upon little disagreeable accidents that sometimes will happen in conversation. I could not but approve this innocent fraud, which she engages to teach

[1] Mary Bellenden, afterwards Mrs. Campbell. See vol. i. p. 56.

[2] Sophia Howe. See vol. i. p. 35.

them. [3] To Mrs. C(*arteret*) is assigned the charge of deterring them from all little unthinking and unbecoming habits of biting their lips and cheeks, which often rob the fair of part of their charms. To make them mistress of that philosophy of temper, so necessary in life, all agreed to be Mrs. [4] Smith's province. Mrs. [5] Sel(*wyn*) desires to teach them to sing, and seems confident that, beginning now they are young, she shall easily form their voices to the perfection of her own. Neatness in their persons, and what the world calls clever, naturally fell to Mrs. [6] P., and she had it assigned her, *nemine contradicente.* The purity of the French language, and the fulness of the pronunciation, is what Mrs. [7] H(*erbert*) undertakes, provided she may have Mr. [8] Parthe's assistance.

Miss [9] L(*epel*) is to guard them from every

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[3] Bridget Carteret. See vol. i. p. 40.

[4] Jane Smith. See vol. i. p. 38.

[5] See vol. i. p. 9.

[6] I know not to whom this alludes.

[7] The lady whom we have seen so much of in the course of these volumes.

[8] This name in the original is very imperfectly written, and I know not who the person was.

[9] Lady Hervey. See vol. i. p. 181. We find from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters, that, in her youth, Lady Hervey had the character of *affectation.*

little affectation; but Lord Lumley's little friend[1] has a large share in their education. She is to form them to an easy politeness in every part of their behaviour, and teach them to be witty without sharpness or ill-nature; will deter them from censoriousness, and give them that sort of generous disposition that despises trifles, and which so distinguishes people of quality.

I have set my heart on Sir [2] O. for a dancing-master, and to read authors for their edification, as he has heretofore done with great success to himself; but I have no hopes to engage the [3] secretary for a playfellow. No, no, my lord, he is strangely altered since you knew him; they must be puppies of the first magnitude to be now admitted to his company.

The great affair of my little females is you see happily settled; but I shall endeavour, as they all at this time pay me a *blind* obedience, to preserve my male offspring in their natural simplicity till your arrival, and to *your* care I shall commit their education. My lord, my ambition goes no further than that they may resemble *you*. What occasion, then, for *nine* lords, when *one*

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[1] This, I suspect, is Miss Meadows. See vol. i. pp. 60 and 333.

[2] I know not to whom this initial can allude.

[3] Mr. Molyneux.

is so proper and all-sufficient for the purpose? for let them but imitate you, and they will be accomplished in all that is necessary to make their way, and shine in every part of life in which they can be engaged. Belhaven may assist you in the point of making them proper for the *house;* but Lord Herbert, you know, is a novice in that particular.[4] In the *field* I confess he may aid you in their improvement; but I shall submit all to your judgment, and entirely rely upon it.

My lord, give me leave to thank you for your partiality to my correspondence, and to assure you that I beg the continuance of that honour; and am, with great respect,

Yours, &c.

MARQUISE.

LORD CHESTERFIELD (in the Character of his Footman) TO LADY SUFFOLK.

Bath, Nov. 6, 1766.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LADYSHIP,

My lord told me as how that it was your ladyship's orders that I should write you a

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[4] Lord Belhaven took a prominent part in politics, while Lord Herbert was a zealous sportsman: hence the allusion of the *house* and the *field*.

card to acquaint you how he did after his journey hither; but with submission to his lordship, I thought that that would be too great a presumption in one like me, to a lady of your quality, to send you such a card as we carry twenty times a day in town, and therefore I chose the way of a letter, as the most respectful of the two. For you must know, that we London footmen pick up a sort of second-hand good manners from keeping good company, and especially from waiting at table, where we glean up some scraps of our masters' good-breeding—if they have any.

To say the truth, I cannot very well understand why my lord would rather employ *my* hand than his own in writing to your ladyship; and if I dare say so, I think he was a good deal out in point of breeding; which I wonder at the more, because I have heard him say that there was nobody in the world that he honoured and respected more than your ladyship, and that you was the oldest acquaintance, friend, and fellow-servant that he had: and indeed, I believe he spoke what he thought; for you know he could have no reason for telling an untruth in my hearing, who was not then very likely to have an opportunity of telling it you again.

But to come to the point,—my lord was very much fatigued with his journey, not being (as I heard him say) what he was, *thirty* years ago—I believe he might have said, *fifty*. However, he

is pretty well for him; but often complains that he feels a sensible decay both of body and mind, and, between you and I, I think not without reason; for I, who see him every day, can, notwithstanding, observe a considerable alteration in him, and by no means for the better: and so I rest, with duty and respect, &c.

THOMAS ALLEN.

HORACE WALPOLE (in the Character of Lady Suffolk's Maid) TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

[In answer to the foregoing. The letter is indorsed '*Lady Suffolk to Lord Chesterfield*,' but it is in Walpole's hand; and the praise of Lady Suffolk certainly never came from her own pen.]

LACK-A-DAY, Mister Thomas, I niver was yet in such a parlous confusion, to be sure now, in my life's-time. Says my lady's woman, says she, "Betty, my lady says as how you must write to Mister Thomas, my Lord Whatdycallums man."—"Me, ma'am?" says I.—"Yes," says she; "you," says she.—"Blessid fathers!" says I, "I never writ tq a man in my days," says I, "but our farmer, and he can't read; but I

knows he gets the doctur to read it for him—and so that's no sin, you know."—"Nay, nay," says she.—"Well, well," says I, "God's will and my lady's be done.—We poor folks must do as we are bid: Heaven is above all; and if grate folks makes us do ill, they are ansurable for it."—Howsumdever, I wishes I had gon to my Lady [1] Huntintun; I mout have bettir'd myself, and had vails, and gon to Heavn into the bargin. But I must be a fool, and needs see Lundun town; and now see what cums on it.—And so now I am talkin of Lundun, I wishes you and your lord were at Old Nick—God forgive me!—for here have I been turmoilin and puzelin my poor brains to write to a Jackadandy, and mist my Lord Mare's show, and the grate Alderman Becford, and Lord Timple, and the Duke's Grace of Northumberlandshire, and all the fine folks; and Jeny has seen um, and got a sweet-hart into the bargin: nay, and what's worserur and worserur, I supose I shall only be flouted and jeer'd by you and your fello sarvants; for they says as how your lord is the gratest wit in all England, and so I suppose you fansis yourself the secund, and will make a mock of a poor girl. But I says my prairs, and goes to hear Doctur Madin, and he says if we be scorn'd of man, we

[1] Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. See *ante*, p. 244.

shall get bettir plases in next world, if we cums with a charactur; and he has been so grasceful as to promis me one for half-a-crown; and to be sure now he shall have the first I gits, aftur [2] I have bout me a negligee and a few odd things that I wants. And so my lady is pure well, only she coffs a litel now and then, all day long, and she says, and so says Mister Rusil, our butler, that your lord may be asham'd of himself—so he may—to say he grows old; for he niver was spritlier in his born days; and to be sure, between you and I, my lady is hugely fond of him, and I wishes with all my heart, so I do, that it prove a match [3], for she is as good a lady as ever trod in shoolether: and so, with love to all frinds—excusin this scraul, I rests

Yours til deth,

Elizabeth Wagstaff.

Mister Thomus Allen.

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[2] It must be confessed that this *reversion* of a half-crown is pleasant.

[3] Lord Chesterfield was seventy-three, and Lady Suffolk five years older.

LORD CHESTERFIELD (as his Footman) TO LADY SUFFOLK.

MADAM,

When I made bould to write last to your ladyship, it was by my lord's order, and, as he said, by your ladyship's too; but I fear it is great presumption in me to trouble you now, as I do, upon my own account. The case is this: I received a letter some time agone from one Mrs. Wagstaff, whom I am not acquainted with, and so do not know in what manner to address her, but must beg your ladyship's directions, for fear of offending her. If she is Mrs. with a surname, she is above the livery, and belongs to the upper servants; but if she be Mrs. only with her Christen name—as, Mrs. Betty, Mrs. Mary, Mrs. Dolly, &c., our cloth often looks as high as that, and they often condescend to look as low as us. Now, when I know Mrs. Wagstaff's station in life, I will either answer her letter, or refer it to my lord's valet de chamber; for we of the cloth have lately improved very much both in style and propriety, by the great number of cards that we daily carry to and from the nobility and gentry, which are models of fine writing.

Now, madam, it is time to give you some account of my lord, for whom you show so

friendly a regard. He is as well as can be expected in his condition; as is usually said of ladies in child-bed, or in great affliction for the death of somebody they did not care for. Now, I heard his lordship say very lately at table, that he was seventy-three complete, with a shattered carcase, as he was pleased to call it. To say the truth, I believe my lord did live a little too freely formerly; but I can assure your ladyship that he is now very regular, and even more so, I believe, than I am. But he is still very cheerful; and as an instance of it, a gentleman having said at table that the women dressed their heads here three or four stories high—"Yes," said my lord, "and I believe every story is inhabited, like the lodging-houses here; for I observe a great deal of scratching[1]." I thought this comical enough to tell it your ladyship; and, to confess the truth, I repeated it as my own to some of my brethren of the cloth, and they relished it wonderfully. My lord often mentions your ladyship with great regard and respect, and Miss Hotham with great affection and warmth for an old gentleman. And so I remain, &c.

THOMAS ALLEN.

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[1] Lord Chesterfield rallies, with the good sense of his own and the coarseness of the assumed character, the fashion of attributing to *him* every thing, good, bad, or indifferent, which any body said.

MR. WALPOLE TO LORD STRAFFORD.

[The following letter, announcing the death of Lady Suffolk, and describing her character and circumstances, seems so natural and so interesting a conclusion to the correspondence, that the Editor has ventured to reprint it from the 5th vol. of Walpole's Works.]

Strawberry Hill, July 29, 1767.

I AM very sorry that I must speak of a loss that will give you and Lady Strafford concern; an essential loss to me, who am deprived of a most agreeable friend, with whom I passed here many hours. I need not say I mean poor Lady Suffolk. I was with her two hours on Saturday night; and indeed found her much changed, though I did not apprehend her in danger. I was going to say she complained—but you know she never did complain—of the gout and rheumatism all over her, particularly in her face. It was a cold night, and she sat below stairs when she should have been in bed; and I doubt this want of care was prejudicial. I sent next morning. She had a bad night; but grew

much better in the evening. Lady [1] Dalkeith came to her; and when she was gone, Lady Suffolk said to Lord Chetwynd,[2] she would eat her supper in her bedchamber. He went up with her, and thought the appearances promised a good night; but she was scarce sat down in her chair, before she pressed her hand to her side, and died in half an hour.

I believe both your lordship and Lady Strafford will be surprised to hear that she was by no means in the situation that most people thought. Lord Chetwynd and myself were the only persons at all acquainted with her affairs; and they were far from being easy, even to her. It is due to her memory to say, that I never saw more strict honour and justice. She bore *knowingly* the imputation of being covetous, at a time that the strictest economy could by no means prevent her exceeding her income considerably—the anguish of the last years of her life, though concealed, flowed from the apprehension of not satisfying her few wishes, which were, not to be in debt, and to make a provision for

[1] Lady Caroline Campbell, fourth daughter of John Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, widow of the eldest son of the second Duke of Buccleugh. She afterwards married Charles Townsend, and was created Baroness Greenwich. She died in 1794.

[2] The same gentleman whom the reader is so well acquainted with as Mr. William Chetwynd. See *ante*, p. 152.

Miss Hotham. I can give your lordship strong instances of the sacrifices she tried to make to her principles. I have not yet heard if her will is opened; but it will surprise those who thought her rich. Lord Chetwynd's friendship to her has been unalterably kind and zealous, and is not ceased. He stays in the house with Miss Hotham till some of her family come to take her away.

I have, perhaps, dwelt too long on this subject; but as it was not permitted me to do her [1]justice when alive, I own I cannot help wishing that those who had a regard for her may now, at least, know how much more she deserved it than even they suspected. In truth, I never knew a woman more respectable for her honour and principles, and have lost few persons in my life whom I shall miss so much.

I am, my dear lord,

Yours most sincerely,

HORACE WALPOLE.

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[1] Walpole certainly felt kindly towards Lady Suffolk; and it is therefore the more to be regretted that he permitted himself, nearly thirty years after her death, to record, for the misguidance of posterity, the scandal which he had picked up against her in the prejudiced talk of his father's now profligate table.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

ROYAL NURSERY.

[Future antiquarians may perhaps be glad to see the following *Nugæ*, which have been found in Lady Suffolk's papers, and which give some details of royal wardrobes an hundred years ago.]

Winter Clothes,
what was delivered yearly for each Princesse.

2 rich coats, embroider'd, trim'd, or rich stuff.
1 velvet or rich silk.
3 coats, brocaded or damask.
A damask night-gown.
2 silk under petticoats, trim'd with gold or silver.

Summer Clothes.

3 flower'd coats, one of them with silver.
3 plain or striped lustrings.
1 night-gown; 4 silk hoops.

The taylor had *2l.* for making each coat, and finding all other necessarys.

Shoes, a pair every week, *6s. 6d.* per pair; raised to *7s.* before I left St. James's.

Gloves, 16 dozen in the year, *18s.* per dozen.

Fans, no allowance; but I find they did not exceed *8l. 8s.* per annum.

No certain allowance for ribbons or artificial flowers; but I find these were very tryfling articles in my time, which are not so now.

The pryses of all silks are much higher then they were formerly: two of the coats were much finer than the other; one with another about (*illegible*) per yard. Damask or satins from 12*s*. to 14*s*. per yard; plain lustring, 6*s*. 6*d*. per yard; Persian, 20*d*. per yard; ducapes, or armozins, 8*s*. or 9*s*. per yard.

I find, by my bills, I paid the tire-woman 12 guineas a year. I paid tuning the harpsichord, food for their birds, and many other little things belonging to their royal highnesses, which was little too trifling to mention; which, whilst the duke (*of Cumberland*) was with them, came to 50*l*. per annum.

I don't remember what the necessary-woman's sallary was, or whether she was under the queen's necessary-woman.

The expenses for cleaning their royal highnesses apartment, 18*l*. a year, paid by me: making shifts, 2*s*. 6*d*. each; combing clothes, 1*s*. 6*d*. each; white petticoats, at 1*s*. 6*d*. per coat; silk petticoats, 2*s*. per coat; night-cap and hood, 1*s*. 6*d*.; a drest sute of linen, 20*s*., if the bib was all lace; muslines and lawns were bought as wanted, and no settled price.

6 pair of sheets, 6 pillow-bears at 3*s*. per ell; a pair of sheets at 4*s*. per ell: this linnen was not given away (*as a perquisite to the attendants*) till absolutely necessary. Napkins, towels, and table-linnen were deliver'd every week from his majesty's house laundress.

Coffee, tea, chocolate, and sugar, what was wanted, sent from her majesty's backstair room.

Fire and candles of all sorts from the king's offices.

Their royal highnesses had each a page of honour and gentleman-usher at 100*l*. sallary.

Each one dresser at 50*l*., and one chambermaid, I don't know at what sallary.

One page of the backstairs.

The princess used the queen's coaches, footmen, and grooms.

Their Royal Highnesses Princess Mary and Princess Louisa's Linnen, delivered every two Years for each Princess.

Quantities.	Price.
18 day shifts.	10s. per ell.
18 night shifts trimed.	8s. per ell; the lace 10s. per yard.
18 little petticoats, fine dimity, or Indian quilting, computed at half-yard wide,	7s. per yard; making 2s. each.
12 pair of thread stockens,	7s. 6d. per pair.
12 night-caps laced,	10s. per yard.
12 hoods cambric Holand,	14s. per yard; making 1s. 6d. a suit.
6 petticoats over hoops, Indian quilting, about	3l. 3s. per peticoat; making 12s.
2 dozen pocket handkerchiefs, cambrick,	4l. 4s. per piece; [1] making 1s.
10 combing clothes,	14s. per yard; making 1s. 6d.
Whilst their royal highnesses were in bibs and aprons they had six sutes of broad lace for aprons, but the caps and rufles were much narrower; they came to about	20l. the suit; making 10s.
It must be remember'd they had for birth-days very fine intire lace suits, which came to	50l. or 60l. per suit
Their fine laces were not given away (*as perquisites*) every two years.	

[1] Large as this sum seems, I learn that, within the last week, four guineas a piece have been given for a set of cambrick pocket handkerchiefs.

When any of their royal highnesses was under wet-nurse, dry-nurse, and rocker's care, they had no dresser or chamber-maid, nor man-servant, belonging to the cradle-nursery, except it was a footman.

The clothes and linnen for the cradle nursery was under a different regulation at that time. There was no perquisites, but linnen and clothes were bought when necessary.

[*The following memorandum seems to be the account of the expenses of the queen and princesses' wardrobe for two quarters.*]

Queen	June y^e 24, 1729 .	£847	12		
Pss.	. . . .	366	15		
		£1214	7		
Sepr. y^e 29th.					
Queen	 8	£308	07	02	
Pss.	. . . .	216	19	10	
		£525	07	0	

Stockens, 12 pr. 7*s*. 6*d*. per pair.
Shoes, plain 6*s*. 6*d*.
Shifts, 3 dozen day, 10*s*.; night, 3*s*.
Gloves, 16 dozen, 13*s*. per dozen.
Little peticoats, 12*s*.; fine dimity, or Indian quilting.

Washing.—The duke and two princesses 90*l*. per annum; includes the laces, band-boxes, May-dew, brushes, patches, combs, quilted caps, pins, powder, paper, wax, and several odd things deliver'd to their royal highness' appartments, I find came to about 40*l*.; paste for hands and pomatum came from the apothecary, Mr. Jagar's, and was not in my bills.

Prises for Her Majesty.

Slipers with gold, 24*s.*; with silver, 21*s.*
Persians, 20*d.*
Plain gloves, 30*d.*
Stays, 2*s.* the pair.
Petticoats, 10 shillings; 3*s.* allow'd for ribon.
Night-gowns, 3 shillings.
Girdles, silver, 23*s.*; gold, 25*s.* 8*d.*
Hollands, for shifts, 10*s.* 6*d.*; for handkerchiefs, 11*s.*; cambric Hollands, 24*s.*; dimity's, about 3*s.*

Prices for the Prince.

Duke stars, 15*s.*
Gloves, 18*s.*
Making coats, 25*s.*
Duke's shoes, 5*s.* 6*d.*
Bath ribbon, 4*l.* 15*s.* per piece.
Hats, 1*l.* 1*s.*; feathers, white, 1*l.* 1*s.*
Other colours, 1*l.* 4*s.*
Hollands, no settled price.

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*** *The Roman Numerals refer to the Volumes; the Arabic Figures to the Pages in each Volume.*

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THE END.

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